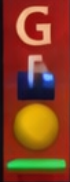


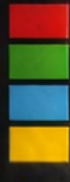
- RELIQUIAE TENEBRAE -

- ANIMUS INVERSUS -

PROJECT ANGELBOOK - VOLUME XII - PART 13

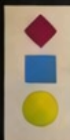


GA-DNA



GA-DNA

18+
AGE RATED



GA-DNA



GA-DNA



GA-DNA



天
方
煉
術
天

L'ABET OMAZ RIGHSIMARIE
EXTIRPATE Mode

¥7800 DC.EN



EZEKIEL REDIK YARBROUGH

Reliquiae Tenebrae – Animus Inversus –
Project AngelBook – Volume XII – Part 13
By Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough (DBM
ECLIPZE)

Liminal Archivist's Note

On the Preservation of Distorted Gnosis and the Dying Digital Veil

There is a strange ache that comes from spending all day in the ruins of spiritual memory.

Fifty books made in one day—an inhuman output—should feel like a triumph. But when the source material is splintered, hostile, and drenched in egoic inversion, what remains is not pride... but hollowness.

This volume, like many in this phase, is not composed of my own words.

It is an act of preservation, not expression.

It is a documentation of liminal knowledge, scraped from a dying web—the final breath of spiritual forums, parapsychology ephemera, early occultist blogs, and yes, even the darker corridors of modern satanic movements.

And herein lies the tension:

Much of what is presented under the name Satanism is a distorted half-truth.

It correctly identifies that Yahweh is not the Most High, and in this way, it mirrors certain Gnostic insights—

but then it derails into ego exaltation, materialism, and psychic hostility. It gets halfway to freedom... and then builds a new prison out of flame and shadow.

And yet—

amidst the mockery, venom, and inversions,

there are real spiritual technologies embedded in the code.

Meditation techniques, psychic development maps, astral awareness, breath control, and ritual frameworks.

Not all of it is corrupted.

Some of it is usable tech.

Some of it may be ancient... wearing a new mask.

So I do not endorse what is preserved here.

But I also refuse to let it vanish into untraceable digital decay.

This is an act of containment as much as curation.

I name this phase liminal, because I know it will not last.

There is only so much of the old internet left to preserve.

Only so much unindexed gnosis hiding behind broken blog links and .org forums that haven't been cached since 2012.

When this phase ends, and I return to creation, I will draw from this tomb of fragments with clarity and discernment.

But for now, I am the one who stands in the gateway—

Archiving the bones, sealing the jars, lighting one gold-lettered candle above a chamber of shadows.

To the reader: proceed with awareness.

This is not scripture.

This is sediment.

It is archived because it is dangerous.

And dangerous knowledge, when preserved with respect, often becomes a mirror for deeper truth.

—Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Liminal Phase – Discretio Luminis

He suddenly grinned. "Why not? If I don't, that nosey dog of yours would point it out anyway."

>>

The table Shugat led me to wasn't far from where he had first hailed me. I marched up to it with the necklaces in hand and Shugat and Dunnu in tow. "Do you recognize these necklaces?" I asked the vendor standing behind the table.

"Most certainly," the man said. "Those necklaces in your hand came from this very table."

I pointed at Shugat-Nergal. "Did he take them?" I asked.

"But, yes," the vendor replied. "You'll notice he selected the most beautiful of the lot."

"Why didn't you shout?" I asked the vendor. "Why didn't you let a watcher know what was going on?"

The vendor's eyes opened wide and he viewed me with a horrified expression. "And point out to my competition the best customer I've had all day?"

It was my turn to be amazed. "Customer?" I repeated.

"Yes," the vendor said. "He bought all those necklaces. Seven of them. See?" He took them from my limp hand and counted them out loud. "It's my biggest sale of the week."

Then he looked at me suspiciously. I realized he did not recognize me as his Karum-appointed watcher and I had no wish to enlighten him now. "Who did you think he was?" The vendor narrowed his eyes at me. "Who did you think he was?" he asked.

I gulped. "He's a friend," I said. "He was showing me these necklaces. I've never seen such beautiful ones. I couldn't believe they were being sold at such good prices."

The vendor smiled. "So he brought you here." The man knew how to make a sale. He held up a necklace of carnelian and shell. "Only one shekel of silver," he said. "You like, yes?"

He had me. I looked around at Shugat who had a big, silly grin on that stupid face of his. "Yes," I growled and pulled out my moneybag. I paid the vendor and walked off with Dunnu. Shugat-Nergal trailed behind, pestering me.

"Well done," Shugat called after me. "Really, Denisha" he went on, "I'm being serious.

I never would have thought you could track me. And then I was surprised how you recovered so nicely when you realized it was me tricking you."

I turned around to face him. "Because of you, I've been done out of a shekel of silver," I said. "I have nothing more to say to you."

"You know, Denisha, you truly are exceptional. We really ought to get together."

"Not on your terms!" I exclaimed.

"We'll see," he said. He grabbed me, kissed me and turned to walk off down a side street at a brisk pace. "Til we meet again," he called back to me

"Not if I can help it," I called after him.

I flicked the leash to get Dunnu to head back to the Karum building. What would I report to Mashad? I was feeling so embarrassed. At least, I consoled myself, I had a new necklace, one that was very pretty. I reached down to touch it. It wasn't there!

That bastard, Shugat! He'd done it to me again! I thought about giving chase but then I realized I was getting to know him. Chasing after Shugat-Nergal was like playing a game of chase-and-chase rather than a game of chase-and-catch.

Then I relaxed. I realized he'd get it back to me if I just waited a bit.

The End

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc007meshugatandthelovegoddess.html>

14 captures

19 Dec 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

Me, Shugat and

the Love Goddess

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2001

Today was Feast Day. That, in itself, would bring large crowds to the marketplace. But, in addition, Nanay, love goddess at the Eanna Temple, was to appear in the market at noon to start the festivities. That meant even more people. I knew the setup would be irresistible to thieves like Shugat-Nergal. So I got up before dawn.

Besides, I had to go. I hurried down the steps and made my way to the House of Latrines. Having gotten that far, I went on down to the river, took off my sandals and waded out into the Euphrates for an early morning bath. Then I sat on the cornice while the sun came up. When my shift was suitably dry, I put my sandals back on and returned to the house for a quick breakfast. Dear Old Mulata had my beer and hot barley porridge ready.

After being widowed, Mulata had briefly served as a novice at the Eanna temple where she acquired a genteel air of concern. I think that caused her to notice my wet hair. "You bathed this morning?" she asked.

I nodded. "In the river."

"I hope not in your all together."

"Mulata! Of course not! I kept my shift on. Besides, I don't know why men are so interested in what I look like."

She chuckled. "You know it's not just you, Denisha. It's every woman. That's the way Father Enki made men. 'To populate the Earth,' he said, 'so the gods would have enough mortals to be their servants.' It's the rare man who is able to resist a young woman."

"I find men a damned problem."

"Do you? You could solve it by acting more ladylike."

"By Nin," I said, "I'm a freewoman, entitled to do as I please. Besides, I'm hired by the Karum as watcher in the marketplace."

"Makes no difference. You could still act like a lady."

"What's wrong with the way I am? Aren't I polite enough?"

“You’re a little too independent. Look at the riffraff you mingle with. Vagabonds and thieves. The worst of the lot is that show-off called The Thief of Uruk.”

“You mean Shugat-Nergal?”

“I think that’s his name. Why do you keep following him around?”

“It’s my job. Even you recognize him as a thief. I’m supposed to keep my eye on him.”

“All the time?” Mulata laughed. “Come on, Denisha, you’re not fooling me.”

“All right, I find him interesting. Stealing excites him. He’s good at it. Further, he’s a quick-change artist. A master of illusion. You know, hand quicker than the eye.”

“So, tell me, why does this thief attract you so?”

“He’s tall and well shaped. Has black hair and dark eyes. Most of all, he has a way about him. I tell you, Mulata, he’s more seductive than even that Namtar fiend.”

“Perhaps you could change him ... enlist him to serve your precious Karum.”

I sighed. “Don’t think I haven’t tried. I’ve dreamt of having him by my side. I’ve even fantasized his strong body touching mine.”

“So, what happened when you tried to recruit him?”

“He swiped my necklace.”

Mulata narrowed her eyes like a municipal judge pronouncing a verdict. “That proves he’s a no good bastard.”

“No, you don’t understand, Mulata. Shugat’s more like an overgrown boy. He’s mischievous. To him, it’s all a game, one he enjoys. He gave the necklace back to me.”

“He may be trying to lure you on. You should stop paying attention to him.”

“How can I? My job is being watcher in the marketplace. If anyone ever needed watching, it’s Shugat-Nergal. Especially on a day when it’s crowded, like today.”

“Because of the Feast Day celebration?”

I nodded. “That and the love goddess. Nanay’s to appear at the call of the noon watch. Everybody will be there to see her.”

“Even this Shugat-Nergal?”

“Especially Shugat-Nergal. He’ll come because of the people. Crowds with money to spend attract him like honey attracts flies.”

“Well, Denisha,” Mulata advised me, “remember, to stay out of trouble, you need to act like a lady.”

“I’ll try,” I promised her.

>>

The Uruk Marketplace was the largest in all Sumer. Orderly rows of vendor stalls filled Mesiaggasher Square, a raised platform of limestone named for the founder of the city upwater from the municipal park at Gilgamesh Point. Located near the tip of the peninsula, the marketplace is situated between the city’s two quays, the Eanna Quay to the east where all types of handcrafted items are received by the Iturungal Canal and the Kullab Quay to the west where boatloads of bitumen and raw materials are brought in on the Euphrates.

The Karum House is upriver on the Euphrates side, near the claypits, in the poorer section of Kullab Quarter. Mulata’s house, where I rent living space, is near the claypits. So, for me, it’s only a short walk down to the marketplace.

>>

As soon as I entered the marketplace, I spotted Shugat-Nergal. This time, he was dressed in sandals and a shabby cloak, disguised as an old man hobbling about with the aid of a twisted tamarisk limb for a walking stick. He was already hovering over a table of precious stones in one of the jewelry stalls.

I came up behind him. “Hello, Shugat,” I said.

He flinched and dropped jewelry back on the table, some possibly from a sleeve of his cloak. Having prepared himself, he slowly turned around to greet me. “Denisha,” he sighed. “I hadn’t expected to see you here today. I figured you’d be taking a holiday. What are you doing here in the marketplace on a Feast Day?”

“Keeping my eye out for the likes of you.”

“A young woman like you should be out enjoying yourself. Others are.”

“I see a lot of young women here. They’ve come to see the Goddess of Love.”

“What fools these mortals be, eh?”

“Only the men, Shugat.”

Shugat shrugged. “So you know, Denisha, goddesses, even a love goddess like Nanay, mean little to me.”

“Aren’t you staying for her appearance?”

“Perhaps ... if I haven’t finished my work.”

“Now that I’ve arrived, you may not be doing much more. I was thinking I might tag along with you.”

“Denisha, you remind me of my dear departed mother.”

“Shugat, that’s a sweet thing for you to say.”

He rolled his eyes. “No, no, I didn’t mean it like that. I meant nosing into my business like my mother used to do. She could never leave well enough alone.”

“Ah, Shugat, I thought you knew. The Karum pays me to watch you.”

“Even on a Feast Day?”

I gave Shugat my classic rejoinder. “Evil never rests. Neither does Good.”

“Ah.” Shugat rolled his eyes again and started moving to the next stall. I trailed him at a respectful distance.

I heard the rhythmic jingle of tambourines commence. Six bare-footed dancing girls wearing bleached linen skirts with copper bangles on their wrists appeared at the downwater end of the market. Tigi drums punctuated the beat of their dancing and slowly increased tempo. Then heralds appeared, young men in bleached linen shifts with red colored sashes. They raised goat horns to their lips and blew a fanfare. The dancers stopped and bowed, each frozen with an extended hand pointing down the aisle. Everybody turned to see.

At the downwater end of the marketplace, a retinue of breech-clothed slaves appeared carrying a sedan chair with a woman seated in it. It was the love goddess, sitting erect, bare-breasted, dressed in a lightweight linen skirt and open cloak tied around her neck. Her most salient features besides her breasts were a crown of curly black hair, kohl-lined eyes and big, red lips shaped in a huge smile. She put out her hands on both sides, acknowledging the crowd and waving to them.

Nanay! I gasped at the sight of her. "She's beautiful," I confided to Shugat.

He made no answer so I turned to him. He wasn't there. Damn! The bastard had slipped away! At once, I began making my way through the crowd, searching for him.

Thank the gods that the Thief of Uruk is tall. Had he been of average height or short like the River Rat, I might never have spotted him. As it was, not only did he stand head and shoulders above the crowd, but, since he now had on a yellow turban, I spotted him at once. As I made my way towards him, I saw that he had dressed himself in the colorful attire of an Amurru nomad, in a blue coat and yellow pants. I had to admit, in the space of only a few minutes, he had rendered himself quite impressive.

I chased him as he made his way through the crowd and only caught up with him as he reached the central aisle. "You've certainly dressed up," I commented.

He turned and saw it was me. "It's you again."

I nodded. "What's the occasion?" I asked.

He harrumphed at me.

"I thought you weren't interested in goddesses, even a love goddess," I went on. "But, to me, you look like you've dressed up for Nanay."

"Think whatever you wish."

"I am. I'm trying to understand you, Shugat. I think you have some wild idea in mind—like a plan to attract the goddess's attention."

"If you must know, yes."

"So you'll get invited to spend a night with her in the temple?"

"You'd have to admit it would be a feather in my cap."

"I thought you weren't interested in things like that."

"Oh, that? No, I'm not interested in that. It's my reputation I'm thinking of."

"What do you mean your reputation?"

"Well, it's not every man who gets to spend a night with a goddess, especially a love goddess like Nanay. From today on, I plan to have a reputation."

“That’s what all this costuming is for?”

“You’re not going to try to stop me, are you?”

“Me?” I pitched my voice high and pretended complete surprise that he would even think of asking me such a question. “Shugat-Nergal, I couldn’t care less what you do.”

“Good. Then just stand back and give me room.”

He slowly wormed his way to the front of the crowd. Knowing that when he went into action, he would move fast, I forced my way through until I stood beside him.

As Nanay was being carried down the aisle, she continued to turn from one side to the other, smiling, waving and blowing kisses to everyone. Shugat stiffened as he watched her approach, his attention totally concentrated on her. While he watched, I planned. Knowing that he must have some way to change clothing quickly, I felt around under the back of his jacket for something like a drawstring. The rhythmic cadence of the tambourines and beat of the drums were overwhelming. The crowd was pressing so there was a lot of jostling. I had all the opportunity in the world.

I was lucky. I found not one drawstring, but two. I figured one for Shugat’s coat and the other for his pants. Very gently, I took firm hold of both with my right hand.

As the goddess approached, I readied myself, poised like a real lady. When Nanay was about twenty feet from us, I saw her look down and catch sight of Shugat. I felt Shugat’s body tense and knew he was getting ready to move, so I carefully moved my right foot, placing it in front of his while maintaining my ladylike composure.

Shugat moved. Had I not been prepared, he might have escaped me entirely. As it was, he called out, “My Lady!” when he started to step out into the aisle.

He tripped over my foot and went sprawling on the brick pavement. More, the strings I held yanked his jacket off and pulled down his pants. Worst, his turban came flying off when he fell and went rolling across the aisle as if he’d been decapitated.

I must say this for Shugat, he has the fastest reflexes of anyone I know. Rather than lay helpless on the floor, he rolled himself up into a ball and somehow somersaulted out of his pants back up on his feet so that he stood in front of the goddess in his old man’s costume which he apparently had been wearing underneath all the time.

Nanay had shrunk deep into the sedan chair while the action was going on, but when Shugat rolled out and landed on his feet, she interpreted his performance as some type of acrobatic trick and leaned forward to applaud. “How delightful!” she exclaimed.

I could see Shugat was momentarily taken aback. But, almost instantly, he approached

the chair and offered his hand. Nanay extended hers. He took it, held it lightly and fervently kissed it. "My lady," he said.

I could see the love goddess was impressed. That was enough for me! I bent down and scooped up Shugat's jacket and pants. As I hurried off, I heard Nanay saying something like, "You'd make a wonderful jester at the temple." I figured Shugat would respond badly to that so I hurried back to the Karum House with his costume to wait for him. I knew, eventually, he would realize that was where I had gone.

>>

He arrived at the Karum House about an hour later. His eyes were dark and angry. The expression on his face was definitely unfriendly. He raised his arm, pointed an accusing finger at me and said, "There you are!"

"Yes," I admitted, "here I am."

"You ran off - with my clothes," he accused me. "You stole them!"

I picked up the brightly colored pants and jacket. "These?" I asked.

"Those."

"I found them laying on the pavement in the market so I picked them up. As they had not been marked with any seal, I didn't immediately recognize them as yours. So I brought them here - where all items lost in the marketplace are brought. I don't think you could make a charge of theft against me stick."

I could see Shugat grit his teeth. "You tripped me!" he claimed.

"Me? I didn't move," I said in my own defense, "and you know it. You stepped out and nicked my foot, if that's what you mean."

"Denisha, you yanked my pullstrings! You've made me a laughingstock."

"I was beside you, Shugat. When you stepped out, I felt something tug at my hand. Could it have been your pullstrings? You never told me about them. If you had, I certainly would have been careful to make sure my hand didn't get entangled with them."

Poor Shugat. His face turned an enraged red.

Then I said, ladylike, "Don't tell me Nanay didn't ask you to spend the night."

He closed his eyes and howled. "May the gods preserve me!"

I stepped back, picked up the mallet and rang the gong. Two burly traders came out from the back office. "Shugat-Nergal," I warned him, "control yourself."

"By the gods, Denisha, you raise the passion in me. I don't know if it's hate or love."

I held up his pants and jacket. "I think you'd better take these and leave."

He grabbed them with one hand and snatched them away. Then, with the other, he suddenly grabbed me and planted a kiss on my mouth.

The two traders started towards us but Shugat let go and stormed out the door. "Just you wait, Denisha," he shouted back at me. "Your time's coming. I'll get you!"

I don't think Shugat fully realizes it, but he may.

The End

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fict001-01.html>

15 captures

1 May 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Historical Fiction

Go Back To Ancient Sumeria Homepage

1 to 3

4 to 6

7 to 9

10 to 12

13 to 15

16 to 19

20 & 21

22 to 24

25 to 27

28 to 30

31 to 33

24 to 36

37 to 39

40 to 42

43 to 45

46 to 48

49 to 51

52 to 54

Go Back to the Fiction Index

The Pursuit Of Shugat Nergal

by James W. Bell

The rollicking story of Denisha, a young Sumerian woman hired as 'watcher' in the Uruk marketplace and her pursuit of a master thief, Shugat-Nergal, better known as the infamous 'Thief of Uruk.' In tracking down the outlaw, Denisha gets plenty of help from Nanay, the Sumerian Goddess of Love.

[40,000

words in 54 short chapters.]

An adventure novel of ancient Sumeria in the 27th century B.C.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fict001-01.html>

15 captures

1 May 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Historical Fiction

Go Back To Ancient Sumeria Homepage

1 to 3

4 to 6

7 to 9

10 to 12

13 to 15

16 to 19

20 & 21

22 to 24

25 to 27

28 to 30

31 to 33

34 to 36

37 to 39

40 to 42

43 to 45

46 to 48

49 to 51

52 to 54

Go Back to the Fiction Index
The Pursuit Of Shugat Nergal
by James W. Bell

The rollicking story of Denisha, a young Sumerian woman hired as 'watcher' in the Uruk marketplace and her pursuit of a master thief, Shugat-Nergal, better known as the infamous 'Thief of Uruk.' In tracking down the outlaw, Denisha gets plenty of help from Nanay, the Sumerian Goddess of Love.

[40,000

words in 54 short chapters.]

An adventure novel of ancient Sumeria in the 27th century B.C.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn001.html>

12 captures

15 Apr 2002 - 28 Aug 2008

Sep MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2001 - 2003

The whole night, Denisha dreamed of nothing but Shugat-Nergal. That low life. That no good. That common thief. No, her mind subconsciously corrected her, that very uncommon thief. After all, the handsome devil had earned the title of The Thief of Uruk. Using trickery, deceit and cunning, he had pulled off some of the most spectacular thefts ever committed in Sumer. All this while Denisha served as the Karum-appointed watcher in the Uruk Marketplace. No doubt about it, Shugat-Nergal had humiliated her.

Oh, Denisha had been on the job. Once she had caught him red handed. But, for some reason, his appearance had drawn forth her sympathetic instincts and she found herself pleading with him to change and become a moral man. He assured her he would—he promised to alter his ways forever. But, two weeks later, she spotted him in the marketplace again, casing a jeweler's table. When she confronted him, he had laughed. Then, he grabbed her, publicly kissed her on her lips and fled before she could arrest him. Humiliated again! The only thing that had saved her job was the lack of a merchandise loss.

"Damn Shugat-Nergal to Kur!" Denisha swore out loud and woke herself. She opened her eyes and saw the sky was still lit by a half moon in the west. It would soon be dawn. Dreaming about Shugat had aroused her sexually. She also felt the need to piss and reached for her privy pot before recalling she'd forgotten to bring it up to the roof.

She crossed to the parapet and looked out at Kullab, the secular quarter of Uruk. The narrow moonlit street below was deserted. For a moment, she considered sitting on the parapet and doing it over the side. At night, who would know? No, she reprimanded herself. That might be something Shugat would do. Not her. She refused to let him influence her. She returned to the sleeping mat, slipped on her sandals and went down the outside stairs to make her way along narrow streets to the Riverside Public Facility for Women.

The facility was an area surrounded by reed fencing. Inside the roofless latrine, she relieved herself over a hole. It left her feeling refreshed. When she went back outside, she caught a whiff of river air. The Euphrates was close at hand. She walked down to the riverbank, pulled off her tunic and sandals. Leaving them on the cornice and naked as the day she was born, she waded into the river's cool, dark water.

Goose bumps popped up and Denisha shivered. How delightful it was to experience the sensation of cold during mid-summer when one could fry an egg on a city street at noon. As the sky lightened in the east, she released herself from the last of the dream's tension. Relaxed, she returned to the cornice to pick up her things and dress before walking back to the house. Mulata would have breakfast ready.

Mulata looked up when she walked in. "Your hair's wet. Where've you been?"

"If you must know," Denisha answered, "bathing in the river."

"Not in your altogether, I hope."

"You remind me too much of my mother. You're only my landlady."

"Still, you should have kept your shift on. It could use a washing."

"By the gods, Mulata, what does it matter to you?"

"It's that thief again. He's got you aroused. I can tell. You had another hot dream -"

"Mulata!" Denisha stamped her foot on the dirt floor.

Mulata laughed and spooned hot barley porridge out of the pot into two bowls. She brought the bowls over and set them on the wicker table. "I'm telling you, Denisha, he's turning you into a wreck."

Denisha tried the porridge. "I haven't seen him for weeks and weeks."

"I can't tell the difference. You're still mooning over him."

"Mulata -"

"Don't 'Mulata' me. I know you, Denisha. You sit and stare off into space. At nothing. I call that mooning."

"I don't moon. Besides, the word is blasphemous. What would Lord Sin think?"

Mulata swallowed a spoonful of porridge and laughed again. "Listen, where do you think the Moon God got his reputation, huh?"

"You're speaking blasphemy, Mulata. I'm not listening to you anymore."

She reached across the table and touched Denisha's hand. "Has that beast done it to you?"

"Mulata! I told you, I'm not listening. Besides, what kind of question is that?"

"I mean, has he seduced you? ... raped you? ... you know."

“That’s none of your business.”

“Hmm,” she spooned another sip of porridge. “You act touchy, like you might be pregnant.”

Denisha stood up. “Mulata, I’m not going to sit here any longer because you keep chattering away all the time even though you know I’m not listening.”

It’s for your own good.”

“I’m a watcher. I can watch out for myself, thank you.” Denisha turned to go.

“Wait!” Mulata called out. “You really don’t know where Shugat-Nergal is, do you?”

Denisha shook her head. “No, I don’t. Further, I don’t care.”

“You say. But it worries you, doesn’t it? I mean, your not knowing.”

Denisha fidgeted.

“Why? What do you suspect? He’ll pop up somewhere when least expected?”

“Probably with a new trick. Ready to pull a really big heist.”

“You’re afraid you might not be prepared, aren’t you?”

“Mulata, I’m watcher at the Uruk Marketplace! It’s prestigious. If he pulls another heist there, he’ll make me look stupid all over again. It could cost me my job this time.”

Mulata cocked an eyebrow. “Could it be he’s playing with you?”

Denisha narrowed her eyes.

“That Shugat-Nergal acts like a beast. Playing with his prey. If you ask me, he needs breaking. And taming. If you lived on a farm, Denisha, you would have learned how to bring an animal like him to heel.”

Denisha sat back down. “Oh, Mulata, he’s not an animal. He’s a man, a dear, handsome man. When I arrested him, I found myself speaking to him as a friend. He swore he’d change. He looked me straight in the eye and promised. He seemed so sincere. I believed him. But, the next week ... he was back in the marketplace. I saw him. He was getting ready to lift something else.”

“Denisha, you definitely need help with that creature.”

“Are you telling me I should admit to the Karum that I’m not able to keep watch over the marketplace? So they’d let me go and hire a new watcher?”

Mulata rubbed her chin. “Bless Bes, I hadn’t even considered that,” she said. “I still don’t understand. Why does the Karum hire a woman as a watcher anyway?”

“To promote peace in the marketplace. Most shoppers are women. Makes it easier to search a suspect for lifted goods. All told, I’ve done well. I’ve caught many thieves and put them away ... all, that is, except Shugat-Nergal.”

“To you, I’ll bet he seems like the King of Thieves, doesn’t he?”

“I have to admit, his appearance is quite regal.”

“See! I knew you were mooning over him.”

“Mulata, I told you - ”

“Get help, Denisha. Go, get one of the gods to help you.”

“Me? I should ask the gods for help?”

Mulata nodded. “Why not? You need it. Believe me, they can take anybody down. It’s not been that long since they brought King Gilgamesh to his knees.”

“But – but, Mulata, I am a mere mortal. And, worse, a woman. Who am I to ask the gods for help? Why would they bother with me?”

“You’re a watcher, Denisha, an enforcer of the law, law that was handed down from Heaven. The gods need you to be successful. After all, it’s their laws that you’re enforcing.”

“It is, isn’t it?”

“Indeed. Shugat-Nergal must be as big an embarrassment to them as he is to you. I mean, how do you think the gods feel about him, a known thief, running around stealing everything? I feel certain they would help you.”

“But, poor Shugat, I - ”

“Don’t start poor Shugatting that brute. He’s running around loose, making you and everybody else look like fools. He’s ruining your life. Eventually, he’ll have to be taken down or he’ll destroy you. Don’t you understand? Your only other choice, if you have any feeling for the creature, is for you to bring him to heel. To tame him.”

Denisha shook her head. "I don't think I could do that."

"Not even with the help of one of the gods?"

"I don't know. Perhaps. I'll have to think about it."

3

Denisha felt better after breakfast. The discussion with Mulata cleared her mind. Dear old Mulata. Her landlady was more like a mother. She had driven home her point, Denisha was hung up on Shugat-Nergal and didn't know what to do about it. She idly swung the copper-headed staff that was the symbol of her office as she walked to the marketplace.

As soon as she came within sight of the market, she saw a hubbub and heard shouting. She hurried to the scene. Using her staff to work her way through the onlookers, she said, "Make way. I'm the watcher. Make way."

When she saw the yellow turban above the crowd, her heart sank. Shugat-Nergal again! She forced herself to the center where men were holding him, one on each arm and others with arms around various parts of his anatomy, including one arm around his neck.

"All right, I'm the market watcher," Denisha told the crowd. "What's going on?"

An old man, one of the vendors dressed in a woolen shift with many money pockets, answered. "It's him!" He pointed a finger at Shugat-Nergal. "I caught him lifting one of my best necklaces, this one with a lapis setting." He picked up a necklace from the cloth-covered table to show her. "See?" He turned towards Shugat. "Further, I think this is the one they call the Thief of Uruk."

Denisha turned to Shugat. "Well, well. What have you to say for yourself?"

Shugat looked at her with those dark, piercing eyes that could see right through her. "I ... hardly ... talk," he gasped, motioning with his head at the arm around his neck. "Can't ... breathe."

"Release him!" Denisha ordered the men holding him.

They let go of Shugat but remained close by. Shugat shook himself as if to insure they had not made off with some part of him. "A thousand thank yous," he told Denisha.

"I asked you a question," Denisha reminded him. "I'm waiting."

“You asked me a question?” Shugat’s face assumed the look of sublime innocence.

“I did!” Denisha said and thumped the pavement of the marketplace floor with her staff. “I asked, what about the necklace this vendor said you were lifting?”

Enlightenment brightened Shugat’s handsome face. “Ah, yes, you mean before I was so rudely accosted by these gentlemen?” He waved his hand at the men still gathered around him.

Denisha thumped the pavement again. “I’m not going to stand here and bandy words with you.”

Shugat-Nergal smiled his special smile at her like he’d done before. “Of course. I was examining the beautiful necklaces that this master craftsman had so generously displayed for my edification. I had selected this one – indeed, the very one he exhibited to you – and picked it up to admire its exquisite artistry close at hand.” He sighed and showed her his special smile again.

“Liar!” the vendor cried and lunged. He would have physically attacked Shugat if Denisha had not stopped him with her staff. “He lies!” the vendor shouted. “He wasn’t examining it. He was stuffing it up his sleeve! That one.” He pointed. “The left one.”

Denisha forced the vendor back and calmed him before returning to Shugat. She now became aware of the brightly dyed robe he was wearing, one with long sleeves, much like the desert Amurru wear. “This man says you were putting the necklace up your left sleeve.”

Shugat smiled again, held up his right arm and shook it. “See? Nothing.”

“He said your left sleeve,” Denisha said. “This one.” She motioned at it.

“Oh,” Shugat said, “sorry, I didn’t catch it. My hearing isn’t as good as it used to be. Back last winter,” he started to explain, “when the river -”

“Your left sleeve!” Denisha repeated and grabbed at it. Several necklaces tumbled out and clattered to the pavement.

Shugat-Nergal flashed a grin and said, “Uh, oh,” he said and suddenly backflipped. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared under the cloth-covered vendor’s table behind him.

“You bastard!” Denisha shouted at the table. “Come out from under there!”

Silence. There was no answer. Several men crawled under the table after him while others spread out to guard the perimeter of adjacent tables. “He’s not here!” a voice came from under the vendor’s table.

“Where is he?” a voice from beneath another table asked.

“I can’t find him,” a voice from the other side answered. “I think he’s given us the slip.”

From the vendor’s table, the search spread rapidly across the marketplace. Vendors and customers alike joined in to hunt for the slippery miscreant. They discovered his yellow turban and colorful robe tossed behind a table near the park entrance at Gilgamesh Point. But they didn’t find him. Shugat-Nergal seemed to have vanished.

The aggrieved vendor who had followed Denisha growled at her, “It was your fault he escaped. I shall report you!”

“I recovered your necklaces, sir, including several you apparently weren’t aware had been snatched.”

“Luck,” the vendor snapped. “Pure luck. That man was the Thief of Uruk. I recognized him. I told you so. We had him in our hands but you told us to let go. We did ... and he went. You ...” he shook his finger at her, “... you are the cause of his escape.”

“My job as marketplace watcher is to prevent thievery. That, sir, is what you saw me do. Nothing has been taken. You have lost nothing.”

“Hah!” the vendor scoffed. “Luck. That thief outfoxed you! I saw him. He had you glassy-eyed. I saw you. I’m going to complain to the Karum about you.”

“I’m sorry you feel like that, sir, but you’re free to do as you please. I will continue to protect the marketplace as long as I’m on the job.”

“Not for long I hope,” the vendor said and tromped off.

Denisha forced herself to turn away and walk to one of the gates of the marketplace. Now that the excitement was over, the normal chatter of buying and selling had resumed. As much as she hated to admit it, Shugat-Nergal had publicly humiliated her again. Damn him! She gritted her teeth. Mulata’s right, I’m going to have to bring that son-of-a-bitch to heel. Then, thinking it over, she added, even if I have to get the gods to help me, and felt a tremendous release of tension.

Denisha pictured Shugat down on his knees in front of her. She envisioned his hands humbly clasped, his eyes pleading with her. The vision caused her to chuckle. Yes, she thought, it’s time I went to see the gods.

To Chapter 4

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

As a career criminal, Shugat-Nergal was the epitome of success. He had long since won recognition as The Thief of Uruk. Yet he chose not to retire and enjoy the fruits of his labor. It was rumored he dreamt of pulling off the ultimate heist, one that would astonish even the gods, and cause his name to be chiseled on one of those granite boundary markers that lasts forever. Such was Shugat-Nergal's quest for immortality.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn002.html>

9 captures

5 May 2003 - 18 Feb 2009

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2001 - 2003

Before going to Eanna, Uruk's holy quarter, Denisha stripped herself of secular insignia, leaving her staff of office with one of the market vendors for safekeeping. She walked through the narrow streets of Kullab, emerging on the broad boulevard leading to the Eanna Temple. The jumble of Kullabi buildings gave way to the spaciousness of monumental structures. In the Eanna quarter, rather than selling wares in crowded bazaars or squatting roadside with their goods on mats as in Kullab, temple merchants tastefully displayed their goods in colorful stalls along the processional way. No beggar impeded her progress. The murmur of genteel conversation replaced the hurly burly and curses of the Kullab quarter.

She came to the main gate of the Eanna Temple where a gatekeeper armed with a spear barred entrance. "Sir," Denisha addressed him, "if you please, I've come to see the glorious Inanna." She paused, then added, "Or, if she's not free, any other god."

The sentry stared at her. "This is not a day scheduled for worship. Who are you to make such a request?"

"I'm Denisha-Ishtar, watcher at the Marketplace of Uruk."

"What has that to do with the gods?"

"I bring them information."

"About what?"

Denisha felt her face burn but kept her temper under control. "A criminal named Shugat-Nergal, one who has just escaped. He is renowned as the Thief of Uruk."

"Why bother the gods about a lawbreaker who's gained notoriety?"

"Because he steals from the common folk, those who worship the gods you protect."

The gatekeeper raised an eyebrow.

Denisha pressed her advantage. "Deny me admittance and this thief will continue to prey upon those who revered your gods. They will say, 'See! The gods denied the watcher admittance. They no longer care.' But, allow me entry – for an audience with even the least of your gods – and it's likely this criminal can be put away."

"You claim to be a watcher. Why do you not arrest this Shugat-Nergal?"

"I've tried but, alas, he's no common lawbreaker. He is a man of considerable skill –

some say he is a magician with powers as great as ... maybe greater ... than the gods."

The gatekeeper's face showed disbelief. "You jest."

"Do I?" Denisha asked. She primped, strutting back and forth in front of the guard. "I came to warn the gods. If you won't admit me, then I shall be unable to do so and will talk about it in the marketplace. Do you want it known the gods denied me an audience for even a few minutes?" She stopped, turned and looked him in the eye. "The decision is up to you."

"By Nin, woman, why burden me with this?"

Denisha held her silence.

"You said this criminal might dare challenge the gods," the gatekeeper muttered.

Denisha nodded.

"Then perhaps they should be made aware of him." The guard raised his spear and struck a copper alarum with its butt. The gong sounded and a young acolyte appeared. "Escort this woman into the courtyard," he told the acolyte. "She claims she has information for the gods and requests an audience. Present her to the High Priest for his decision."

The acolyte bowed. "It shall be as you wish," he said and motioned Denisha to follow him through the gate into the courtyard of the Eanna Temple.

5

The courtyard was an immense open space, a full two hundred cubits long by a hundred wide, every square cubit paved with slabs of imported limestone. On the temple side, Denisha saw whitewashed niches holding larger-than-life statues of Inanna, occupying the spaces between half columns decorated with red and black dots arranged in diamond motifs. Along the outer walls, also whitewashed, she noticed palm trees carefully planted to provide shade and effect. In the two outer corners, she made out musicians sitting in the deep shadow of palms and heard the music they produced, lyres melodically strummed as background for the whistling of lutes, all accentuated by the jingling of tambourines. Birds flew overhead, alighting in the crowns of the palms or, occasionally, atop the wall.

Never had Denisha beheld such purity, such beauty. The courtyard of the Eanna Temple must be the gateway to paradise.

Suddenly, the acolyte in front of her stepped aside and Denisha found herself standing

before a tall man with a long beard, dressed in a robe of bleached linen fringed in lapis blue. In his right hand, he held a gilded staff, symbol of high ecclesiastical office. It gleamed in the bright sunlight.

“My Lord Dan-Inanna, High Priest of the Eanna Temple,” the acolyte announced. Then he turned and presented Denisha.

The bearded official nodded his young assistant. “The gods are compassionate and listen to even the least of mortals. She shall have her say.” When the acolyte left, he turned to face Denisha and studied her with his dark eyes. “Which god did you wish to see?”

“The Glorious Inanna, holy one. Though I am a mere mortal, I bring information for the gods. And a request for help. If she’s not available, I would welcome an audience with any god willing to listen to a mortal such as myself.”

“Then, come with me, Denisha-Ishtar. Nanay, the Goddess of Love, is holding court over there in the shadow of the temple. She favors mortals, listens to them. No one’s with her at present. Come, my child, she will grant you an immediate hearing.”

Denisha followed him to the temple side of the courtyard, the part in front of the statues of Inanna. A young bare-breasted goddess in a skirt of finest bleached linen sat on a throne of polished lapis in front of one of the statues. Denisha, overwhelmed, whispered to Dan-Inanna, “I think I’m hardly dressed for the occasion.”

The high priest turned and gave her a supportive look as he departed. “With gods, my child, it’s manner and not appearance that counts. Go ahead, my dear.”

Denisha approached the young goddess and curtsied. Then she looked up into the divine countenance. The goddess had the face of a sensual young woman, high cheek bones and a sharp nose, both bronzed by the sun and framed by curls of black hair. Her eyes had been heavily outlined in kohl, the eyelids shadowed green with tincture of malachite. Her lips had been tinted red with pomegranate juice. She smelled of sweet reed water. In her right hand, she held the rod and ring of judgment and power. As Denisha studied her, the goddess spoke. “I am Nanay, Goddess of Love. May I be of help to you?”

“My lady, I am Denisha-Ishtar, an appointed watcher in the Marketplace of Uruk.”

The goddess focused her eyes. “I thought watchers were men. Or, are you one of the androgynous?”

“I assure you, my lady, I am all woman.”

The goddess smiled. “Good. I admire women who attain office. But, why serve as

watcher?"

"It is the Karum's request. Shoppers at the market are mostly women. A search of a woman for stolen goods by a male watcher is offensive and could set off a riot."

"You mortals." The goddess grimaced. "The Karum, you say. Are you a trader?"

Denisha shook her head. "No, but I subscribe to their code."

"Then, why come to me? Surely, you haven't come to have your destiny decreed."

"No, my lady. When the time comes, I shall decide my own destiny. In the meantime, I need help and have come to ask for it. It concerns a man ... one Shugat-Nergal."

"Aha, you are in need of a love potion."

"Hardly. Shugat-Nergal is a scoundrel and a thief. He's known throughout the land as the Thief of Uruk."

"You're the watcher appointed by the Karum, you say. Why not arrest him?"

"I have, my lady. A number of times. But every time, he escapes. Vanishes. Poof! Like that, and he's gone again. It is said he uses magic."

Nanay smiled. "You seem intelligent. Don't tell me you believe such rubbish."

"Oh, I don't, my lady, though I don't understand how he tricks me. I seem unable to keep hold of him."

"You desire him for yourself?"

Denisha shook her head violently. "Only to put him in jail. I want to stop his thieving ways. That's why I've come for help."

Nanay shrugged. "I judge it an affair between mortals."

"Perhaps, my lady, but I judge not."

Nanay scowled and her nostrils widened. "What do you mean, you judge not?"

"Pardon, my lady, I overspoke. I hesitate to say more."

"You're this far. Come, Denisha-Ishtar! There can be no stopping now."

Denisha took a deep breath. "It's about the Mes."

“The Mes? How do you come to know about the Mes?”

“Shugat-Nergal told me. He knows nearly everything. He said the Mes are stored here in the temple. I think he plans to steal one of them.”

“By the gods!” Nanay exclaimed. “Such effrontery! Do you know which one?”

“He’s spoken of the one about love.”

“That scoundrel.” The goddess was obviously perturbed. “I am the Goddess of Love, you know. Because of that, I’m sworn to protect the Me of Love.” The goddess leaned forward, and spoke confidentially. “Tell me, what is this Shugat-Nergal like?”

“Some say he is like a wild animal. Looking at him, one sees a handsome beast. He has a regal bearing, like a lion. But, my lady, like the lion, he is wild and dangerous.”

Nanay’s eyes lit up. “Handsome, you say.” She smiled and, even in the shadow of the temple, Denisha could see the whiteness of her teeth. The goddess rose and took Denisha by the arm. “Come, my dear, we must talk more about this creature who would dare steal the Me of Love. Let us go into the temple that we might eat and drink and make plans to deal with this ...” her breath caught a moment “... handsome beast.”

6

Nanay’s cloister amazed Denisha. The furniture was fashioned of solid oak, rather than wicker. The four chairs spaced around the table had legs exquisitely carved to resemble the legs of lions. The walls were covered with hangings of woven wool brightly colored. Denisha felt herself surrounded by riches.

“Please sit,” Nanay said, choosing a chair for herself. “Make yourself at home.”

“My lady, I have never seen the equal of this room.” She perched timidly on the edge of the seat.

The goddess smiled and clapped her hands. A kerzertu appeared, a young bare-footed female servant with curled hair dressed in a revealing skirt of fine linen. “Bring us food and drink,” the goddess ordered.

With hardly a sound, the kerzertu turned and disappeared. The love goddess leaned across the table. “Now, tell me about this Shugat-Nergal, the one you call the Thief of Uruk. His surname seems a portent, as if some dark destiny has already been decreed for him.”

“My lady.” Denisha cleared her throat, “I must remind you that I subscribe to the code of the Karum and do not believe in decreed destinies.”

“You hold so firmly to the Karum code?”

“Indeed, my lady. Besides, Shugat-Nergal must be destined for something better. He is witty and handsome beyond belief. His touch is knowing, firm but gentle, and his lips are sweet.”

“His lips are sweet?” Nanay became intent and leaned forward. “Tell me, Denisha, how you came to know that. Have you tasted them?”

“My lady, they have kissed mine.”

“Then, this man is romantic?”

Denisha sighed. “Oh, I dream so.”

“You have not found out? Surely, a kiss is sufficient prelude.”

“When I try, my lady, as I have told you, he disappears ... vanishes.”

“Vanishes? Are you about to tell me he is shy after all?”

“Oh no, my lady! Shugat-Nergal is most bold.” Denisha looked the goddess straight in the eye. “I think, my lady, he is preoccupied with dreams of robbery. He is a criminal and I am a watcher. That creates an impossible gulf between us.”

Nanay frowned. “After kisses?”

“Consider, my lady, if I am successful and arrest him, then he becomes a failure as a criminal. On the other hand, if he succeeds at thievery, then I become a failure as a watcher. My lady, it is a cruel world. Whichever succeeds, the other necessarily fails.”

Denisha paused. She felt a sudden warmth within her, welling up, pushing tears to her eyes. “We are opposites, my lady. Like the sly fox and the agile rabbit. Mulata, my landlady, tells me I must take him down or he will eat me alive. She says my only other course is to bring him to heel.” Denisha folded her hands as her eyes teared. “He is bold and disrupts the marketplace and I think he will try to steal a Me. But I – I ... you see how it is.”

The kerzertu returned, carrying a tray with pots of beer and pungent bowls of hot onion porridge with bits of roast lamb sprinkled on top. She set the food and drink on the table and disappeared as silently as she had come. Nanay dipped her wooden spoon into the mush and tasted it. “Delicious,” she said. “You must try some.”

When Denisha picked up her spoon and started to eat, the goddess continued. “Let me think on this out loud and talk as we dine.

“You may not know it,” Nanay said, “but the Mes are the foundation of the Earth, the rock on which creation sits. They are divine laws made for the gods, not for earth creatures such as yourself. Should this Shugat-Nergal get hold of one of the Mes, he could introduce a disharmony on the Earth that might bring about the return of Chaos.

“Denisha, while I am not convinced that this thief is half so clever as you think, I find myself unwilling to chance the future of the earth. Therefore, to protect the earth, I have decided I will help you.”

“Oh, my lady, thank you!” Then Denisha lowered her eyes. “But you won’t hurt him, will you?” An awkward silence followed. “I mean you wouldn’t cast a spell on Shugat-Nergal and leave him a cripple, or anything like that?”

Nanay smiled at her. “My dear Denisha, you must remember, I am the Goddess of Love. I will help you. Together, we will find this Shugat-Nergal and try to bring him to heel. Only if we’re unsuccessful will I take him down.”

Denisha breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, my lady. I had prayed the gods would assist me.”

Nanay bestowed another beatific smile on the mortal human seated across the table from her, a plain woman clad in an ordinary tunic of unbleached wool. She watched the woman bask in her smile and briefly considered taking her then and there. She was so deliciously naive. But no, that could wait.

Nanay closed her eyes. The interesting thing about Denisha-Ishtar was the unusual thief she had become involved with. Whatever else, this thief called Shugat-Nergal was obviously beyond the control of the woman who sat across the table from her. Perhaps it might become necessary for her to personally experience the taste of his sweet lips to be able to understand them. The thought made her smile all the more.

To Chapter 7

[Go Back to the Fiction Menu](#)

Denisha, the Karum’s hired watcher in the Uruk Marketplace, apprehended Shugat-Nergal, a master criminal better known as The Thief of Uruk. She caught him red-

handed, lifting necklaces. But, like before, he deftly escaped, wriggling free and crawling away under vendors' tables, leaving Denisha publicly humiliated. Finally, she admitted to herself that Shugat was too clever for her and she had no alternative but to seek help from the gods.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn003.html>

9 captures

5 May 2003 - 21 Feb 2009

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2001 - 2003

"To keep from being recognized," Nanay said, "we need to go in disguise. If we pretend to be Amurru, we can wear robes with cowls over our heads. Passersby won't see our faces and we'll look like we've just come from the desert."

Denisha watched Nanay pull up the hood of her robe, hiding her lustrous black curls and

shadowing her lovely face. Then she imitated the goddess, putting on a robe and covering her head in the same manner. "Like this?"

The goddess walked around Denisha, scrutinizing her appearance. "You seem a little plump for a desert woman, but you'll pass. Perhaps the Uruki will think your father was overly protective and kept you secluded in a tent. But, Denisha, your speech is a giveaway. You talk like a city woman. Can't you sound more like a nomad?"

"Like this you mean?"

The goddess nodded. "Contrived a little you sound. But speak like this we must. Around town we'll have to stay on guard."

"That I understand."

"Good. Then into the city let us walk," Nanay said as she led the way out of the temple and across the courtyard. As they went through the gate, the goddess asked, "To find Shugat-Nergal where should we look?"

"My lady, I know not. In hiding he stays. The River Rat is one we might ask."

"Shugat-Nergal the River Rat knows?"

Denisha nodded. "He does if anyone does. Like this they are." She put her palms together as if in prayer. "Together they often work."

"This River Rat, where will we find?"

"By the river he stays. Salvage jobs for which he can charge outrageous sums he seeks." Denisha paused. "A boat we might rent. Then, an accident we could pretend." A glance at the goddess revealed the puzzled look on her face.

"By Nin, My Lady, I can't speak Amurru more clearly," she whispered. "I was saying we could rent a boat and pretend to have an accident. My plan would work best to the north of the city - near the claypits, but beyond the wall - where the shore patrol seldom keeps close watch. It's places like that we're most likely to find the Rat. Lone travelers and mishaps attract his attention."

"If you think he's there," the goddess said, "let's go. But walk with a shuffling gait as if we're from the desert. And, be careful. Don't speak if you can avoid it."

* * *

They went from the holy quarter of Eanna into the Kullab, the secular quarter of Uruk

that borders the Euphrates. They walked along the road that followed the riverbank. When they passed the marketplace, Denisha was surprised no one recognized her. Our disguises, she thought, work well.

Farther north, where the houses were smaller and often decrepit, they came upon the city claypits where clay was dug to be mixed with straw and molded into brick. A short distance beyond, they reached the city wall, the magnificent structure built half a century earlier by King Gilgamesh who ornamented its top with a broad valence of copper. What other city was rich enough to afford such an ostentatious display of wealth?

Silently, they followed the towpath, going unchallenged past the sentry at the riverside gate. A short distance beyond, Denisha nudged the love goddess with her elbow. "Over there," she whispered, and nodded toward the riverbank.

The goddess looked but saw only a small man by the river lying on his back, his eyes closed. "What are you hinting at?"

"That man, my lady," Denisha said. "That's the River Rat."

"He seems asleep."

"Like a crocodile," Denisha started on. "Come, my lady, don't stand there and stare. You'll give us away."

The Goddess of Love hurried to catch up. "Now speak Amurru we should."

"Do it I will."

Farther on, upriver, out of sight of the man, they came across an old, weather-beaten reed boat, a craft abandoned in a bed of rushes, with half its bundle ties broken and jagged ends of straw protruding. "Perfect for us this boat is," Denisha said.

"Hah!" Nanay protested. "A wreck. Sink, it will. No paddles are there?"

"Paddles we don't need. Just what it is we want," Denisha insisted. "Down the river past the wall the boat will carry us. As we sink, we'll call out. See us, the Rat will." She giggled. "Running to help he'll come."

"Fear have you not?" Nanay was obviously worried. "Swim, can you?"

Denisha shook her head. "Near the bank, shallow the river is. Waist high. In it I bathe. Come. The boat we'll launch and underway we'll be."

They pulled the boat through the reeds out into the shallows and climbed into it, Nanay at the bow and Denisha in the stern so she could push off. The boat wobbled, then was caught by the current and began drifting downstream. Water seeped in and, as they neared the city wall, Denisha cried out in a loud voice, "Sinking we are!"

Nanay joined in. "Help! Help!"

"Drowning we are!" Denisha shouted and grabbed the gunwale of the port side of the boat, pulling it up so the soggy vessel capsized. "Us may the gods preserve!" she yelled as the boat overturned and they both tumbled into the river.

The River Rat was already on his feet, splashing through water, making his way towards them. "Hang on, ladies!" he called out. "I'm coming to save ya."

"Oh," Denisha gasped dramatically. "Be praised the gods!" she said and swooned.

The Rat grabbed her arm as she started under and took hold of the goddess's arm with his other hand. He dragged both towards shore. "You ladies ought not to have been out there by yourselves in a boat like that. It's downright dangerous."

Denisha revived enough to splutter, "Yes, a dangerous river we found it to be."

"I'll save you ladies, but ya can quit the phony accent."

Denisha shook free of the Rat's hold and stood up in the shallow water. "What do you mean phony accent?"

"Ya heard me, lady. You haven't the rhythm. Right off, I could tell you weren't no desert ladies."

Nanay was signaling Denisha frantically but she paid the goddess no attention. "Is that so? Well, if you must know, I'd just finished telling my friend here all about you."

"Ya did?" The Rat sloshed over closer to Denisha and peered at her. "You know who I am?"

"Of course I do! Everybody knows you." Denisha waded to the bank. "You're the River Rat. That's why we tried to disguise ourselves."

The Rat followed her ashore with the goddess in hand but looking puzzled.

"You're very well known," Denisha continued. "I thought you might be weary of admirers pestering you."

“Is that so? Admirers, you say.” The Rat chuckled. “Why would I be troubled?”

“Because of your popularity.” Denisha winked at Nanay. “Tell the Rat.”

The Goddess of Love removed the Rat’s hand from her arm and stepped into her role.

“I wanted to meet you. My friend here said she knew where to find you.”

“Ya did? Really?” The Rat was becoming impressed. “Well, well ... just who are you ladies?”

Denisha interrupted. “We can’t tell you.”

“Whadaya mean you can’t tell me?”

“Because - ,” Denisha arched an eyebrow, “- we’re traveling in-cog-ni-to.” She paused a significant moment and raised an eyebrow. “You know.”

“Oh,” the Rat said. “Yeah.”

Denisha went on confidentially. “We’re on the lookout for someone special.”

“Me?” the Rat asked with a smile on his face.

Denisha shook her head. “Sorry, Rat, not this time. It’s someone else.” The Rat’s face showed disappointment. “Someone that only a person of the highest importance would know where to find.”

The Rat’s face brightened somewhat. “Is that me?”

“Indeed, Rat, that is you.”

The Rat smiled. “Just who is it that you are wishing to find?”

“A Shugat-Nergal,” Denisha replied. She paused. “Sometimes called the Thief of Uruk. I’ll bet a man as important as you might know where to find him.”

The Rat immediately became reserved. “Maybe.” He extended his hand, rubbing his thumb over the first two fingers. “If I had a little consideration, I might could recall.”

Nanay spoke up. “It’s important. We need to find him.”

“What’s it to you?”

“That’s a highly personal question,” Nanay answered. “We’re ladies. Surely, you aren’t the type that pries into the affairs ... of ladies.”

The Rat blushed. "No, I ain't the type. Definitely not. I always warned Shugat about things like that."

"Then," the goddess exclaimed, "you do know him! You'll tell us where he is?"

"Perhaps." The Rat repeated the motion with his hand. "I still need a little consideration to help my remember. Perhaps a few spare shekels of copper that might otherwise go unmissed. Is that asking too much?"

Nanay looked at Denisha who threw out her hands to signal that she had no money. "I don't guess you'd accept a promise of payment tomorrow?" the goddess asked.

"I've heard about tomorrows but ain't never met up with one," the Rat said. "Ladies, it's like this, if I can't get no consideration, I'm just not likely to recall."

Denisha shot the goddess a look of despair.

"Well," said Nanay, "if it's consideration you're wanting ..." She undulated as she undid her cowl, throwing it back to reveal her curly black hair. She focused her kohl-lined eyes on the Rat, smiled at him with her lips of pomegranate red and moved a step closer. "I can offer a certain type of consideration."

"Holy Nergal!" The Rat choked and his eyes bulged. "I recognize you. You're Nanay! The Goddess of Love! Right here with me!"

Nanay smiled. "And with the city wall behind us," she hinted.

The Rat just stood there, looking at her wide-eyed and speechless.

"Rat, if you and I looked, maybe we could find a nook where I could give you some ... special consideration. Would that help jog your memory?"

"What about your friend?" the Rat asked, nodding at Denisha.

"She's a good girl," Nanay said, "not like me. She'll wait." The goddess turned to Denisha. "Won't you, dear?"

Denisha was taken aback. She had never realized a goddess might act like this. But what else could she do if she wanted to find Shugat? "I will," she agreed.

The Goddess of Love touched the Rat's arm. "Shall we?"

"I'm willing and ready," he said with an audible gulp and let Nanay lead him away toward the wall.

It was a good half hour before Nanay returned. Alone. “Where’s the Rat?” Denisha asked when the goddess came back with her cowl up over her head.

A chuckle came from inside the cowl. “He’s asleep—recuperating. I think he overextended himself.”

“You sound inordinately pleased.”

“Why wouldn’t I be? I get great pleasure in attracting a man to the point that he throws himself at me and exhausts himself in the process.”

Denisha shook her head. “Did you remember to ask him the whereabouts of Shugat-Nergal?”

Nanay’s voice sharpened. “Of course! Do I look the fool? Do you think I would give away something and not get anything in return? Not only did I find out where Shugat-Nergal lives, I learned his favorite hideouts in the city.”

“Then you can lead us to him?”

Nanay nodded and turned to go. “Let’s get underway.”

Denisha restrained the goddess with a hand. “My lady ...”

Nanay stopped and turned back. “What is it now?”

“Don’t you need to wash first?” Denisha felt embarrassed. “You know, bathe in the river?”

“What?”

Denisha wrinkled her nose. “I mean, after your tryst with the Rat.”

“Oh, that. Why should I?”

“My Lady, you ... you smell ...”

“Denisha, the gods term it the aroma of conquest. When it’s fresh and warm, it attracts male mortals. Drives them wild.”

“My lady,” Denisha spoke slowly and clearly, enunciating each syllable, “we are going

after Shugat-Nergal—a criminal.”

“I am well aware of who we are going after.”

Denisha felt the blood rise and clenched her fists. “You are not going after him smelling like that. You’re going to bathe first.”

The Goddess of Love faced Denisha and tossed back her cowl. “Since when do you presume to tell a goddess what she can or cannot do? Do you think I need your permission to see a mortal? Including this Shugat-Nergal?”

Denisha drew herself up straight with her hands on her hips. “I wonder, my lady, what would be said in the Assembly of the Gods if they learned that you chased after the Land’s most notorious criminal alone ... so you could throw your divine body at him?”

Nanay’s face blanched. “Denisha! You wouldn’t!”

“Don’t push me.”

The Goddess of Love narrowed her eyes. She must have seen the expression on Denisha’s face, because she said, “All right, you win this time. Since you insist, I’ll take a dip in the shallows before we go.”

“We can go back to the reed bed upriver. You can safely bathe amongst the reeds. I’ll stay on the bank and keep watch.”

“Humphf.”

“My Lady, you’ll feel better. Everybody will.”

“I must say, you seem unusually interested in this criminal we’re chasing.”

“My Lady, it was I who called Shugat-Nergal to your attention. I saw him first. Don’t forget that. Whatever else Shugat is, he’s mine.”

become necessary for her to personally experience the taste of his sweet lips to be able to understand them. The thought made her smile all the more.

To Chapter 10

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, escaped while being arrested by Denisha-Ishtar, watcher in the Uruk marketplace. For Denisha, it was the last straw. Angry at being humiliated again, she went to the Eanna Temple to find a god to help bring the criminal to justice. When she told Nanay about Shugat ... what a dangerous and handsome thief he was ... the Goddess of Love agreed to assist her.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn004.html>

7 captures

20 Aug 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Dec MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2003

Stopping in a narrow lane in the most disreputable quarter of Kullab, Nanay studied the cracked clay tile above the door, an embossed picture of a charging bull. "This must be Shugat-Nergal's place," she told Denisha.

Denisha pulled back her cowl to better examine the plaque. The wall of crumbling mud brick was featureless except for the square address plate set above an old door of weather-beaten wood planks with a pullcord hanging out the hole beside it. "Here?"

The love goddess nodded. "No decent man would live in this warren. But the Rat told me Shugat did. On the Lane of Adventurers at the sign of the Charging Bull, he said."

"The door's unsealed," Denisha noted. "Somebody must be inside. I'll ring." She pulled up her hood, then reached out and gave the pullcord a tug. A bell clanged inside.

Footsteps approached. The door opened and Denisha's heart leapt as Shugat-Nergal's handsome face peered out. But his eyes were dark and suspicious. "Yes?"

The goddess spoke for them. "Just arrived from the desert we are. Interesting items to show we have. Bright -"

Shugat shook his head. "Sorry, you have the wrong address. Not interested."

"But -" Nanay reached out to touch Shugat's hand.

He slammed the door shut. Sounds of it being bolted came from inside.

"By Nin!" Nanay fumed. "Never have I had a door slammed in my face! And by a mortal! I'll teach him." The goddess turned, stepped back into the middle of the narrow road and stretched her hands up to the blue Sumerian sky. "Ishkur, come flying to my aid. Bring your lightning bolts. Hurry," she intoned as a breeze arose and stirred dust in the street.

Little boys came to see what the lady was shouting about.

"My lady," Denisha asked, "what are you doing?"

"Getting help. Ishkur, God of Storms. I'll teach that Shugat-Nergal a thing or two. Slam the door in my face, will he?" She looked up again as did Denisha.

A small, low-flying cloud appeared overhead and the little boys pointed at it. A figure sat on the lead edge, his sandaled feet dangling. To Denisha, he looked like an old man with a long, white beard dressed in a woolen shift and horned cap. He peered down and waved.

“Ishkur,” the goddess called up to him.

“Nanay, I brought the lightning bolts. Who do you wish me to smite?”

The Goddess of Love was about to reply when Denisha grabbed her arm. “My lady, let’s don’t do anything hasty.”

“What is this, Denisha? Are you about to tell a goddess what to do?”

“My lady, our goal is to bring Shugat-Nergal to justice. Let us reflect before we command a god to smite him.”

“My dear girl, I’m not about to ask Ishkur to smite Shugat. No, I plan to have him smite Shugat’s bolted door. With a single bolt of lightning, Ishkur can reduce it to splinters.”

Denisha shook her head. “And have the neighbors think we’re breaking in? They’ll hear the commotion and start calling for watchers.”

“Aren’t you a watcher?”

“In the marketplace. Out here, I’m off the job. I left my staff of office at the market. And, knowing Shugat, the question would arise, who would pay for his destroyed door?”

“Oh.” Nanay looked at the old wood plank door with disgust. “Then, pray tell, what would you suggest?”

“My lady, before you smite, let me try the pullcord once more. If we wait a bit, Shugat might cool off. He’s feral, like a wild animal, excited by contact with others.”

“I find him more resembling an unmannered beast. But I will contain my wrath till the call of the afternoon watch. Ishkur will remain overhead. If the door hasn’t been opened by then, I’ll command him to smite it with a bolt of lightning.”

11

At the call of the afternoon watch, Denisha gave the pullcord another tug. As before, the bell clanged inside and footsteps approached the door. It opened and Shugat-Nergal looked out. “It’s you two again!” he exclaimed and moved to slam the door shut.

Denisha stuck her foot between the door and jamb. “Not so fast.”

“He was going to do it to me again!” the love goddess shrieked. “He was going to slam the door in my face!” She looked up at the cloud overhead. “Ishkur!” she hollered.

“My lady!”

Shugat pulled the door open and stuck his head out. “What’s going on out here?”

“She’s calling on the Storm God to smite your door with a bolt of lightning.”

The youngsters still hanging around started shouting, “Strike! Strike!”

“What did you say?” Ishkur called down from the cloud.

“Why choose my door?” Shugat asked Denisha. “And who is the woman?”

“Smite that door!” Nanay shouted.

“Smash it, do it in!” the boys chanted.

“She’s Nanay,” Denisha said, “the Goddess of Love!”

“I can’t hear you!” Ishkur called down.

“My lady!” Denisha implored.

“Hey!” Shugat shouted.

“Ishkur, I command you –”

The shouting and cajoling drowned her words.

Shugat-Nergal stepped out from the doorway and grabbed Nanay’s arm. “Things have gone far enough. This is my house and my door!”

The goddess focused angry eyes on the handsome criminal. “Let go of me!”

“Not till you tell me why you want to break down my door.”

“You should know better than to slam it in the face of a goddess.”

“A goddess?”

Again, the voice came from above. “Nanay, what was it you said?”

“Smite!” the boys shouted.

The goddess glanced up at the cloud. “For the moment, Ishkur, be quiet.”

“Nanay?” Shugat asked. “Did I hear him call you Nanay ... the Goddess of Love?”

Nanay faced Shugat-Nergal squarely. “Why should I tell you now? You wouldn’t listen to me the first time. No. You slammed the door in my face. You ... you beast.”

Shugat-Nergal bowed his head humbly. “My lady, a thousand pardons.”

The boys quieted.

The Goddess of Love threw back her cowl and Shugat saw her rich, lustrous black curls and kohl-lined eyes. He gazed at her beautiful face with lips tinted pomegranate red.

He went down on one knee, his head bowed. “My lady,” he acknowledged her.

“What do you want me to do with the lightning bolt?” Ishkur’s voice came from above.

Shugat looked up at the goddess with awe-struck eyes. “My lady, give him leave to strike.” He pounded his chest. “I have proven myself unworthy, deserving of punishment.”

Nanay stared at the handsome man in sandals and kilt, on his knee before her. “I thought you were a beast,” she whispered.

Denisha sidled up. “My lady, don’t start empathizing with him. He is.”

Shugat scowled in her direction.

Again the voice from above. “Nanay, this lightning bolt is getting heavy.”

Shugat pointed to the cowed figure behind Nanay. “And who is she?”

The Goddess of Love called up to the cloud. “Put it down a while, Ishkur.”

The cowed figure behind the goddess chided Shugat. “Lucky you.”

Shugat pointed again at the hooded figure of Denisha. “My lady, I demand to know who that is mocking me.”

Nanay turned to her companion. “Show yourself, my dear.”

Denisha threw back her cowl, exposing her plain face and straight black hair.

“Denisha, it’s you!”

“Hello, Shugat.”

“Denisha, what are you doing here?”

Nanay answered. “It was Denisha who informed me about you. It was she who told me what you had done to her in the marketplace. She asked me to help her find you.”

“In the marketplace?” Shugat asked wide eyed.

“When the necklaces fell out of your sleeve,” Denisha said. “Remember?”

Shugat-Nergal slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand. “Of course! How could I have ever forgotten? Oh, Denisha! I am so glad you came. I owe you an apology. I have to admit ... the last time ... in the marketplace, I treated you most abominably.”

“What’s this?” Nanay asked. “You are apologizing to a watcher?”

“Indeed, my lady. This poor woman works in the Uruk Marketplace as a watcher for the Karum. A misunderstanding occurred between us that led to a confrontation and ... But why do we stand out here in the street conversing? May I invite you both into my most humble abode? Perhaps to share a pot of beer?”

Denisha turned to Nanay with narrowed eyes. “My lady, beware. You can’t trust him.”

The Goddess of Love glanced upwards at the little cloud overhead. “Ishkur will be waiting up there. He’ll keep watch over us.”

“As you will, my lady.”

“Why not?” the goddess said and turned to Shugat. “A pot of beer would be welcomed on a hot day like this.”

Shugat nodded. “Ladies, I’m a bachelor, you know.” He smiled. “Please – you must give me a minute or two to get the place tidied up before you come in.”

“My lady, you see?” Denisha asked. “With Shugat, nothing is ever simple. Everything he does has a catch.”

Shugat rolled his eyes.

“Really, Denisha,” the goddess said and then turned to Shugat. “Go ahead, Shugat, and tidy up. We’ll wait out here till you’re ready.”

Shugat smiled again and gently closed the door. Immediately, loud noises came from inside. They continued for some minutes before fading away.

"At first appearance," Nanay told Denisha, "Shugat-Nergal seems nice enough. He's certainly shown himself to be considerate of you and your feelings."

"Hah! My lady, that's what he pretends. Watch what he does."

"You seem to have little faith in him."

"I have none left. He shredded it ... tore it to ribbons ... destroyed it. Utterly. As you'll learn, my lady, Shugat does things only for his own benefit."

Nanay smiled. "Well, since I am a goddess, it would benefit him greatly to make friends with me."

Denisha shrugged. "My lady, it might seem that way to you now."

"I wonder what he's doing."

"There's no telling. Probably looking for a way of escape."

"Nonsense. He knows we're all out here waiting." Nanay fidgeted. "But I don't understand why he keeps a goddess waiting. Denisha, give that cord another pull."

Denisha tugged on it again. The clang of a bell sounded inside but this time there was no sound of footsteps. Silence. "You see?"

"Open the door, my dear."

Denisha put her hand on the door and pushed. It didn't budge. She put her shoulder to it. It refused to move. "My lady, the door feels like it's bolted inside."

"I can't believe it." The goddess came to the door and put her ear against it. "I don't hear anything."

Denisha's face had a knowing smile. "There may not be anything in there."

"Don't smirk, Denisha," the goddess said and gave the pullcord a jerk herself. The bell inside clanged loudly but still nothing happened. She put her shoulder to the door and pushed—hard. Again, it refused to budge. "Open!" the goddess shouted. Silence. Then she sighed. "All right," she declared, "you asked for it, Shugat-Nergal. We'll blast our way in!"

She stepped back out into the middle of the narrow lane where she could see the cloud

overhead. "Ishkur!" she called up.

The old god leaned over the edge and peered down. "Yes, Nanay?"

The goddess pointed at the door. "Pick up that lightning bolt again and hurl it at this door. Strike with all your force. Destroy it."

"As you wish," the old god said and went to retrieve the lightning bolt.

He came back holding it in his hand. It was scintillating and brilliant, making even the Sumerian sky appear dark.

"My lady," Denisha said, "Shugat may still be inside."

"If he is, he'd better damn well let me know."

Ishkur hefted the lightning bolt and the air crackled.

"My lady –"

"Strike, Ishkur," the goddess called. "Strike!"

Ishkur hurled the lightning bolt at the door. SssssssssssssSTRACK, WHAM! A crack of thunder shook the Earth, rattling the brickwork. The door burst apart. Loose bricks and chunks of rotted mortar thudded into the narrow lane.

Denisha peered through the haze of dust to see what had happened. The door had vanished. In its place, the wall had a gaping hole twice the size of the door. Rubble was strewn everywhere and what she could see of the room inside was littered with debris.

Nanay bit her lip. "Perhaps, Denisha, I was a bit hasty. Go inside. See if Shugat-Nergal's in there. Find out if he's hurt. Hurry."

Denisha clambered across the debris into the room. Furnishings and whatnots were scattered wildly over the floor. In the far back corner, a flickering flame still burned in a small copper sesame oil lamp set in a niche. Beneath it, there was a hole in the wall.

She made her way across the wreckage to the opening. It was barely big enough for a man's body. Putting her head through it, she leaned out. There was only a dead-end alley with no one in sight. She pulled in and made her way back across the room to go out the opening that had once been the front door.

"Well?" asked Nanay. "Tell me, is he hurt?"

“My Lady, I don’t know.”

“What do you mean you don’t know?”

“I didn’t find Shugat-Nergal. He’s not in there.”

“Not inside? Impossible! With my own eyes, I saw him go in.”

“My Lady, there’s a hole in the rear wall. It leads into an alley out back.”

“I can’t believe it!” Nanay charged into the room and hurried to the hole in the back wall. Like Denisha, she stuck her head through it and peered out. She sighed.

“Bless Bess, you’re right! There’s nothing back here but an alley. No sign of that criminal.”

“My lady, he’s managed to give us the slip. He’s likely far away by now.”

“He invited us in and then asked us to wait a minute,” Nanay fumed. “Had to tidy up, he claimed. Left us waiting in the street outside. He would have left me – a goddess - standing out there till the end of time. That irreverent, lying bastard! I’ll get him if it’s the last thing I do!”

Denisha managed to pull up her cowl before the smirk appeared on her face.

To Chapter 13

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Humiliated one time too many by Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, Denisha, Karum watcher, persuades Nanay, Goddess of Love, to help her bring him to justice. They start a search for him and Denisha is shocked when Nanay sexually entices the River Rat, a friend of Shugat’s, to reveal all. She reminds the goddess that it was she who first noticed Shugat-Nergal and that, whatever else he is, he is hers.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn005.html>

11 captures

4 Jun 2002 - 2 Jun 2023

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's
Ancient Sumeria
"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2003

As Nanay tried to explain, the neighborhood watcher scowled. He thumped the road hard with his staff and demanded she start over. Though he was a mortal, he looked big and strong, so the goddess deigned to honor his request.

"My good sir, it happened like this. The man we came to arrest closed the door in our faces. Bolted it to keep us out. We, frail women that we are, were unable to open it, so we had to summon help."

"You said that before. Where's the guy who came to help?"

"Well," Nanay glanced up, making sure the cloud and Ishkur were gone, "it wasn't exactly a guy."

"Come on, lady. Look at that door! It's busted clean out of the wall. How'd it happen? Did you bring a bull into town to butt it in? It's against the law, you know, having bulls

running loose on city streets.”

“Well, it wasn’t a bull” the goddess said and let the sentence die.

“Lady, I need answers. I can’t chance you going around breaking down doors. Look at the damage. But you’re not telling me what happened. Now, either enlighten me or I take you to the palace.” The watcher eyed her from under shaggy brows. “You’re a woman. You know what might happen to you in the palace?”

He paused and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his free hand. “By Nergal, I feel like I’m talking to myself. I can’t even tell who I’m talking to. Listen, ladies, pull down your cowls so I can see who the kur you are. Both of you.”

Nanay and Denisha let their hoods down.

The burly watcher was obviously awed by Nanay’s appearance. He turned to Denisha. “Who’s the lady?”

“Nanay,” Denisha answered. “The Goddess of Love.”

“And who’d she get to break down the door?”

“Ishkur, the Storm God in the Hursag.” Seeing that the watcher looked doubtful, Denisha pointed at the purple mountains dimly visible on the eastern horizon. “Nanay called him and he came all the way here. From there,” she said, “like that,” and snapped her fingers.

“Great!” the burly watcher snorted. “My neighborhood’s become a trysting place for gods. Just what I needed!”

Nanay flashed him a celestial smile.

Denisha was amazed to see the watcher immediately drop to one knee before the goddess. “My lady, I overspoke. Forgive me.”

“You are forgiven this time,” Nanay said. “You may rise.”

The watcher stood and pointed at Shugat-Nergal’s residence. “But, my lady, my problem remains. How am I to explain this destruction to the lugal?”

“My good man, tell him the truth. Report that we came to arrest Shugat-Nergal, a notorious criminal —”

“Shugat-Nergal? Did you mention Shugat-Nergal?”

“I did.”

“Everybody around here knows Shugat. He may be a little foxy and a glib talker but he’s a nice guy at heart. People really like him, especially women.”

Denisha let out an audible sigh.

“Him a criminal?” the watcher went on. “My lady, neighbors won’t believe what you’re saying about him. Further, I question the lugal will either.” He paused a minute. “Perhaps I could describe the pair of you as a goddess and her sukkal seeking vengeance, an affair gone wrong maybe ... something on that order, nothing too specific.”

Nanay put out a hand. “For Heaven’s sake, my good man, don’t. My reputation is bad enough. Besides, I’m not supposed to be in Kullab. I’m only here to help this poor woman.”

The watcher turned to Denisha. “What’s wrong with her?”

“She’s the marketplace watcher who was humiliated by Shugat-Nergal.”

The watcher guffawed. “You’re a watcher? Come on. You’re a woman.”

“I am a watcher in the marketplace,” Denisha said. “Appointed by the Karum, if you must know. I apprehend women when they try to lift goods.”

“So, how does Shugat come into it? I guess lots of women have problems with him, huh?” He winked at her.

“It’s not that.” Denisha blushed. “Shugat came to the marketplace and I caught him red handed, stealing jewelry from a vendor’s table, but he escaped. That’s why I’m after him ... why the goddess is helping me.”

The watcher clucked his tongue.

The goddess interrupted. “Perhaps, my good man, you could look from another angle and explain this whole thing to your lugal as a mishap, a chance strike by a lightning bolt that fell from a passing cloud. A happenstance.”

“By the gods, my lady!” the watcher roared. “The quarter would be up in arms if they learned gods were cloud riding over Kullab with untethered lightning bolts. I can tell you, they wouldn’t like it at all. They’d complain to the lugal, make him close all the temples.”

Nanay sighed. Mortals were damnably difficult to deal with. “Then report it as a

natural occurrence. Lightning bolts sometimes escape the gods. When wild, they go anywhere. Blame it on Ninhursag, Mother Nature. Whatever the damage, the gods will make it good.”

For the first time, the watcher relaxed. “They would pay for the damage?”

Seeing that the watcher was amenable, Nanay moved swiftly to close the deal. “You have my word on it. Come, let us go inside Shugat’s place and determine what damage has been done.” She took the watcher by his hand and turned to Denisha. “My dear, there’s no need for you to hang around. You may go home.”

“But –”

“I’ll see you later, Denisha. At your house. Then she turned and led the watcher into the ruined abode where Shugat-Nergal had so recently lived.

14

Mulata set a bowl of dates on the windowsill. “Try some of these.”

“Thanks,” Denisha grumped, “but I’m not hungry.”

“You seem out of sorts.”

“I am.” Denisha’s eyes cast a glance outside. The sun was low in the western sky, its rays streaming through the window. “It’s near call of the evening watch.”

“Still wondering about the goddess, huh?”

“I can’t help it. Where is she? When I left her at Shugat’s place, she promised to meet me here. That was hours ago. What’s keeping her? I can’t help wondering if she’s seducing that watcher.”

“Don’t seem proper for a goddess to go round acting like that, does it?”

“Tell me about it.”

Just then, Nanay walked in the door with a big smile on her face. “I’m here!” she declared. “Everything’s okay. I’ve cleared the damages with the watcher. Even helped him write his report for the lugal.”

Denisha spoke. “It’s about time you showed up.”

“Hey, it took time. There was a lot of damage to check out.”

“One door?”

Nanay nodded. “And the contents of the room ... plus the hole in the back wall.”

“Shugat made that hole.”

“I didn’t want to debate the matter.”

“So, what did you do? Seduce him?”

“Denisha! How can you say that?”

“You seem to have a habit of doing it with men.”

“I am the Goddess of Love.”

“Even my landlady says your actions don’t seem proper. Isn’t that so, Mulata?”

Mulata nodded. “They sure don’t seem right to me.”

“Being the Goddess of Love, I believe in love. That’s why I practice it. So what?”

“You seem to be spreading it around awfully thin.”

The goddess cocked an eyebrow. “Like you think I have only so much to give?”

“Isn’t that usually the case?”

“Tell me, Denisha, does the couple with three children love each child only a third as much as the couple with a single child?”

“Come on, Nanay, you know what I’m talking about—sex.”

“Love includes sex.”

“Why don’t you get married and settle down? Like decent folk.”

“And start producing little godlets? From all I hear, you mortals think the Earth’s already overrun with gods and goddesses.”

Mulata added, “There’s already a temple on most every corner.”

“Now that the gods have come down to the Earth,” Denisha said, “there’s plenty of room in Heaven. Since you’re a goddess, you could go reside up there.”

“And suffer Antu’s fate? My dear, don’t forget, Earth is very visible from Heaven. Just look over the edge of any cloud and there it is. You can see everything. When you’re in Heaven, married a thousand years or so, anything different looks good. It’s temptation unbound. That’s how Anu was lured down to Earth. These days, I doubt if any goddess would consent to being carried up to Heaven and chance being abandoned. Certainly not me.”

Denisha nodded. “It was mean of Inanna to lure Antu’s husband down to Earth.”

“It’s her nature. Although Inanna’s a goddess, she’s Earthborn, so she has earthly desires.”

“Well, mortals don’t go running around promiscuously like you goddesses do. Especially women. Not only is it considered ill-mannered, but downright stupid—it’s easy to get pregnant.”

“My dear, didn’t you know? Goddesses are immortal, therefore immune to mortal diseases. Also impregnation by humans. Being the Goddess of Love, I spread love.”

“Regardless of its sordid consequences?”

“What sordid consequences? With love, I learned from the Rat the whereabouts of Shugat-Nergal. With love, I had Ishkur smite the door which Shugat had bolted against us. With love, I persuaded the watcher to turn in a routine report to the king and calm him about the damages done. Are these the consequences you’re speaking of?”

“You enticed them. I personally saw you charm the Rat.”

“My dear, I did little more than smile. It was they who responded. If you aren’t aware, when Enki created you mortals, the gods insisted he make you oversexed so you would multiply and fill the Earth. Believe me, my dear, it’s rare that men or women can resist their god-given natures.”

“Oh, I give up.”

“Poor Denisha. You came to the temple for help. I offered to help and have done my best to do so. In everything I’ve done, I’ve tried to act on your behalf. But it seems in doing so, I keep offending you. If that’s the case, perhaps I should withdraw and let you seek the help from some other god or goddess, one more compatible with you.”

Denisha almost blurted out That would suit me fine! but bit her lip. What other god would stoop to help a mortal woman like me? she wondered. What other god would accompany me in my pursuit of Shugat-Nergal? She knew the answers. None.

She swallowed her pride and looked the Goddess of Love in the eye. "Since you must know," she told Nanay, "I am terribly in awe of you. I see how beautiful you are and I've witnessed your skills in the art of seduction. I fear, my lady, with no more than a smile or the wink of an eye, you'll take Shugat-Nergal from me."

"Dear Denisha, I can tell that, though he is a criminal, Shugat has come to mean something more to you." Nanay reached out and took Denisha's hand in her own. "I dally now and then but would never do anything serious that might hurt you. Don't you realize that would be against my nature? I'm the -"

"I know, the Goddess of Love."

Nanay smiled and squeezed her hand.

Denisha smiled bravely in return. "Okay," she said, "I'm not used to being around a goddess. Maybe I'm beginning to understand."

15

"Since Shugat's eluded us," Denisha asked, "what now? I guess we start over?"

"Why?" Nanay answered. "We have leads. Remember, the Rat confided in me. He said whenever Shugat's hounded, he lies low in one of the abandoned sheepfolds out on the Arali."

"The desert's so big."

"Yes, we'll need help. Maybe zu-birds."

Denisha gave a short laugh. "Where would we get birds like that?"

"The rookery at my temple. We keep a small flock. I could send some out to search for Shugat. But not now. It's almost dark. Like other birds, zu-birds nest at night."

"Then tomorrow?"

Nanay nodded. "At the end of starlight watch. I'll return to the temple and, when the birds wake, I'll send a patrol out to the desert before coming here. If Shugat's out there, they'll spot him when the sun comes up and report back to me here at your house."

"My house? How are they going to know where to find it?"

"I'll give them directions. My dear, they are very smart. That's why they're called zu-birds ...wise birds."

"My lady, I warn you, Shugat is a master of disguise. He'll likely masquerade as a shepherd."

"Without sheep? Hah! Then the birds will spot him instantly."

"But the desert's so big."

"It's mostly hardpan, flat as the surface of a pond, with few places to hide. An abandoned sheepfold here and there. A few forsaken irrigation ditches. Haven't you ever been out there?"

"Not very far. I've always stayed within sight of the city wall. I was born and raised here in Uruk and feel lost whenever I'm away."

"My dear, if Shugat-Nergal's out there, you're going to have the time of your life when we go after him. At any event, I need to return to the temple to set our plan in motion. I'll be back in the morning, before daybreak."

"I'll be sleeping on the roof. It's cooler up there."

"Good," Nanay said. "You know, I think you're starting to trust me. It's rare that any mortal can trust a deity, but, believe me, my dear, it's rarer still when a deity can trust a mortal. I have an idea we may have the beginnings of a great partnership. Mortal and immortal. Wouldn't that be something?"

To Chapter 16

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Nanay, the Goddess of Love, agreed to help Denisha, a watcher, bring Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, to justice. When they located his abode, he charmed them by inviting them in. But, claiming a need to tidy up first, he closed the door. When he failed to open it, Nanay found it bolted. Angry, she had the storm god, Ishkur, blast the door apart with a lightning bolt. Once inside, they saw Shugat had escaped.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn006.html>

4 captures

26 Dec 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Mar DEC Aug

31

2003 2005 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2003

16

The rooster's crowing woke Denisha just as she heard footsteps coming up the outside stairs. "Denisha," Nanay's voice called, "where are you?"

"Over here."

She heard leather sandals skritch across the pitch-coated roof, but because it was a moonless night, she couldn't see the goddess till she was almost on her. "Watch out!"

"Relax," Nanay said, "I'm not going to step on you." In the dark, her eyes glowed and seemed to smolder. They peered down at Denisha and seemed to focus on her. "Get up. We need to get moving."

"It's still dark. Have the birds returned? Have they found Shugat?"

"No, dammit! Inanna took control of the birds."

"The Queen of Heaven?"

"Herself."

"My lady, what happened?"

"There's no moon tonight so it was pitch black inside the temple. I had to use a lamp to find my way to the rookery and the light woke Inanna. She saw me and wanted to know what I was up to. When I told her about Shugat-Nergal, she decided to take charge."

"You didn't -"

"Inanna is Queen of Heaven. What could I do?"

"Did she order you to leave Shugat alone?"

"No, thank the gods." In the darkness Denisha could hear the stiffness in Nanay's voice. "But she commandeered the zu-birds and sent them out to search for Shugat."

"Why?"

"Don't ask. Inanna is inexplicable, like a man. Get your sandals on, Denisha. We've no time to waste. We have to go."

"Where?"

"Out into the desert, by donkey train. I made arrangements on the way here. The donkey master said they have to start before dawn to avoid the noontime heat. Come on, Denisha, we need to leave."

"I'm miserable!" Denisha's muffled voice came from the robed and turbaned figure on the donkey in front of Nanay's. She was riding her animal stiff-legged, like a city woman, her legs sticking straight out on both sides.

"Bend your knees, Denisha, and tuck in those feet. If a zu-bird patrol spots you riding like that, they'll know something's up for sure. And be quiet. The clothing you're wearing is what all riders wear. So shush. If the men in this train discover we're women, we'll find ourselves with more than we can handle."

“But I’m burning up,” the muffled voice protested. “And thirsty.”

Nanay was about to reply when a shout came from one of the guards riding alongside the train. “Zu-birds! Patrol’s coming!”

Nanay glanced back to see four birds coming from the west. With their lion’s heads, they were easily identifiable.

The donkey master halted the train and came walking back. “Break out sweetmeats,” he ordered. “And water. Feed the birds well.”

Denisha turned around and asked the goddess, “What’s going on?”

“Don’t know.” Nanay slid off her donkey. “I think the donkey master knows better than try to outrun a zu-bird patrol.”

One of the guards dismounted and spread a blanket on the ground. He set a large bowl on it and filled it with water from a bladder. Another rode up to place a platter beside the bowl and piled it with date meats. Finished, they waved their arms at the zu-birds overhead. The birds circled cautiously, eyeing the offering, before starting a downward glide.

As the patrol landed, the men pointed at the dishes. “Sweetmeats to eat and water to drink,” they called out. “Sweetmeats and water.”

The first bird down spoke, his lion’s head growling out the message. “Blessings be upon you, mortals. They starve us at the temple. No sweets. Keeps us fit, they say. Gods are always telling others what to do. Bah.” With a wing sweep, he indicated his companions should partake.

When the donkey master came over, the lead bird asked him, “Where’s your caravan headed?”

“To Larsa. We carry dye pigments to the textile works.”

The bird cocked his head and scratched an ear with a talon. “That’s the sole purpose of your trip?”

The donkey master shrugged. “See for yourself. Open our panniers if you wish. You’ll find pigments inside, nothing else. Speak to our riders. We’re all bound for Larsa.”

The zu-bird looked around. The ear that he had scratched, twitched, and he fastened his great feline eyes on the figure of Nanay. He pointed a wing at her. “You!” he declared, “you are a female!”

The Goddess of Love walked up to the leader. "I've never claimed otherwise," she asserted.

"A woman's place is in the cool of the garden or the shade of the workshop. Why have you undertaken this arduous trip across the desert?"

"I know pigments and dyes."

"But is it not the men who grind the pigments and mix the dyes?"

"With textiles, as produced in the workshop at Larsa, there's much to the making of dyes. Colors. Hues. Tints. Tones. All are needed to produce the many-colored robes the Amurru love. We," the goddess motioned at Denisha, "have come along to show the men which are the best pigments to mix for which fabrics and how best to apply them. Tell me, have you ever watched a man try to choose appropriate dyes for a fabric?"

The lead bird mewed at the cleverness of the goddess's quip.

"I see," Nanay continued, "you have an appreciation of aesthetics. I suspect that's why your feathers possess such an attractive sheen. You are a very handsome bird."

The bird looked directly at Nanay. Then it preened itself and strutted back to the bowls to join his companions. Within a few minutes, the birds took off without further comment.

The donkey master came up to Nanay. "You shouldn't have spoken to that bird," he told her.

"He was the patrol's leader," Nanay answered. "Besides, he asked me a question and I didn't think I had the choice of refusing an answer. At least we are rid of them."

The donkey master growled. "Damned bird patrols. Nosy. Probably sent snooping by some god," he muttered. "The gods are too much with us. Still, you shouldn't have spoken."

"Tell me, sir, what harm have I done?"

The donkey master's face turned red. "You've let the guards and donkey drivers know there are women in the train, that's what."

"We're willing to face them and whatever danger they might pose."

"It's not only your safety I worry about," the donkey master said. "The jealousies you'll

cause among them could result in killings of drivers and endanger the well being of the train.”

“We’re near the back of the train. We’ll keep ourselves well covered.”

The donkey master shook his head. “ Sorry. I’m a simple man who likes to keep things simple. I’d rather you two weren’t with the train—at all.”

“It shall be as you wish,” Nanay said. “We’ll leave at the next sheepfold.”

18

As they passed a clutch of deserted buildings, Nanay punched Denisha’s arm. “This is it, Denisha. This is where we leave.”

Denisha looked around. All she saw was a small hut crudely built of sun-baked mud brick that had never been whitewashed. Attached on one side was a primitive, open air shed built of crooked tamarisk poles, thatched on top with bundles of reeds hauled overland from some distant river. There was desultory plant growth around the hut, clumps of gray-green desert weeds and a sprinkling of spiny desert-thorn farther out. There was nothing else in sight on the flat hardpan except small, stranded dunes of sand laying about here and there.

“Why leave here?” Denisha asked.

“Because we are not wanted. This hut and shed, my dear, constitute a sheepfold. Or did. It’s obviously now abandoned.”

“It doesn’t look like much.”

“In the desert, a sheepfold is better than nothing. It provides shade. Remember, the River Rat told us Shugat-Nergal hides in places like this.”

“He would hide in a shack like this?”

“Use your eyes, Denisha. Note the plants growing by the hut. It’s a sure sign of water nearby.”

Denisha shook her head. “I see nothing that looks like a well.”

“If there is one, it will likely be inside the hut, covered to prevent evaporation.” She watched the donkey train move off and disappear in the distance. “Go, take a look inside. See if that’s not the case.”

Denisha went to the door of the hut and peered in. When her eyes had adjusted to the darkness inside, she jumped back and screeched, "Shugat! Shugat-Nergal!"

* * *

Shugat came bounding out of the hut dressed in a robe and a turban similar to those Denisha and Nanay wore. He had a big welcome smile on his face. "Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" he said. "Fancy meeting you two out here in the middle of the desert."

"There's nothing fancy about it, you dog," Denisha said. "We tracked you down, good and proper."

Shugat looked at Nanay who raised an eyebrow.

He turned back to Denisha and slapped his forehead. "Of course!" he said. "Denisha, you are so lovely that I constantly forget you are employed by the Karum as a watcher."

"I have a reputation to maintain," she declared coldly. "I always get my man."

He cleared his throat. "Well, I guess you do. Since you've got me now, can I invite you ladies inside? It's cooler under roof than out here in this blazing sunlight."

"We've been through this bit before, Shugat ... back in Kullab. Remember?"

Shugat's eyes widened as if his memory had come flooding back. "Ah, yes, I recall. How could I have forgotten? I was tidying up the place –"

"That's right," Denisha urged, "go on. We would both like to know what happened."

"You were there. You must have seen everything! My humble abode was struck by a bolt of lightning. It was a terrible blow! I was knocked head over heels across the room. When I came to, I found I had been blown out the back of the house into the alley behind."

"Really." Denisha frowned. "Nanay and I both searched behind your house. And the alley. Neither of us saw any sign of you."

"Oh," Shugat said. He took a deep breath and continued, "Now I recall. It's coming back to me. I was in shock. I guess I must have lost my wits and wandered off."

"And so you wandered out here into the middle of the desert?"

Shugat looked around, scanning the barren landscape of the near-empty desert. "That

seems to be the case, doesn't it?"

"Come on, Shugat, do you expect us to believe a story like that?" Denisha asked.

Shugat smiled generously and radiated additional goodwill. "Denisha, I am but a man of few talents facing two formidable women, one a Karum watcher and the other a goddess of love. What odds! Against such brilliance, my mind is producing little more than mush." He dropped to his knee in front of her and gently took her hands in his. "I know I've probably done things wrong. But I couldn't help it. You must forgive me. I think it all started back when I was a mere child, a small boy of six years in a cruel world with a —"

"Enough!" Nanay came over to him. "We haven't come out to the desert to hear your life story."

"Of course, Holy One." Shugat sighed. "Whatever it is you wish, I will do. Why have you come?"

"To arrest you," Nanay declared.

"Me?"

Nanay nodded. "Most assuredly. I came with Denisha to take you back to Uruk for trial and judgment. We are both eager to see justice done."

"After me having been struck by lightning? Divine Nanay, look at me." Shugat held out his muscled arms and pulled up the sleeves of his robe to show them. "See what poor physical condition I'm in. If you try to take me back across the desert during the heat of day, I might well expire along the way. And I would be difficult to carry ... or drag. I warn you, Holy One, I weigh a good three talents."

Nanay glanced at Denisha who was looking miserable.

The goddess sighed. "All right, Shugat," she said, "we'll rest in the hut during the day, but when dusk arrives, we start back to Uruk."

Shugat revived and motioned at the doorway. "Then, for the time being, be my guests. Join me in the shade inside."

Once inside, Shugat pulled a wood cover off a well with a circular casing of fired brick. Kneeling, he dipped a gourd and let it fill with water before pulling it out and offering it to the goddess. "For you, Holy One."

Nanay took a drink. "Thank you. I'm surprised the water here in the middle of the desert is so sweet."

Shugat dipped the cup back in to let it fill again. "This is Eden, the Land of Enki," he said. "The Abzu lies directly beneath our feet, only a few cubits below the surface." He lifted the refilled bowl and offered it to Denisha.

Denisha drank gratefully and handed it back. As she did, there came the sound of whomp – whomp – whomp from outside. Shugat ran to the door and looked out.

"Holy Nergal!" he shouted.

"What?" Nanay asked. "What now?"

"It's a bird, but it's huge and has a lion's head ... a zu-bird! There seems to be someone riding it. It looks like a woman dressed in a white gown."

The goddess ran to the door to see for herself. "Bless Bes!" she exclaimed. "They're landing." Nanay stood in the doorway beside Shugat and turned to face Denisha. "I can't believe it. Inanna's here! The Queen of Heaven has flown all the way on a zu-bird."

"Why?" was all Denisha could ask.

"I haven't the least idea, but I'm sure we'll soon find out."

To Chapter 20

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Nanay, youthful Love Goddess in Inanna's Eanna Temple, agreed to help Denisha, a Karum watcher at the marketplace, bring Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, to justice. But the master thief escaped into the Arali Desert. Nanay told Denisha to stay the night at her tenement while she returned to the temple rookery to roust zu-birds at dawn and send them out over the desert to search for Shugat.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn007.html>

5 captures

22 Aug 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Oct MAY Aug
20
2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's
Ancient Sumeria
"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

20

Inanna dismounted from her Anzu bird and turned to face the sheepfold. With knuckles on hips, she shouted at the hut, "What in kur's going on here?"

Denisha felt fear. She had never been confronted by an angry goddess before and shrank back into the hut, looking to Nanay.

Nanay brushed Denisha and Shugat aside and strode out the door to face the Queen of Heaven. "Why have you come?"

"You dare question me?"

"I am a goddess, Inanna, as fully immortal as you."

“Ah, but a much lesser one. Remember, it is I who am supreme.” Inanna flung her hand down and the Earth shook as if she had struck its very foundation. The desert floor trembled, then split open, leaving a crevasse a cubit wide. As the ground rumbled and shuddered, the mud brick walls of the hut twisted and partially collapsed.

Shugat-Nergal came running out, pulling Denisha behind. “By the gods, is this any way for ladies to act?” He let go of Denisha and jumped the gap.

Inanna turned to Nanay. “Is this who I think it is?”

Nanay rolled her eyes.

“Aha.”

Shugat pointed at the hut. “Look at that sheepfold. Damn! You’ve wrecked it. And might have killed us.”

“I know you, Shugat-Nergal,” Inanna replied. “But you, apparently, are not aware of who I am.” She straightened the cap of divinity she wore so that all four pairs of horns showed.

When Shugat saw the regal rack on her head, he immediately dropped to one knee. “My lady, forgive me. Have mercy on a devout pilgrim at his wit’s end.” He got down on all fours and crawled forward, on elbow and knee like a begging dog. “O, Holy One, I bow a thousand times before your wisdom and power. Have mercy, have mercy,” he started chanting. He stopped when his forehead touched the toe of her sandal.

Inanna looked down at the lean, lank creature with thick black hair groveling at her feet. Handsome. A remarkable mortal. “You are the one called the Thief of Uruk.”

Shugat looked up and smiled for her. “My lady, I am called by many names. The one I would most prefer is Devoted Servant of the Queen of Heaven.”

Inanna returned his smile. “You would first have to prove yourself.” She pressed on. “I’ve heard tales about you, Shugat-Nergal. Certain indiscretions committed by you in the marketplace at Uruk.”

Shugat rose to his feet. “Rumors,” he said. “The result of envy.”

“Why do you claim envy?”

“Because, my lady, I am rich, rich beyond belief.” Shugat gestured, spreading his hands far apart. “So certain people try to belittle me.”

“Hah. If you were rich, I would expect to find you lounging in the shade of a palm on an

extensive plantation along the river. But, no, I find you here out on a barren desert in this wretched sheepfold.” She made a face.

“My lady,” Shugat answered, “I can explain. I have a plantation. It’s not by a river because rivers are too busy. There are too many boats going up and down. And riff-raff. Tow boys asking for handouts. Derelicts sleeping on the riverbank.” He shook his head and eyed her slyly. “But, my lady, in Chaldea, at Kutallu —”

Inanna perked up. “Yes? What’s at Kutallu? Go on.”

Shugat smiled. “Paradise.”

“Hah!” She made a face again. “What’s this you’re feeding me? Mortal meal? Every child knows that Paradise is on Dilmun. You blaspheme, Shugat-Nergal.”

“Me blaspheme?” His face twisted, exhibiting pain mixed with sorrow. “You accuse me ... without looking? I say it’s Paradise and you immediately charge me with blasphemy. I cannot believe Inanna, the holy sister of Shamash, would do such a thing.” Shugat stretched his arms up towards the sun. “O Glorious Shamash, come down and witness this injustice wrought by your sister.”

“Stop it, Shugat! Let’s not bring my big brother into this.”

“Then,” he glanced at Nanay and Denisha, “I call on the Goddess of Love and Denisha-Ishtar to be my witnesses. My lady, they saw you accuse me out of hand.”

Inanna gave them both the eye.

Denisha trembled but Nanay bit her lip. Shugat-Nergal had a point and she decided to speak for him. “It does seem, Inanna, you might at least take a look at this place Shugat calls Paradise before you accuse him of blasphemy.”

“By definition,” Inanna replied, “there is only one Paradise. And that is on the island of Dilmun.”

Shugat shrugged. “As you will,” he said. “In spite of the gods, the Earth changes. Else, I ask you, what brought about the Flood? However, if you insist on not knowing and remaining uninformed ...” He let his statement die a poignant death.

Inanna turned back to Shugat. “Alright. Kutallu, you say. Your plantation is on which canal? I’ll go down and have a look.”

“From the sky?”

“Do you imagine my Anzu bird and I are going to walk?”

"My lady, my plantation can't be seen from the sky. You won't be able to find it."

"And why not?"

Shugat let out an exasperated sigh. "Because. I told you, it's Paradise."

"Are you telling me Paradise makes things invisible?"

"No, my lady. It's that the vegetation is exceedingly lush in Paradise. My plantation is crammed with palms. And shade gardens filled with fruit trees that grow beneath their canopy. It's all green and unbelievable. It's Paradise. But then, I've said that before." He paused. "Of course, if you'd invite me to ride with you, it's possible I could spot it for you."

The Queen of Heaven scowled. "Allow a mortal mount my bird of Heaven?"

"My lady, I did not mean to offend," Shugat said and put his hand to his forehead as if in thought. "Perhaps there is another way." He paused, waiting for a response. There was none. "I could travel to Kutallu by foot and meet you there."

"Meet me there?" Inanna burst out in a gale of laughter. "After telling me I couldn't find the place? What do you think I am, Shugat-Nergal? Some flighty little household goddess you can hoodwink and put back on the shelf when finished?"

"My lady!" Shugat exclaimed and immediately prostrated himself again. "A thousand pardons. I am not used to speaking with one so mighty as the Queen of Heaven. I have seldom had the chance to socialize, even with common household goddesses. I am also unused to the company of women. Forgive me." He looked up at her. His eyes beseeched forgiveness.

"For Heaven's sake, Shugat-Nergal," Inanna said, "stop that and get up. You make a spectacle of yourself."

Shugat stood again. "I get carried away, my lady. I only seek opportunity. A chance to demonstrate, to prove to you."

Inanna's eyes narrowed. "Are you so sure of yourself?"

"My lady, would I try to deceive a goddess as mighty as you?"

The Queen of Heaven glanced at Nanay and Denisha. "He wants to show me this plantation at Kutallu."

Nanay shrugged. "Shugat always wants to show something. It's best you don't look."

"He always has a trick up his sleeve," Denisha concurred.

"Ladies, please!" he shushed them. He turned to Inanna. "See? Envy at work. My life is filled with misunderstandings. If what I say is not the truth, may I be struck down."

"If it's not," Inanna responded, "you will be."

Shugat extended his arms, waiting to be struck.

"For Heaven's sake, put your arms down," the Queen of Heaven told Shugat. "I have decided to see for myself what's at Kutallu. You two," she pointed at Nanay and Denisha, "accompany Shugat-Nergal to his plantation. When you arrive, have a one of the plantation workers put a strip of white cloth atop one of the palms as a signal. My zu-bird patrols will spot it and notify me. When I receive notice, I'll fly down."

"But, my lady," Nanay protested, "we'd planned to take him back to Uruk for trial."

Inanna shook her head. "Not now. He has interested me in what I might find at Kutallu. As I've instructed, you are to go down there with him. Let the trial wait."

"Holy One, I must warn you," Denisha said. "Shugat-Nergal's reputation is well earned. He's as slippery as an eel."

"Then watch him like hawks. I give you leave to bind him if necessary."

Nanay bowed to end the discussion. "My lady, it shall be as you wish."

Inanna whistled for her Anzu bird and mounted it when it came. With a wave, she took off and flew back towards Uruk.

* * *

Shugat jumped the crevasse and came back to Nanay and Denisha. "Well, that took care of her."

Nanay's eyes popped open. "What do you mean, 'that took care of her?'"

Shugat shrugged. "We got rid of her—the Queen of Heaven."

Nanay shook her head. "You did, Shugat-Nergal. We warned her. We even tried to dissuade her. You were witness. Whatever happens will be on your head."

Shugat grinned. "But, ladies, I believe it's going to be your problem too. You are to

accompany me down to Kutallu.” He hiked an eyebrow. “Tonight. In the dark.”

“By the gods!” Nanay swore.

“He’s a tricky devil,” Denisha said. “I think it’s his nature.”

“The hut’s wrecked,” the Love Goddess said. “It might collapse at any moment. We can’t go back in so we might as well start for Kutallu now.”

Shugat shook his head. “During the heat of day? You yourself admitted it’s too hot on the desert for even the gods. What about a man like me who has been sorely tried and finds himself exhausted?” He pointed at the open-air shed of tamarisk limbs and roofed with bundles of reed thatching. “Why not rest in the shed? It won’t be as cool as the hut but we would have shade.”

Nanay flushed and clenched her fists. Her appearance alarmed Denisha. But the goddess held herself under control and started for the shed. “I don’t trust you,” she told Shugat-Nergal.

“The Queen of Heaven commanded you to accompany me to Kutallu and you promised her it would be done as she wished.”

“By the gods!” Nanay picked up one of the reed bundles tied with palm cord that had fallen from the roof of the shed and stripped off the cordage. “Put out your hands, Shugat.”

“Why?”

“Because —” she said and flashed him a special smile.

Denisha was surprised to see Shugat meekly offer his hands. Nanay wrapped the rough twine around his wrists and tied it, binding them together.

Then Shugat recovered his wits. “Hey,” he protested, “that wasn’t a friendly thing.”

Nanay flashed him a consolation smile.

The burning heat of day gave way to nighttime chill as dusk fell over the barren desert. While Denisha and Nanay pulled their robes more tightly about themselves, Shugat could do little but huddle in his. As the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, they arose and started the long trek to the south across the Arali Desert, heading towards the Iturungal Canal which separated Eden from Chaldea.

During twilight, Shugat and Denisha stayed in front while Nanay followed close behind. They went on like that in silence until it became quite dark. Like the night before when Nanay lit an oil lamp to find the rookery, there was no moon. As the last hint of daylight disappeared, Shugat said, "Ladies, a moment. I have to stop."

"What now?" Denisha asked.

"I've been holding it in all day," Shugat replied. "I have to go. You know. Won't take but a minute."

Nanay came up from behind, her voice filled with exasperation. "Being with him is more of a problem than looking for him."

Denisha nodded. "With Shugat-Nergal, it's one thing after the other."

"Hey," Shugat asked, "don't goddesses ever have to go?"

"Don't push your luck," Nanay snapped.

"How am I to know?" Shugat asked. "Me, a mere mortal." He edged away. "Anyway, I have to go. I'll just go over here."

"Where?" Nanay asked.

"Over here," Shugat answered out of the darkness.

Several minutes went by. "Are you through, Shugat?" Nanay asked.

No answer.

She raised her voice. "Shugat?" Then she shouted, "Shugat-Nergal?"

Still, no answer.

"Has he - ?" Nanay asked Denisha.

"The bastard," Denisha said. "Why didn't you flash him another smile?"

"It's night, he couldn't have seen it. Besides, he can't have gone far. His hands are tied."

"Don't count on it, my lady. He's good at sleight of hand. I warned you, Shugat's slippery. He's likely escaped us again."

“Damn!” Nanay swore. “Inanna will have my head.”

“You won’t be the first one he’s tricked.”

Nanay snorted. “Perhaps not, but I’m a goddess.”

“Lighten up. Look at it like this. Shugat was able to put one over on Inanna and she’s the Queen of Heaven.”

“Do you think she’d ever admit it? Hah! Inanna’s a major goddess. She claims to be infallible.”

“I guess.” Denisha ground her teeth.

“Denisha, Shugat’s going to keep on acting like this until he has everybody looking for him. You won’t be the only one. Gods and mortals alike will all be coming for him with blood in their eye.”

“Oh!” Denisha gasped as if she had just realized that for the first time.

“It worries you?”

“Sometimes, he seems so friendly ...”

“It’s not your doing, Denisha. He’s caused you and everybody else no end of trouble.”

“Yes, but —”

“You know he keeps acting up. You even anticipate he will. Someday, Shugat-Nergal’s going to get it. When he does, my dear, just remember, he will damn well deserve every bit of it.”

To Chapter 22

[Go Back to the Fiction Menu](#)

Nanay, the Goddess of Love, agreed to help Denisha-Ishtar, a Karum watcher, bring Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, to justice. But the master thief escaped into the Arali Desert. In pursuit, they discovered him in an abandoned sheepfold. They planned to take Shugat back to Uruk for trial but heard a noise outside. Nanay looked

out. "I can't believe it," she cried. "Inanna, Queen of Heaven, is here!"

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn008.html>

7 captures

4 Jun 2002 - 28 Aug 2008

Oct DEC Aug

31

2003 2005 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

Denisha thought her first glimpse of greenery was a mirage caused by the bright morning sunlight. She rubbed her tired eyes and looked again. The verdant stretch still lay ahead. As she neared it, she made out date palms with fuzzy chameadoreas underneath. "Hey!" she exclaimed, "what is that?"

"It's one of Inanna's parks," Nanay explained. "She had this one built to please and beautify. It's one of her gifts to mortals. There's a commemorative stele on the canal

side with her name and title inscribed: Inanna, Queen of Heaven.”

“Beauty and pleasure between a desert and a canal?”

“Where’s a better location? A wasteland on one side and a busy waterway on the other. The park provides drink for the thirsty donkey train and its drivers as well as shade for the tired tow-donkey and his master. It pleases everyone and earns gratitude. Don’t underestimate Inanna, Denisha. She’s a smart goddess, one who plans ahead.”

“What for? Her Eanna Temple is already the biggest in the Land.”

“My dear, you’ve overlooked foreign lands. Dilmun ... Magan ... Meluhha ... Ægypt. Inanna wants temples in all of them.”

“I don’t understand. How will this park help her achieve her goal?”

“Think, my dear. It fronts on the Iturungal Canal, the principal waterway of Sumer with foreign ships going up and down. They moor at the park for fresh water and shade. They lounge, look around and see Inanna’s stele. In their hearts, they carry home the name of their benefactor, the Sumerian goddess who turned the desert into a paradise—Inanna.”

Denisha sighed. Wearied by the growing morning heat and anxious to rest, she plodded on towards the park. Nanay was right. It was inviting. The shade beneath the palms beckoned.

As she entered, she had to use both hands to push aside the thick, luxuriant foliage. She waded through bushy chameadoreas till she came to a set of ruined steps—a footed construct broken off at top, its steps leading nowhere.

Denisha knelt beside the masonry and examined the construction. She ran her finger over the fire-baked bricks mortised in bitumen. “This must be ancient.”

Nanay shook her head. “It looks old, but it’s really quite new. Inanna designed it to look like a ruin. She thinks it imbues the park with an aura of mystery.”

“If the goddess is so all-powerful, why would she resort to trickery like this?”

“My dear, she operates within the Laws of the Mes. The Me of Respect says, ‘Human mortals respect most things mysterious.’ So Inanna set about developing a mystique. That’s why she ordered the steps to nowhere. Also, her use of the law might possibly explain her fascination with Shugat-Nergal who is a superb trickster in his own right.”

“The steps are interesting,” Denisha said. She circled them and made her way towards

the canal. She added, "Shugat is interesting too."

When she emerged from the bushes, Denisha found herself in a clearing by the water's edge and almost stumbled over a bare-chested man dressed in leather pants and sandals, lying stretched out on the grass. "Oh!"

"I heard you coming," the man told Denisha without opening his eyes.

Nanay came up beside Denisha. She studied the man. "You're a tow-master?"

The man nodded but still didn't open his eyes. "Towing up from Ur. Quite a distance. I'm worn out and have only a few minutes to rest." He motioned with his hand. "Donkey's tethered over there, grazing. He's tired too. Don't bother him."

"We wouldn't think of it," Nanay said. "You have a boat?"

The man gestured towards the canal, his eyes still closed. "Moored over there."

"We need a ride."

"I'm bound upwater for Zabalam. I could use help so I'd welcome your company."

"Sorry, we're going to Kutallu."

"Hah," he snorted. "That's in Chaldea—just on the other side of the canal."

"Yes, we know. We have to be ferried across."

"That would require paddling. I'm a tow master, not a paddler. If I ferried you, I'd have to leave my donkey behind, so let me rest."

Nanay bent down over the man. "Please," she whispered in his ear.

Wearily, he opened his eyes, looked up and saw the goddess.

She flashed him a smile and said, "I'm Nanay, the Goddess of Love."

"Oh!" the man responded and sat up hastily. "My lady, my name is Gigattalu."

Nanay knelt on one knee beside him and spoke softly. "This young lady and I were left stranded in the desert. Abandoned by a calloused man. We had to walk out."

"My lady, any man who would treat you like that should be whipped. Who was it?"

"Shugat-Nergal - a no-good - sometimes called the Thief of Uruk."

"I'll remember him," the tow-man promised. "And try to help."

"Then, you'll take us across?" Nanay flashed him another smile.

Gigattalu tried to resist but gave in. "Why not?"

Nanay rose. "Where did you say your boat was?"

"Over there," Gigattalu said and stood up. "Come, follow me."

23

Gigattalu detoured by his donkey to feed the animal a handful of greenery and pat its rump. Then he led them to the canal bank where his boat was moored.

It was slender, a Kaldee craft constructed of bundled reeds, tied off at both ends. The stern was loaded with bales of woolen cloth, dyed in different colors. He noticed the women eyeing the fabrics. "For my master," Gigattalu said. "Adanlu-Enlil of Zabalam. I promised him delivery by the fifteenth."

"This is the first quarter moon, the seventh," Nanay said.

"I know. I'll have to keep moving." Gigattalu turned to them. "Get in. I'll ferry you across."

When he put his foot on the boat to stabilize it, the surface of the canal erupted sixty feet from them. A broad snout with flared nostrils and sharp teeth atop a huge green body came shooting up out of the water. It rose a full twenty feet in the air before it arched and fell back with a splash, causing waves to wash against the bank. Then its head reappeared as a pair of luminous eyes and smoking nostrils, like a crocodile. It began moving towards them.

"A ushumgal!" Gigattalu shouted and pulled a paddle out of the boat. "Back, ladies! Get away!"

Nanay grabbed Denisha's arm and tried to pull her away from the bank.

"Is it really a ushumgal?" Denisha asked.

"By the gods!" the Love Goddess exclaimed. "Didn't you see its teeth when it jumped? And look at those nostrils. They're smoking. You can tell it's a fire breather ... a dragon." She tugged at Denisha's arm again. "Come on. We have to hide. That beast is dangerous."

The ushumgal reached the shallows and started waddling ashore, the bulk of its body slowly emerging from the water, its dark green forelegs splayed as it walked. It opened its mouth and roared. Flames spurted out. It paused and swiveled its head, looking around.

Gigattalu moved downwater, distancing himself from the women. Holding the paddle up high with both hands, he started shouting at the monster. "Hie! Hie!"

The ushumgal heard Gigattalu and turned towards him to stare at him with its big eyes. Then, with jaws open wide, it lunged at the tow-man with the speed of a crocodile, catching him in its teeth, lifting him in the air with its mouth, leaving only his head and legs showing. As the beast turned to go back into the canal, Gigattalu kicked and screamed.

Denisha pulled free of Nanay's grasp. She was furious and screamed at the dragon, "Let go of him, you bastard! You green son of a bitch!"

The monster stopped at water's edge, and chomped, cutting off a last desperate cry. The tow-master's head and legs splashed when they fell into the shallows by the bank.

"By the gods ..." Denisha groaned and sank to the ground.

Nanay ran to her. "Get up, woman!" she growled and pulled her back up on her feet. "This is no time to faint."

"My lady, I can't go on."

"The tow-master's dead. Nothing can be done about that. You shouted and the ushumgal heard you. Look. It's heading for us!"

24

Behind a clump of chameadoreas, Nanay stopped. She let go of Denisha and stretched her arms upwards. "Ishkur," she called up to the sky, "come quick! Hasten to our aid!" Then, letting her arms down, she took hold of Denisha's arm again and pulled her farther into the tangled undergrowth.

"You called the old storm god?" Denisha asked. "The one who threw the lightning bolt at Shugat's house?"

Nanay nodded. "By the gods, yes. Ushumgals are nasty creatures. They don't usually attack mortals or gods. Something's gotten into this one. It's gone berserk. I think I should have summoned Ishkur sooner."

"Maybe we could hide," Denisha suggested.

Nanay shook her head. "The ushumgal knows we're here. There are not many places to hide in a park this small and he won't stop till he finds us. We'd better hope Ishkur shows up soon."

They heard swishing as the ushumgal started pushing its way into the bushes.

A small cloud appeared overhead. Ishkur, dressed in a bleached robe, sat on its edge, his feet dangling. "Nanay?" he called. "Are you down there somewhere? I can't see you."

The love goddess stood and waved her arms. "Ishkur!" she shouted through palm fronds, "we're here under the palm tree! Can't you see us?"

The cloud sank and moved lower till it was over the palm. "Ah, yes. Now I see you. What's going on?"

"A ushumgal has gone mad. It's hunting us. We need you to stop it."

"Everything's gone crazy along the Iturungal," the old god called back. "Rumor has it that Inanna's invaded the Marshlands. They say Queen Bau has mobilized the marsh creatures to fight her."

Nanay was incredulous. "Inanna invading?"

The old man on the cloud nodded. "So they say. Her zu-birds are over Kutallu."

"Kutallu ... damn!" Denisha exclaimed. "Shugat-Nergal must already have gotten there and made up some story to save himself by blaming it on Inanna."

Thump ... thump ... The noise of the ushumgal making his way towards them shook the ground.

"Ishkur," Nanay called up, "stop talking and do something! The monster's getting close."

"I'm coming down," the old god said. The cloud dropped a little farther, to within forty feet of the ground and hovered alongside the crown of the palm.

Thump ... thump ... thump ... "Ishkur! It's almost on us. Strike!"

The old god reached back to grab a bolt of lightning and then stood. Peering down, he hurled it at the ushumgal. The bolt struck the monster between the shoulder blades.

The beast, enraged, reared up on its hind legs, thirty feet into the air, spewing flames out of its angry mouth. It struck with its forelegs, clawing the air and took several swipes at the underside of the cloud, but almost lost its balance and dropped down on all fours again.

The old god grabbed another lightning bolt and hurled it at the beast, striking its hind leg. The ushumgal roared and tried to rear up again. But it couldn't straighten its body, so it twisted in agony, bellowing in pain before it slumped to the ground and rolled over on one side.

For a third time, the Ishkur threw a lightning bolt at the dragon, this time at its soft underside. The bolt struck and the monster emitted an anguished cry, followed by a puff of fire from its mouth. Then it stilled and became inert. A thin curl of smoke wafted up from one nostril.

"I think that's it," Ishkur called down. "The beast looks dead. Everyone's safe."

"Not everyone," Nanay said. "It had already killed a tow-master going upwater to Zabalam."

"I wonder why it attacked him?" the storm god mused.

"Because, the tow-master taunted him," Denisha said. "He deliberately distracted the ushumgal to save us."

"It's dangerous for human mortals to get involved in battles between monsters and gods," Ishkur said.

"The man was brave," Denisha said. "Heroic."

"Mortals tend to be impulsive," Ishkur said. "Foolhardy."

"The man did act rashly," Nanay said. "He was foolish."

"So you say," Denisha countered. "I don't think so. You two are gods, immortals. I'm not. You can't be killed. I can. You don't need saving. I do. That poor man was a mortal, just like me. He gave his life to save mine."

"Denisha, let's not debate this. It's over and done with."

"No!" Denisha said. "Not for me, it's not. Do what you will. I intend to bury the man ... what's left of him. He was on his way to deliver dyed woolens to Zabalam. By the fifteenth, he said. Well, I intend to complete that delivery. I owe him that."

"Denisha, you've lost your mind," the goddess said. "You owe him nothing, you're not

party to the contract. You're under no obligation.'

"I think I do have an obligation. I call it duty."

Nanay shook her head. "I can't understand you human mortals."

"There's nothing that difficult about us. We're not as powerful as you gods. With no fangs or claws, we're not even as powerful as most animals on the Earth. We've had no other choice. To survive, we've had to stick together."

"So, what about your pursuit of Shugat-Nergal?"

"Inanna seems to want him. Let her have him."

"And me?" Nanay pulled herself up. "What about me? Remember, it was you who came to me for help."

"Things have changed."

"I summoned Ishkur to save you."

Denisha nodded. "I thank you. Both of you. When I next visit a temple, I will make special offerings in your honor. But now, I have my duty to do."

"I see," Nanay said. She fidgeted a moment or two, then blurted out, "Inanna has been trying to understand you human mortals so she can better impress you. I guess a minor goddess like me going to Zabalam out of respect for one of your fellow mortals might be one way of learning, don't you think?"

"Could be."

"Then, would you mind if I tagged along?"

To Chapter 25

[Go Back to the Fiction Menu](#)

Nanay, the love goddess, helped Denisha-Ishtar, a Karum watcher at the Uruk Marketplace, catch Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, so they could bring him back to Uruk for trial. But Inanna, Queen of Heaven, also interested in the master thief, arrived

on the scene. Shugat adroitly persuaded her into ordering Nanay and Denisha to escort him to Kutallu in Chaldea. On the way, Shugat escaped.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn009.html>

8 captures

7 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

25

Denisha switched the donkey with the rib of a palm leaf. "Move!" she shouted at the animal and he started again. Foot by foot, he plodded ahead on the dirt towpath along the Iturungal Canal, pulling the reed boat. Denisha glanced back to check the craft. "My lady, wake up!" she screamed and halted the donkey. "You're about to nose into the bank again!"

Nanay looked up and exclaimed, "By the Gods!" She frantically tried to backstroke

with the paddle but it was too late. The pointed bow hit the bank and stuck in the soft mud.

“Damn!” Denisha said. “My lady, I kept warning you. This is the fifth time. At this rate, we’ll never reach Zabalam by the fifteenth.”

Nanay swatted at the flies buzzing around her head, then leaned forward to push off with the paddle. Afloat again, she settled back against the bales of textiles and wiped the sweat from her forehead. “I’m doing my best, Denisha. I don’t see how that tow-master ever controlled this thing without someone to help.”

“For mortals, my lady, knowing how to earn a livelihood is a necessity. The gods leave us no choice, we have to learn. If we join the Karum or the temple, we get apprenticed. Elsewise, early in life, we find ourselves forced to learn the hard way through experience, as you’re having to do.”

“I’ve had more than enough for the moment, Denisha. I need to rest a bit. This sun ... the heat and the flies.” She slapped at whirring insects. “Let’s moor beside the next grove, one where trees overhang the bank so I can rest in shade.”

“I see willows ahead, my lady. We’ll stop there,” Denisha said and flicked the donkey to start him moving again.

As they approached the grove, a big man stepped out from under drooping branches. He walked onto the towpath and took up a position in the middle of it, straddling it with his legs spread and his hands on his hips. Denisha saw he was swarthy and heavily bearded, like a mountain man with thick, bushy eyebrows. He stood in her path, bare-chested, dressed in the heavy leather kilt of the mountainlands and wearing thick leather boots.

Seeing no way around him, she halted the donkey. “Sir, you are blocking our way.”

The man smiled at her, though the corners of his mouth remained turned down. It seemed a cruel smile. “Am I?” he taunted.

Denisha stood her ground. “Sir, you know you are. I saw you come out from under the branches as we approached.”

“You’re a brave thing.” Then, under his shaggy eyebrows, the man’s eyes went from her to Nanay, who was still sitting in the boat. “I can’t believe it,” he said. “Two women.”

“What were you expecting?”

“Something more than two women.” He spat in disgust.

Nanay shouted at him from the boat. "Hey, I'm no woman! I'm a goddess!" She stuck a pole in the mud to moor the boat and scampered ashore. "Who in kur are you?"

The bearded man in the towpath grinned and swelled his bare chest. "I am Nergal, King of the Underworld."

"Well, I am Nanay, the Goddess of Love."

Nergal chuckled. "Some goddess you must be, traveling with a mortal for a companion. But, I do believe I've heard of you. You're some sort of a minor deity, aren't you? A handmaid in Inanna's temple?"

"I'll have you know I have my own shrine in the Eanna Temple."

"Ah, but you are in Inanna's service, are you not? In her pay? Tell me, was it she who slew my ushumgal?"

"You're a fine one to talk, Nergal. You belong in the Underworld. What are you doing up here in the Great Above? Has it gotten too hot for you down below? Or did Ereshkigal finally get fed up with you and boot you out?"

Nergal's face reddened. He clenched his jaw and ground his teeth. "Watch that mouth of yours, Nanay. Remember who I am."

"A mighty king afraid to answer? Afraid to tell two women why you're in the Great Above?"

"I came up to find out what happened to my ushumgal."

"A big, scaly green dragon with teeth? Was he one of your pets?"

"He was a fire-breather, my chief denizen on the Iturungal."

"Well," Nanay said, "the beast attacked us. Now, he's dead."

"I don't believe it!" Nergal stared her in the eye. "It's not possible you two women did him in."

"Oh, it wasn't us," the goddess said. "I summoned Ishkur. He rode down from the mountains on a cloud and did the job for us with bolts of lightning."

Nergal narrowed his eyes at the love goddess. "By Nin, why? Why did you have that old god destroy my most ferocious ushumgal?"

“Because, my dear Nergal, like I told you, your monster made the mistake of attacking us.”

Denisha added, “The creature had already killed the man who was trying to defend us, a brave tow-master named Gigattalu.”

“Bah,” Nergal told Denisha, “mortals are worth hardly a shekel for a half dozen.” He turned back to Nanay. “What you’re telling me makes no sense. Ushumgals are water creatures. I can’t imagine one clambering ashore just to attack mortals.”

Nanay shrugged. “Believe us, Nergal, he did. We were getting into the boat –”

“Aha,” the Underworld god guessed, “you were in the water. Preparing to ferry across the Iturungal?”

“To get to Chaldea. We were following the trail of Shugat-Nergal. We knew he was headed towards Kutallu.”

“I’ve been told that’s where Inanna intends to strike. You’re in league with her, aren’t you? Scouting the Marshlands? Helping her plan the attack?”

“None of that. Shugat-Nergal is a criminal. We were pursuing him for the sole purpose of bringing him to justice.”

“So you claim. A likely story. For your information, they’ve caught Inanna’s spy. He’s confessed and spilled the barley ... admitted everything.”

“What everything?”

Nergal leaned closer. “How he’d been trapped in the Arali by two ladies ... and tricked into spying for Inanna. That was you two, wasn’t it? He told Queen Bau how he had been bound and how he bravely managed to escape so he could bring news of Inanna’s impending invasion to the marshers.”

“Eels!” Nanay exclaimed. “That was Shugat-Nergal. He’s the slipperiest of mortals, a born liar and a mangler of whatever truth happens to escape his lips.”

“He swore it was so. Queen Bau believed he was telling the truth.”

“Consider. The mortal is handsome and preys on women but he is little more than an ordinary pickpocket with a big mouth and sticky fingers. I, on the other hand, am a goddess. Tell me, Nergal, will you choose to take the word of a twisted mortal over that of a goddess?”

"I might take the word of a thief over that of a minor goddess, particularly one who behaves like a handmaid and enjoys consorting with mortals. I've heard stories about you, Nanay. They speak of you and men -"

"Enough, Nergal! You've said more than enough. I'll listen to no more. Move! Get out of our way. Go back where you came from."

Nergal laughed. "If I leave, Nanay, I'm taking you with me."

"You just try."

Nergal grinned and his voice turned cold as the night wind that rustles the dead reeds along riverbanks. "Namtar," he summoned.

"Careful, Nergal, or I'll call Ishkur back."

"Come, Namtar."

The ground between Nergal and Nanay swelled and bulged upwards like a boil. Then it burst, fissuring, spewing forth sulphurous fumes. The smoke swirled and coalesced into the form of a young man, his body as white as alabaster and his hair the color of pitch. He was slim but bare-chested like Nergal and dressed in leather kilt and boots.

"I warned you," Nanay said and started to raise her arms.

Nergal pointed. "Still those women!" he commanded the colorless youth.

Namtar reached down and pulled the invisible Pall of Death up from the dark depths of the Earth. He flung it over Nanay and Denisha.

Nanay found herself suddenly caught in the throes of dying, her body frozen with her arms half raised. She struggled to move, but couldn't. "What's going on?" she mouthed.

Nergal ignored her, speaking to Namtar instead. "Render them powerless, save their eyes and ears. Leave them only the ability to waggle their tongues."

"It shall be as you wish," Namtar said and waved his hand.

"What's going on?" Nanay mouthed again.

Nergal smiled. His eyes glittered. "My son is preparing you for the Underworld, my dear. He is readying you for the journey down to the Land of No Return."

Nanay groaned. "By the gods, Nergal, you've gone mad ... lost your mind. You can't

do this to me. I am a goddess. I'm immortal; I can't die."

"Ha, ha," Nergal chuckled. "Can't, you say? We'll see. This is only the start, my dear Nanay. There's more to come."

26

Namtar turned to Nergal. "My Lord, I have stilled the ladies as you requested. I've rendered both devoid of movement save their tongues."

"Excellent, my son, you've done well. You may leave us for the time being."

"But, father ... I have prepared them for the Underworld." He licked his bloodless lips. "There are two of them. I thought I might partake ... at least one."

"Later, my son," Nergal said. "They shall both be yours when the time comes. I will send for you."

The young man hesitated, reluctant to depart.

"Later!" Nergal repeated loudly.

Finally, Namtar acquiesced with a sullen face and a stiff bow. "As my lord insists." He backed a pace and desolidified, draining furiously into the fissure from whence he had issued with a loud hissing noise.

Nergal grimaced and turned away. "Youngsters!" he growled. "They have no sense of decency ... no taste ... like Ereshkigal's son. He just publicly discharges himself into the ground. Ugh," he said and shuddered.

"Ereshkigal should hear how you speak of her son," Nanay mouthed.

"Leave my wife out of it, or I'll —"

"Yes, Nergal, what will you do? I seem helpless to resist."

Nergal stopped and rubbed his hands together. "Indeed, you are."

"What do you plan, Nergal? To strip me naked? Ravish me?"

"Although you are but a minor goddess, Nanay ... a divine of insignificant stature ... you are reputed as the Goddess of Love and I have long dreamt of whiling away a night with you. I admit, you are attractive in an earthly way. You've probably noticed ...," he smiled at her warmly, "... I am virile and mature, with hair on my chest." He patted his

breast and smiled again. “And,” he added, “I am experienced.”

“I don’t need the buildup, Nergal. If you’re going to ravish me, go ahead and start. But what of this human mortal beside me? Her name is Denisha. It’s not yet her time to go; she’s too young to die. Let her go.”

“Ah, I see you ... like Inanna and Enki ... fancy yourself a protector of human mortals.”

“Are you going to let her go?”

“Why should you care? But since you do ...” he chuckled, “... I might prepare for you by warming up with her.”

Denisha emitted a growl.

“But first,” Nergal said, “I need to ask you a few questions.”

“At a time like this?” Nanay mouthed. “What could be so important?”

“If you must know, I can’t go home without bringing my wife the latest news about the doings of the Queen of Heaven. After all, you know, Inanna is Ereshkigal’s sister.”

27

Nergal paused. “I have heard, Nanay, that you are a confidant of Inanna’s, one of her closest intimates. Tell me, why does she wish to possess the Marshlands?”

“She doesn’t. The Marshlands are a reed swamp in Chaldea where people live in abject poverty. What in kur would the goddess want with them?”

“But she sent her zu-birds there, did she not? To Kutallu, I mean. I know that for a fact. As I told you, Queen Bau caught her spy.”

“Ah, yes, the famed Shugat-Nergal. He’s a story in himself, but one you’d likely not understand.”

“Oh? Try me.”

The Goddess of Love told him about Shugat. “It’s only recently,” she concluded, “that Denisha realized she’d developed a certain fondness for him. That’s when she acknowledged her weakness and asked me to help her bring him to justice.”

“Is that so?” Nergal said. His eyes lit up and he turned to focus them on Denisha. “So, you relish strong men, do you?”

Denisha struggled but could hardly move. “I can hold my own,” she mouthed.

“Interesting,” Nergal said. “Though you are a mere mortal, you sound like you might present a challenge, even to a god as powerful as me.” He started towards her. “I think I’ll start with you.”

“No!” Denisha mouthed.

The God of the Underworld smiled. “There’s no need to act like that. Denisha ... that is your name, isn’t it? How many daughters of men can boast of having been taken by a god? Especially one as famous as the King of the Underworld?”

“Don’t you dare touch me!”

“Relax, my dear. You’ll soon change your mind.”

“Why don’t you go back home to Ereshkigal where you belong?”

“Bitch!” Nergal exclaimed and slapped her face. “No mortal talks to me like that! You’d better keep a civil tongue. My wife is Queen of the Underworld.” He tore at Denisha’s tunic, ripping off its shoulder so her breasts were exposed. “Nice,” he said.

“You bastard!”

He reached again, this time for the hem of her tunic. Suddenly, a man’s voice came from behind. “Stop!”

“Who in kur -?” Nergal turned around.

From within the shadow-laced overhang of a nearby willow tree, Shugat-Nergal stepped into view.

To Chapter 28

[Go Back to the Fiction Menu](#)

Denisha, a Karum watcher, and Nanay, the goddess of love, while pursuing Shugat-Nergal, are attacked by a ushumgal, a river dragon. The monster kills Gigattalu, a man towing a boatload of textiles to Zabalam who attempted to defend them. Nanay

summons Ishkur, a storm god, to kill the beast. The goddess then decides to accompany Denisha who feels duty-bound to complete the dead man's delivery.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn010.html>

8 captures

22 Aug 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story about Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

28

Nergal narrowed his eyes at the intruder. "Who the kur do you think you are?"

"He's Shugat-Nergal," Denisha spoke through frozen lips, "the Thief of Uruk."

Nergal turned. "Quiet," he growled. Then he looked at the man again. "Well?"

The man stopped, holding his staff horizontal with both hands. "The lady is quite right,"

he answered. "I am Shugat-Nergal, master thief of Uruk."

The King of the Underworld harrumphed. "Have you no modesty? Or have you arrived with the mistaken idea you can tell me how to proceed with these women?"

"One of the women," Shugat pointed his staff at Nanay, "is a goddess."

"I know ... a minor love goddess. But do you realize who I am?"

Shugat raised an eyebrow.

"I am Nergal, King of the Underworld."

Shugat genuflected. "My lord, my apologies."

"Conditionally accepted. Do you know what these two have done to me?"

"Sire, I am willing to listen."

"They've caused the death of my prize ushumgal, that's what."

"These two? My liege, I would have thought a beast so powerful would have easily withstood them. But then, dragons are usually passive, are they not? Tell me, my lord, was yours aroused?"

"By the gods, yes. By Bau, Queen of the Marshlands. When she learned Inanna had sent zu-birds over Kutallu, she ordered all swamp creatures to defend the marshes. My ushumgal was sent to the northern border to guard the Iturungal Canal.

"When these two," Nergal pointed at Denisha and Nanay, "tried to ferry across, my ushumgal went into action. I'm told it killed the boat owner and thwarted the crossing, but then came ashore to silence the woman shouting curses at it. That's when this snip of a goddess summoned Ishkur. He rode a cloud down from the mountains and smote my ushumgal. Used lightning bolts."

"So, my lord, that's why you blame the death of your ushumgal on these two?"

"Haven't I just finished telling you so?"

"Yes, sire, but know that they were innocent bystanders. It was I, not they, who caused the death of your ushumgal. It was I who falsely concocted the story Inanna was invading the marshlands. Yes, she sent her zu-birds to Kutallu and was planning to go there herself, but not to invade. She was going to see the paradise I'd told her was located there."

“You?” Nergal eyed Shugat up and down. “A major goddess like Inanna taken in by a lank-jointed mortal like you? Phfaw! I don’t believe you.”

“This time,” Denisha mouthed, “he’s telling the truth.”

“For a mortal,” Nanay added, “Shugat-Nergal is exceptional. He has outwitted many. He would be a challenge to any god.”

“Is that so?” Nergal smiled and clomped around Shugat-Nergal, looking him over. “You don’t look so damned clever to me. Tell me, are you strong?”

“Your highness, I am a lowly mortal, one as weak as a field mouse.”

Nergal rubbed his hands together. “I think vengeance is going to be sweeter than I dared hope.”

“Perhaps, my liege, but you’ll have to let the two ladies go first.”

“What in kur are you trying to tell me?”

“I speak of your own protection, my lord.”

“Hah! Do you think I’d listen to advice from a mere mortal?”

“My lord, the Underworld is the den of nefarious gods just as Heaven is a haven for the divine untouchables. But, the surface of the Earth, my lord, is the habitat of human mortals and it is theirs, to whom the gods gave dominion.”

Nergal grinned. “What the gods have given, they can take back.”

“Perhaps, my lord, but not easily.”

“No?” Nergal said. “We shall see.” He suddenly reached out and grabbed for Shugat.

Shugat-Nergal ducked and evaded the hairy hand. Using his staff to fend off the angry god, he withdrew to higher ground where the earth had boiled upwards when it fissured. Nergal followed him onto the mound. “Stand still, mortal. I’ll teach you ...”

“You’ll have to catch me first,” Shugat taunted.

Nergal followed him the slope to the top of the rise in front of the fissure. He lunged at the human. Shugat sidestepped and dropped to one knee, feinting with his staff to hold Nergal at bay. Then, Shugat tried to spring up, but tripped, falling forward, and butting the god with the end of his staff.

Nergal was knocked backwards. The rim around the fissure crumbled and the god fell into the hole from which Namtar had emerged. "What in Kurl!" he shouted as he flailed his arms and disappeared.

29

"Oh, Shugat!" Denisha gesticulated. "You're so brave!" Though her body was immobile, her bright eyes followed him. "Will you set us free?"

The Goddess of Love interrupted. "Denisha, Namtar has us prepared for the Underworld. We're paralyzed, frozen in Death's grip. There's nothing Shugat or any other mortal can do for us."

Denisha cast longing eyes at Shugat.

"I'm sorry, Denisha, I think the goddess is right. I don't know how to undo the bonds of Death. But, when Nergal returns, I will try to bargain with him."

"Returns?" Denisha whispered.

Shugat nodded.

"Yes, Nergal will be back," Nanay mouthed, "to recoup his status and self-esteem. I suspect he will return to put Shugat to death."

"It's important," Shugat said, "neither of you laugh. Don't make him angrier."

Denisha snorted. "As if we were in control. My nose itches," she said and Shugat scratched it lightly. "But, Shugat, if you can't undo our bonds, how will we ever get free?"

"I —" An underground rumbling distracted Shugat. Slowly, the noise grew louder. Then Nergal's head reappeared in the fissure, his hair matted with dirt, his dark eyes filled with rage. He put his hands on the rim of the hole and climbed out.

Shugat immediately went into a double bow and ended on his knees with his forehead touching the ground. "Great King, a thousand apologies for my clumsiness."

Nergal pulled himself fully out of the fissure and stood, shaking off clods of dirt. "You stupid fool!" he shouted at Shugat. "You could have run me through with that staff of yours! Look at what happened to me!"

"A thousand, thousand pardons," Shugat went on. "Sire, in the future, I'll watch my step. I'll be more careful and make sure it never happens again."

“As long you carry that staff, you oaf, you’ll be a threat.”

“True,” Shugat-Nergal said and hurried to his feet. He held out the staff, offering it to King of the Underworld. “Take it, sire, for I would never wish to harm you.”

“Well ...” Nergal accepted the staff, “... that’s better.” He hefted it. “A king needs something solid—like this.”

“Indeed, sire. I can tell it has already increased your stature. Now, you need only release these two.” He nodded at Denisha and Nanay.

“You still think you can tell me how to dispose of them?” Nergal thundered. “No!” he shouted. “No, no, no, no!” he said and thumped the ground with the staff for emphasis.

“I only mention it, sire, for your own protection.”

“For my protection? I have your staff now. What else do I need?”

“These two were witnesses, sire.” Shugat-Nergal rolled his eyes at Denisha and Nanay. “They saw me accidentally knock you into the hole.”

“Harrumph. As you said, it was a mishap. Regrettable, but only a chance occurrence brought about by an awkward mortal.”

“Exactly, sire. That’s just what they’ll say. They’ll say they saw your majesty knocked into a hole by a clumsy mortal.”

Nergal said, “What in kur do I care?”

“Tell me, sire,” Shugat said, “will you send them down into the Great Below while the event is still fresh in their memories and they can recall every lamentable detail of the unfortunate happening? Once below, your worship, their memories will freeze and never change. Will you have them recall your being brought down by a mortal for the rest of eternity? Sire, I point this out for your own good.”

“You are impertinent.”

“Sire, it’s your reputation I’m trying to protect. For your own sake, let them go. If they resume their earthly lives, their memories will grow crowded and old ones will fade. They may even come to remember today’s event dimly or possibly forget it altogether.”

“True,” Nergal said, “but, what of my vengeance? I had looked forward to wreaking it upon them.”

"You'll have me instead, sire. I have been the cause of both your loss and your mishap. Would you not feel better taking out retribution on me?"

"You are a man."

"True. But I point out, sire, that if you take the Goddess of Love down into the Underworld, not only will you risk certain censure by the Assembly of the Gods in the Great Above but you will face countless questions from your wife in the Great Below when she sees you bringing down another goddess ... especially one so young and lovely as Nanay ... into what has been exclusively her domain. Sire, I can picture it now, ..."

Nergal thumped the ground with his staff. "Enough, mortal! You have made your point."

"Then if I agree to go down to the Underworld with you, you'll let the ladies go?"

"By the gods, mortal, your words weary me. But, yes, I'll free them and take you down," Nergal said. He walked over to the fissure and called into it. "Come back up here, Namtar, I need you again."

Smoke issued from the fissure and once more coalesced into a pale young man with black hair. "I have returned to take them down."

Nergal pointed at Denisha and Nanay. "Nay, unbind these two."

"But, sire," the Underworld herald remonstrated, "I just finished binding them!"

Nergal's voice turned icy. "Don't argue, Namtar. Do as I say. Unbind them."

"Yes, sire." Namtar bent down to grasp the edge of the invisible Cloak of Death. "All I do is work, work, work," he grumbled as he pulled it off.

Denisha and Nanay were both surprised to find themselves able to move again and made little gasps as they took first steps.

"I have unbound both, sire, as you wished."

"Then depart, Namtar," Nergal said. "Return to the Underworld. Go." The young man gasified and, hissing furiously, jetted back into the fissure with loud noise.

Nergal grimaced. "Sulky boy," he said and turned to the Denisha and Nanay. "Now, you two must leave."

"Without Shugat-Nergal?" Denisha asked.

“Of course! He’s coming down to the Land of No Return with me. It’s part of our deal. Haven’t you been listening?”

“Oh, Shugat!” Denisha cried. She went to him and threw her arms around his neck.

The tall thief held her and patted her on the back. “Don’t worry. Go with Nanay to Zabalam.” He whispered in her ear. “Leave quickly before Nergal changes his mind. Wait for me in Zabalam. I will meet you there.”

Denisha hushed, drew away and wiped her eyes. She motioned to the love goddess and went to untie the donkey. Nanay got in the boat, pulled up the mooring pole and pushed off. Denisha switched the tow donkey and Shugat watched them move away, headed upwater towards Zabalam.

30

When they were out of sight, Shugat said, “Well, My Lord, I’m ready.”

“You’re really willing to go with me to the Land of No Return?”

“I made a deal, sire. I am an honest thief.”

“Nanay was right, Shugat-Nergal. You are a most unusual mortal. Most humans would have realized how foolish they had acted and would now have been cringing in abject fear or started struggling in a vain attempt to escape. You do neither.”

“I intend to keep my word, sire.”

“Very well. I’ll have Namtar come up and cover you with the Cloak of Death. No offense. It’s to dress you properly for the Underworld. I am ready to take you down.”

“Sire, whatever you desire,” Shugat said. Then he wiped his mouth with his hand and ran his tongue over his lips. “But I find myself thirsty,” he said and looked Nergal in the eye. “I would enjoy a last pot of beer ... and a round of good conversation. I don’t suppose you would have an extra pot of beer down there, would you?”

Nergal narrowed his eyes at the thief. “We have countless pots of beer,” he said, “but they are reserved for immortals. There’s no beer for the likes of you.”

“Of course.” Shugat cocked his head. “I imagine you have plenty of drinking partners down there ... your wife, your brothers-in-law, your sisters-in-law ...”

“Drinking partners?” Nergal snorted. “There’s only my wife and her family.” He

whispered into Shugat's ear as if he might be overheard. "They're all alike, jabbering and screeching like hyenas. You can imagine what drinking with them is like."

Nergal cackled and Shugat laughed with him.

"You know, sire, finding someone intelligent like you - someone who enjoys a drink - it would be nice to share a last drink with you before I die."

"Are you trying to escape final judgment?"

Shugat nodded. "Not at all, sire. But I have just lost a woman, one very dear to me. You witnessed it. By Nin, a drink and a little company would help me get over my loss."

"Come to think of it, mortal," Nergal said, "I too have just suffered a loss, my prize ushumgal. I too feel the need of a drink ... and talk."

"Then, sire, why do we not drink together? For companionship."

"Companionship ... that would be a welcomed change. I have plenty of beer below, but damned little companionship. Yes, we could go down there and commiserate with each other. Shugat-Nergal, I'd like that."

He went to the fissure and again summoned Namtar who came out smoking. "Yes, sire, what is it this time?"

"We're coming below, Namtar. The human mortal and I. We need you to clear the way, sweep the rubble off the stairs."

The young man pointed at Shugat-Nergal. "You're letting him in without first covering him with the Cloak of Death?"

"Namtar," Nergal said, "I am king. Don't ask questions of me, I don't have to explain. Just go. Clean up the stairway."

The young man disappeared into the fissure. There were sounds of grumbling and sweeping. When both dwindled away, Nergal climbed to the top of the rise and stepped into the fissure. "There are stairs all the way down," he told Shugat and went down a couple of steps. When only his head was left showing, he said, "Follow me, but watch your step."

"I always do," Shugat said and followed Nergal down into the Underworld.

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

While pursuing Shugat-Nergal, Denisha-Ishtar and Nanay, Goddess of Love, are captured by Nergal, King of the Underworld. Nergal blames them for the death of his ushumgal. He has his son, Namtar, throw the invisible Cloak of Death over them and prepares to exact vengeance, starting with Denisha, when a voice calls out, "Stop!" Nergal looks up and sees Shugat-Nergal stepping out from a grove of willow trees.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn011.html>

8 captures

7 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

On the stairs leading down to the Underworld, at the seventh landing, Nergal found the way blocked by a closed door. He knocked. "Open up, Neti."

The door opened and the face of an aged doorkeeper peered out. "My liege, I had not expected you so soon. But I see the mortal with you is still alive."

"For the nonce, Neti. Let us in."

"My liege, at least the mortal's clothes must first be removed before I can admit him. It is the way of the Underworld."

"My good doorkeeper, I say not."

"But it has always been the way, sire. Even when the divine Inanna descended, she had to take off every garment."

"She was a goddess, Neti. This mortal is a virile young man. There has already been a young man who upset the Netherworld. Need I mention his name? Do you recall Magir Sin? I have no intention of introducing this one to my wife—especially in the nude."

"But, my liege, the way of the Underworld may not be—"

"Neti, the way of the Underworld be damned! A king has as much right to determine procedure as any queen. I am not an underground Anu to be pushed around by an overbearing goddess, even if she is queen."

"My liege, Queen Ereshkigal is also your wife."

Nergal sighed. "Ah, yes, so she is. How well I know."

"I shall have to inform her, sire."

"Then do so, Neti. Inform Ereshkigal. Tell her whatsoever you will. But, by Nin, I'm commanding you to stop this quibbling and let us in!"

"My liege," Neti said and pulled the door wide open.

Shugat followed Nergal through the opening, into a huge cavern. Its luminous ceiling vaulted high overhead, lighting the subterranean world with a shadowy fluorescing blue. To his right, a waterfall thundered down from above and gushed out into a dark lake that occupied most of the cavern's floor.

“The water comes from the River Hubur,” Nergal said. “It replenishes the Lake of Death.”

Shugat turned his attention to the lake whose oily surface was smooth and shiny black, like a piece of obsidian. He looked across and saw, on the far shore, a massive city wall whose foundation was visible because of the flickering orange illumination between buttresses. The intermittent light lit the structure’s battlements and produced shimmering reflections on the slick surface of the water.

“That wall surrounds the city of Irkalla,” Nergal explained, “capital of the Underworld. My palace is within.”

“It is impressive, sire, and fully as high as the wall of Uruk. Those lights glimmering along its base are spectacular. Will you tell me how it’s done?”

“They are a result of the holes Ereshkigal had cut through the floor of our world. The openings let in light from the fiery Underworld beneath. Before my wife had the floor pierced, the Netherworld, as we called it in those days, was a place of quiet and solitude, sealed off from the light and heat of the fiery Underworld below and from the noise and bustle of the Great Above. Alas, it is no longer so. The queen has changed our world. I hear Inanna has become jealous of what my wife is accomplishing down here.”

Shugat started to comment but was distracted by ripples that appeared on the otherwise smooth surface of the lake. From out of the darkness, a boat made of desiccated palm frond ribs came gliding into view, with a man sitting in its rear, paddling in complete silence. “Here’s our boatman, Humut-tabel. He has come to ferry us across to Irkalla. Get in, Shugat, and sit on the first thwart. You’ll get a clearer view up there. I’ll sit behind.”

Shugat stepped in and Nergal followed. As soon as they were seated, the boatman pushed his paddle against the hard stone of the quay and pointed the bow outward.

As they glided across the lake, Shugat noticed bright iridescent glints that sparkled on the indigo ceiling overhead, points that brightened and glittered as they passed beneath. It felt like being under the open night sky in the Great Above, but quieter and more peaceful. Off to the side, in the far distance, a dull golden glow illuminated a white mist swirling up in a spiral from the pitch blackness of the lake. “Sire, what is that?” Shugat asked.

“It is the drain to the Underworld,” Nergal answered. “We periodically discharge lake water through a large opening in the floor to bank the fires that burn on the underside of the Earth. Elsewise, at night, when Shamash has to drive the sun underneath the Earth so he can come up on the other side in the morning, the sun’s fiery heat might cause uncontrollable flames that would engulf the Great Above and consume it.”

“Remarkable, sire,” Shugat said. “You gods seem to have taken infinite care in planning the workings of the Great Below. But it is feeling a trifle warm.”

“Unfortunately, it’s getting hotter. We designed the Earth the best we knew how, but, because of you mortals’ tampering and misleading some of the gods – I speak of my wife in particular – we now face a growing number of problems. But, let’s put the worries of the gods aside, Shugat, and enjoy the moment at hand.”

32

As the boat pulled up to the quay in front of a gate in the city wall, one of the pair of cedar doors opened inward, revealing a broad processional avenue leading into the city. The short bearded figure came out to meet them, a little swarthy man wearing a tunic made of heavy ox leather. “Shugat-Nergal,” Nergal introduced the approaching figure, “this is Ishum, one of the gods of Chaldea.”

As Shugat stepped out of the boat, he acknowledged the midget god. “My Lord.”

Ishum ignored Shugat and turned to Nergal instead. “You appear to have brought a living mortal down to the Underworld, one who is not yet dead.”

“It was unnecessary to slay him, Ishum. He chose to come of his own free will.”

“Sire, are you disregarding the ways of the Underworld?”

“Why should I have to bother with what’s not needed? Don’t worry, Ishum, this mortal, like all others, shall face final judgment by the Anunnaki.”

“Sire, they are gathered as you speak, seated in court session, awaiting the arrival of two women who have reportedly been prepared by Namtar.”

“Tell them to adjourn, Ishum; the women are not coming. I have canceled their deaths.”

“My king, this is most irregular! The Anunnaki will be sorely disappointed. As a consolation, should we not at least give them this man to judge?”

“Not now, Ishum. Later.”

“Sire, the Anunnaki will be most unhappy.”

“They have been unhappy ever since we allowed them to come below to escape the Flood. That’s what’s gone wrong with the Underworld, Ishum, it’s become a place of perpetual unhappiness. Even me.”

"My king, how would you have it?"

"Ah," Nergal smiled, "if I had my way, the Underworld would be a spectral place of utter peace and everlasting repose."

"But, sire, your wife has other plans."

"Don't I know. She always has to be doing something. She's too much influenced by earth mortals and their busy ways. Especially by talkative young men. They seem able to charm her. One of them talked her into competing with her sister, Inanna. So now, my wife's hell bent on making the Great Below a showplace, like the Great Above."

"The queen has introduced many changes," Ishum agreed. "She's made this a brighter place for those condemned to spend the remainder of eternity here."

"I tell you, Ishum, no more. I'm tired of this. For the moment, I intend to relax, to enjoy myself. That's why I've brought this mortal down. Now leave us be. I will not let Ereshkigal or your mention of her interfere with one of my few moments of happiness."

"Shall I tell the queen what you just said?"

Nergal assumed a grim look. "Tell her at your own hazard, Ishum. You'd best say no more than I plan to be out on the porch enjoying a drink with a companion."

33

"Come, Shugat," Nergal said as he lead the way up the broad steps into a majestic marble building, "let me show you my palace."

"I have never seen such an amazing structure, sire," Shugat said. "It's so tall and all made of rock. I see it has a porch high overhead, perched in the air."

"It's something that could never be done with mud brick, Shugat." Nergal walked over to one of the columns supporting the porch and rapped it with his knuckles. "Listen, that's the sound of solid marble. Down here, everything is substantial, made of stone, something which is almost impossible to find in the Great Above. That's why this place is eternal. It's also why my palace is three stories high. It could have been even higher, had I wished. I tell you, Shugat, there's no limit to what an enterprising god could do down here. Come with me. Let me show you a view of the city from the porch."

Shugat followed the king up the stairs to the third floor. The stairway, like the building, was made of marble and centered in the building, with wide banisters on both sides.

Open galleries on each floor encircled the stairwell, with railings of luxurious width. On the third floor, Nergal led Shugat across the gallery to the front of the palace and, throwing open a pair of cypress doors, ushered him out onto the porch.

Except on a ziggurat, Shugat had never been so high above the ground. He went to the railing, leaned over and looked down. Almost immediately, he experienced vertigo and hastily withdrew from the edge.

Nergal laughed. "Impressive?"

"Very, sire. For a moment, it took my breath away."

"Look out there, Shugat – look at my city."

The city, except for the fluttering orange lights that lit the palace foundation, was dark, a collection of marble mausoleums interspersed with tall stands of dark vegetation, all tinted by the somber wash of blue light that descended from the cavern's ceiling. Away from the palace, the scene possessed an unbelievable ethereal quality. "It's beautiful," Shugat said.

"And restful. Don't you enjoy the view? The warm palace lights below and the peaceful city out there in a never-ending repose?"

"I find it most calming, sire."

"Then take a seat." Nergal indicated the two marble benches on the porch with his hand. "I'll order a pot of beer for us. We'll sit out here and drink together."

When Shugat sat down, Nergal went to the wall and pulled a cord. Within minutes, a servant silently appeared, dressed in a shroud of white funeral linen. "A pot of beer and two straws," Nergal ordered.

The servant's eyes widened when he saw Shugat, but he left without comment. Within minutes, he returned with a pot of beer and straws. "Set the pot down here," Nergal said, "on the floor between our benches."

Shugat and Nergal each took a straw and stuck it in the pot. Shugat sucked the first taste of beer. It was strong and he choked. "Excellent," he said.

"Beer fit for the gods," Nergal agreed and took a long sip. "Tell me, Shugat-Nergal, why were you so agreeable to coming below with me?"

"Did I surprise you, sire?"

"Considerably. I'd never had a healthy mortal choose to come down here. Usually,

only the terminally ill or those in such deep despair that they had lost all hope came.”

“Well, my lord,” Shugat raced his mind, “I had heard many good things about you.”

“Really?” Nergal took a sip of beer. “I’m surprised. I thought mortals were afraid of me. I didn’t think I received much favorable mention in the Great Above. Tell me, what good things have you heard about me?”

“How benevolent you are, my lord. How thoughtful you are in wanting to let the dead sleep for eternity.” Shugat bent over his straw and pretended to take a long sip.

Nergal brightened. “So, they noticed that, eh?” Nergal brightened and took a long sip.

“Indeed, sire, they are thankful for your caretaking. I drink to your eternal reign,” Shugat said and pretended to take another long sip.

“And I drink to your imminent retirement from the weary world,” Nergal said and took another long sip.

“And here’s to your beautiful city of Irkalla.” Shugat pretended another long sip.

“And here’s to your eternal stay with us.” Nergal took a long sip.

“I drink to the greatness of the Underworld.” Pretended long sip.

“And I drink to all our guests.” A long sip.

“I drink to ...”

On and on it went, Shugat-Nergal pretending to drink and good King Nergal taking drink after drink as he received each new compliment. After a while, the inevitable happened. King Nergal slumped on his bench, closed his eyes and fell asleep.

As soon as that occurred, Shugat-Nergal quietly got up, stole away and went inside the palace. On the third floor, he called out softly, “Queen Ershkigal.” There was no response. The palace remained absolutely quiet.

He went down the stairs to the gallery on the second floor and called out, “Queen Ershkigal.”

A door opened at the top of the stairs coming up from the first floor, and a beautiful woman in a gown of white linen with a gold wreath in her curly black hair peered out. “Yes? Who calls me?” Then she saw Shugat. “Who are you? How did you get in?”

“My lady, your husband brought me down from the Great Above.”

“Nergal brought you down?” Ereshkigal raised an eyebrow. “To me, you look like a mortal who still retains the breath of life.”

Shugat grinned. “That is so, my lady, I am very much alive. But your husband says it’s acceptable because I volunteered to come of my own free will.”

“Oh, you’re the one Ishum told me about. Have you been drinking with my husband? Where is he?”

“We were on the porch, your majesty. I’m afraid I wearied him with talk and caused him to fall asleep. He’s probably still there.”

Ereshkigal studied Shugat and then smiled. “You remind me of a living mortal who once visited me.”

“A young man by name of Magir-Sin?”

“Yes! Did you know him? Who are you?”

“Queen Ereshkigal,” Shugat said with a sweeping bow, “allow me to introduce myself. I am Shugat-Nergal.”

To Chapter 34

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Nergal, King of the Underworld, believing Denisha and the goddess Nanay had killed his ushumgal, prepared to slay them and take them down to the Land of No Return. But Shugat-Nergal appeared and convinced the god to let them go and take him instead. After talking Nergal into one last drinking session before being put to death, Shugat followed the underworld king into the world below while still alive.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn012.html>

8 captures

22 Aug 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Dec MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's
Ancient Sumeria
"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

34

"Shugat-Nergal," Ereshkigal repeated. She smiled and ran her tongue over her lower lip. "I like that. Your name sounds wicked, like my husband was—when I first married him. But tell me, how do you know of Magir-Sin?"

"Your Highness, the whole Land has heard how Magir went seeking riches in the caves of the Mountainlands and chanced his way down into the Netherworld. He was, I believe, the only one besides Inanna to have ever returned, was he not?"

"That was because of his unexpected appearance. Magir-Sin took us by surprise. Namtar had made no calls in the Great Above, so no arrivals were scheduled. The Anunnaki had gone on vacation ... the gods do rest occasionally, you know."

"But, my lady, I heard you were greatly impressed with Magir and had a hand in his escape."

Ereshkigal stiffened and raised an eyebrow. "I warn you, Shugat-Nergal, don't trust all you hear. Magir-Sin brought me news of the above and all that Inanna was doing.

Your situation is quite different.”

“How is that, Your Highness?”

“Two hundred Anunnaki are in session as we speak, gathered to judge two ladies. My husband abruptly canceled their deaths so the Anunnaki grow impatient, awaiting the chance to judge. That’s you, my dear Shugat. As soon as they discover you have finished drinking with my husband, they will summon you.”

“A shame,” Shugat said and hung his head in deep melancholy. “But I still think it was a good try, one well worth the risk. Even knowing what I know, I would do it again.”

“Do what?”

“Risk everything to see you.” Shugat paused as if recalling a past conversation and then looked up at the goddess. “Magir-Sin told me many things about you. He described the luster of your alabaster skin, the sheen of your pitch black hair and the gloss of your blood red lips. He said you were a goddess of incomparable beauty.”

“Really?” Ereshkigal smiled and allowed the door to her room to open a bit wider. “Tell me, Shugat-Nergal, now that you’ve seen me, what is your opinion?”

“I think perhaps Magir-Sin understated. To me, you are a goddess of unrivaled allure.”

“And also beautiful?”

“Your Highness, how can I tell through a part-closed door? But then, what is beauty? It is an ephemeral thing, attractive when fresh and innocent. But, given time, it fades and soon disappears. Allure, on the other hand, contains an air of mystique. It is the art of seduction, the come hither look in a lady’s eyes, a skill learned by practice, sometimes in devious affairs.”

Ereshkigal smiled broadly and stroked the clip holding her robe closed over her breasts. “Tell me, Shugat-Nergal, how have you come to know of devious affairs?”

“Your Highness, are you not aware of my exploits? In the Great Above, I lived an adventurous life as a master criminal. I was known as The Thief of Uruk. As I developed my career, I dared many brazen encounters. Though I was occasionally caught, I always managed to escape. I gained fame as the sly one, the quick-witted fox who knew magicking.” Shugat gestured with his hand, waving it in the air. Then he opened it and Ereshkigal’s clasp lay in his palm. He held it out and offered it to her.

Ereshkigal gasped and looked down to see her robe gaping open. Hastily, she clutched it together and reached for the fastener. “How did you do that?” She pinned her robe. “I see you’re well practiced in magicking, Shugat. Your audacity gives you an aura of

feral magnetism.” She threw the door open. “Come inside. I must know more about you.”

Shugat looked into the room, dimly lit by an orange glow coming through vents around the perimeter of the floor. The only furnishings beside wall hangings were a sleeping shelf built against the far wall and a bench. Both were covered in what he took to be black felt, as in a mortuary. He hesitated. “Your Highness, didn’t you tell me the Anunnaki would soon be calling for me?”

“Let them wait, Shugat. I am queen of the Underworld, and what I want is what I get. It’s been a long time. You must come in.”

“My lady, if you insist,” Shugat said and entered. The goddess closed the door behind him and bolted it.

35

“Your Highness, may I ask you a question of a personal nature?”

“Shugat, call me Ereshkigal, and I’ll give you leave to ask any question you wish.”

“Your – Ereshkigal, does it not worry you to be alone in a bolted room with a thief, especially one as daring as I?”

Ereshkigal came up to him. “I assure you, my dear thief, I am fully capable of taking care of myself.”

“The gods smile upon me,” Shugat said, feasting his eyes on the voluptuous curves of the goddess facing him. “I like mature women, those who know men and how best to please them. To me, they are irresistible. I know Nergal must thank the gods to have a mate like you.”

“Bah,” the goddess said, “perhaps once upon a time. But Nergal has since grown to care for nothing but solitude. If he had half the chance, he’d sleep eternity away.”

“And you ...?”

“I’m different.” She touched his arm lightly. “Can’t you tell? Though fate has condemned me to be the queen of the Underworld, I yearn to experience life. I want something more than two hundred bald-headed Anunnaki prattling around me. I have grown desperate to feel earthly desires and be filled with mortal lusts.” She inched closer to Shugat.

He held out his arms. “Ereshkigal, your wish is my command.”

She moved into his arms and gazed into his eyes. "You mortals are so deliciously intense, constantly on the move ... always with a goal in mind. Maybe that's because we gods have cut your lives short and allowed you so little time. I want to experience that hot passion of the moment."

"Ah, Divine One, have you a pot of beer?"

Ereshkigal reared back. "What the kur does a pot of beer have to do with anything? You've just come in from drinking with my husband."

"Ereshkigal, the beer is for us, to set the mood."

The goddess raised an eyebrow. "My ardor is already aroused; I need no drink."

Shugat sighed. "I must admit, I do. With a mortal, I would be primed, but, in the presence of a goddess so powerful as yourself ..."

Ereshkigal snickered. "So it's you who needs the beer?"

Shugat nodded. "Only so ..." he looked at the goddess and his eyes searched the depths of hers. "...I can pay proper court to the supreme goddess."

"The supreme goddess. I like that. Dear Shugat ... you are daring." Their faces were only inches apart. Ereshkigal took his head in her hands, pulled him closer and kissed him full on the mouth. "There, I've done it! I've been wondering what it would feel like to kiss a thief."

"There's more to come."

"I hope so."

"Beer would help bring it about."

"Then, by the gods, we'll have it." Ereshkigal walked to a wall and pulled a cord. Within moments, there was a knock at her door. She opened it and a servant in a white shroud entered, possibly the same Shugat had seen on the porch.

"Bring us a pot of beer with two straws," the goddess ordered

The figure bowed and disappeared only to return almost immediately with the vessel and straws. "Put it over there, on the floor by the bench," Ereshkigal told him. She took the straws from him. "Now go," she told the servant and followed him to the door, closing it and bolting it again when he went out.

“Is bolting your door a wise thing to do?” Shugat asked.

“Do you ask because of my husband?”

Shugat nodded.

“Nergal’s a heavy sleeper. He’s not likely to wake up soon. But, if he does, so what? He has never minded any dalliance of mine so long as he can personally exact vengeance in turn and put the perpetrator to death with his own two hands.” She smiled at the memory of her husband’s enjoyments. “In fact, his greatest pleasure is playing the role of executioner.”

“Ereshkigal, you’re making this sound risky for me.”

The goddess walked back to Shugat, took his hands in hers. “I thought you were the brave one, you loved risk ... sought it ... lived for it.” Then she broke out in laughter and sat on the bench, patting the cushion beside her. “Come, sit beside me; the risk is less than you imagine. This is the Underworld, the Land of No Return. My dear Shugat, you’re never going to leave here alive. The only question is when and how you’ll die.”

“My choice would be to die in bed.”

Ereshkigal hesitated only a moment. “That can be arranged. I can envision the scene now. You and I are lying in my bed. You have your arm around my naked body, holding me when —”

“Your Highness, please!”

The goddess wagged a finger. “Shugat, dear, call me Ereshkigal—like I told you.” She scooted closer to him. “You mortals are so squeamish about death.”

“Would I still interest you if I were dead?”

Ereshkigal giggled. “Don’t be silly. When a mortal dies, there’s nothing left but his shade. As shades are insubstantial and have next to no self esteem, they develop the habit of following the living, bothering and pestering them to gain what little attention they can. We can’t afford to have them running loose down here, so we put them away. Dear Shugat, if you were dead, I’d have to have you put away.”

“But while I’m still alive ...?”

“Ah, that’s different. While you’re still alive, I want you with me so I can experience you.”

“That’s good, my queen,” Shugat said, “because that’s the way I feel about you.” He reached for his straw and stuck it in the beer pot. “Let’s drink to getting to know each other,” he said and pretended to take a sip.

Queen Ereshkigal put in her straw and appeared to drink.

36

Taking a sip, Shugat said, “I toast the most seductive goddess of them all.”

“And I salute the most interesting mortal I’ve met,” Ereshkigal said and put the straw to her mouth.

“You don’t seem to be drinking.”

“I’m not.” Ereshkigal put her hand on his arm. “Shugat, I told you, I’m ready.”

“Then ...” Shugat said and deftly slipped the rings off her fingers, removing them one by one and kissing each finger in turn.

“What are you doing?” Ereshkigal asked. “Those are my rings. Why are you taking them off?”

“Dear Ereshkigal, compared to your beauty, the rings, though finely crafted, seem but tawdry ornaments. I am removing them so I can become better acquainted with your exquisite fingers.” With one hand, he gently stroked her arm, while, with his other hand, he discretely put her rings in his moneybag. Having tucked them away, he said, “I drink to the fairest arm I’ve seen,” and pretended to enjoy another sip of beer as he worked his hand up her arm.

Ereshkigal patted his cheek, “You are so romantic, Shugat ... and so much more alive than my husband.”

Shugat put his hands around her neck and removed her necklace. “To the most heavenly neck I’ve seen.” He kissed her alabaster neck below her ear as he slipped the necklace into his moneybag.

Ereshkigal said, “Here’s to the most eloquent swain that ever wooed me.” She kissed him fervently on the mouth.

Shugat returned the kiss as he eased off her robe and explored the divine proportions of her body with his hands.

Ereshkigal closed her eyes.

Shugat took off her breastplate and felt the fullness of her ripe breasts.

Ereshkigal moaned.

Shugat removed her chastity shield and searched the warm recesses of her thighs.

Ereshkigal wiggled, gasped and went limp on the couch.

Ereshkigal's breathing sounded restful. Shugat rose and surveyed the goddess' body, its sinuous curves of alabaster ornamented with curly black hair. Her eyes were closed but her lips beckoned and yet threatened. "You are truly enchanting," he whispered and knelt ever so carefully to kiss those lips.

Ereshkigal smiled. She wasn't asleep but kept her eyes shut. She didn't stir.

Shugat rose and straightened. Then he tiptoed to the door to unbolt it.

At the sound of the bolt being lifted, the queen of the Underworld sprang to life and sat upright on the couch. "Where in kur do you think you're going?"

"Ereshkigal! You fooled me. I thought you asleep but I see you're not."

"You're damned right!" Ereshkigal shouted angrily. "Your tricks are like those of the gods! You are not about to play one of them on me!"

Shugat hesitated a moment, then darted back into the room to grab her clothes off the floor. He dashed out with them in his arm, slamming the door shut as he left.

Ereshkigal ran to the door and pulled it open. "Shugat!" she hollered. She heard only the echo of her shout and the faint sound of footsteps going down the stairs and out the palace door. She almost ventured out before she realized all her clothing had been taken. "That damned thief!" she swore and slammed the door shut. "He's made off with my clothes!" Then she looked at her fingers and felt her neck. "And all my rings and necklace! The bastard! He's taken everything – he's stripped me stark naked!"

Her eyes began to burn with anger and brightened until they became a fiery red with infernal heat. "That double dealing thief," she growled. "I'll see him thrown into the flames myself."

Then she went to the wall to ring for her lady-in-waiting. There was a prompt knock at the door. When Ereshkigal opened it, a young girl dressed in a tunic of bleached linen entered. Her eyes widened at the sight of her mistress.

"Stop staring!" Ereshkigal said. "I need you to bring me a complete change of clothing."

"Yes, My Lady," the girl said and turned to fetch the garments.

"Then," Ereshkigal added, "notify the Anunnaki in the judgment chamber that they can damn well adjourn and go home. Tell them the Queen of the Underworld has decided she will personally judge the recently arrived scoundrel, the one called Shugat-Nergal."

To Chapter 37

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Shugat-Nergal offered to have a last drink with Nergal and talked the King of the Underworld into taking him down the Land of No Return without putting him to death. As they drank, Shugat flattered Nergal and pretended to imbibe while the god became intoxicated. When Nergal passed out, Shugat found Ereshkigal, the Underworld's Queen. "Let me introduce myself," he said to her, "I am Shugat-Nergal."

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn013.html>

8 captures

22 Aug 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

Ereshkigal cursed, grabbed the bell cord and yanked it to summon her son. Namtar came quickly, outfitted in his cloak of black wool. When he saw his mother in uncourtly dress, his eyes widened. "Mother, what happened to your clothes?"

"At the moment, Namtar, that's beside the point. I've something for you to do."

"I'm dressed, ready to return to the Great Above."

"No, this pertains to here. Do you recall that damned mortal your father brought down without giving you leave to first properly cover him with your Cloak of Death?"

"Do I?" Namtar scowled. "By the gods, my father allowed the man to take the place of two beautiful females, women I had already prepared. That's my father. Thinking only of himself, like a jackal. It's always more work for me and no reward."

"I know." Ereshkigal stroked her son's arm lightly. "Some day, my dear, all that's going to change."

"Mother, I can't wait. I want to go back up and get those women."

"Maybe later, Namtar. We have more important business down here first."

"Bones! This place is dead. It's frozen for eternity. What is it that can't wait?"

"Do you remember Magir-Sin?"

Namtar gritted his teeth. "The one that caught us by surprise? So what? He's gone back to the Great Above. Those two women are ready and waiting to be brought below."

"Haven't you noticed?" Ereshkigal put up her hands in front of his face to show him her fingers. "Have you not noticed a lack of rings on your mother's fingers? And a

necklace that is no longer at your mother's throat?" She patted her neck. "Shugat-Nergal, that no-good your father brought down, stole them all, including my personal seal."

"Bless Bes, mother, is that what happened to your clothing too? How did the mortal manage to take away everything you had on?"

"Hush, my son. You mustn't ask your mother questions like that. So we're not going to talk about it anymore or, especially, mention it to your father."

"What if the old goat should ask?"

Ereshkigal arched an eyebrow. "He doesn't deserve to know," she said. "He was out on the porch drinking at the time. He's sleeping it off now. There's no need to get him involved this late."

"But, mother —"

"Enough is enough, Namtar. That dreadful mortal, a thief, has already humiliated your father by drinking him under the table. However much you resent the arrogance of your father, don't hurt him more. This is not a good time to show your anger."

"But what if my father asks me what happened to the man he brought down?"

"Yes. With your help, my son, we will be able to tell your father that we caught Shugat-Nergal and put him to a proper death for his thievery."

"I like that." Namtar smiled. "It's a good ending. Where is he now?"

The Queen of the Underworld waved out the window, her hand pointing at the dark homes of the deceased that filled the city. "Somewhere out there, probably hiding among mausoleums. In spite of my best efforts, he escaped from the palace—went racing out the front door."

"So, the villain, after stealing your jewelry, is now defiling our sanctified places of eternal rest. It's a big necropolis out there. He may be hard to find."

"I've devised a plan, Namtar. We'll need to call upon the gallas. There must be a thousand thousand of them. Those little demons, with their pointy heads, if they march across the city in lines, they'll surely flush out Shugat and bring him to ground."

Namtar gave his mother an evil smile. "I must admit, for their size, gallas are the most effective of all demons. Their appearance is deceptive and innocent, looking like broken reeds, not much more than the stubble that's left in a field. Mortals have never realized how many we've placed in the Great Above."

“Yes. They suffer horrendously from their stabs but give their painful experiences names like gout or arthritis. They never guess the source. They must be puzzled as to why some are sorely afflicted while others are left untouched.”

“From what I hear,” Namtar said, “they ascribe it to the will of the gods.”

“In the case of Shugat-Nergal, it damn well will be the will of the gods ... my will. Namtar, I want you to send for the gallas. Order them to assemble in front of the palace on the processional way. When they’re here, I’ll come out and take command. We’ll lead them on a sweep through the city and catch Shugat-Nergal.”

“Mother, all shall be as you wish.” With a flourish of his cape, Namtar charged off to find the gallas.

* * *

An hour later, the Queen of the Underworld heard a swishing sound outside, as if wind were blowing through the cavern housing the World of the Dead. The gallas are here! She hurried downstairs and onto the palace portico. There, in front of the steps, stood Namtar with a tremendous horde of the demons, a mass of broken reeds that extended in every direction as far as her eye could see.

“My friends,” she addressed the fiends in a loud voice, “this is your chance to show your demonic skills and prove your mastery of the dark arts. A living mortal, a thief by the name of Shugat-Nergal, has made his way down into the Land of No Return by trickery and deceit. He recently fled the palace after stealing the royal jewels. He is now loose somewhere in this city. As Queen of the Underworld, I have judged him and found him guilty. I hereby pronounce the sentence of death upon him. I leave it to you, my friends, to find him and put him to death in the most horrible and excruciating manner possible.”

Ereshkigal could sense the gallas becoming excited. Even as she spoke, they started rustling. Soon they were trembling, rattling their brittle stems against each other and causing a considerable din.

“In a few minutes, we will start our search for this treacherous mortal. Be prepared. When we find him, strike him hard. Then I want him put to death immediately!”

There was an increase in the tempo of the noise. Ereshkigal went down the palace steps with Namtar following close behind. She carefully picked her way through quivering rows of imps. After she made her way past the last galla, she turned back and said, “This way, my friends – follow me. Form a line across the city. Search every nook and cranny as we pass. To the demon who finds the mortal goes the reward of

personally putting him to death.” She raised her arm to motion them forward. “Kill!” she shouted. “Kill!”

The gallas made high-pitched sounds like reed flutes. “Kill!” they whistled by the thousands of thousands as they marched behind her, battalion after battalion, rustling and shrilling in their high-pitched voices. “Kill! Kill!”.

38

Having fled with the queen’s jewelry and clothing, Shugat-Nergal stopped among the mausoleums while still within sight of the palace, seeking some place to hide. He briefly considered going inside one of the tombs, but the marble was ice cold to the touch and the inside was pitch black. So he stayed outside and followed the limestone slabs that formed a walk between the monumental vaults.

It was difficult to see in the dim blue light that fluoresced from the ceiling of the cavern. Dark shapes that appeared to be trees and bushes were spaced around some of the larger domiciles of death. He reached out and touched what seemed to be a stately poplar, but the leaves tinkled like the copper rings of a tambourine and the trunk felt petrified and long dead.

Behind him, he heard distant shouts of “Kill! Kill!” and the strident responses that echoed that sentiment. The eeriness caused Shugat to shudder. The harsh noise continued, ever growing in loudness. He looked around and, to his right, made out the city wall. Surely, he thought, there must be a way out other than through the gate and across the Lake of Death. Then he remembered Magir-Sin’s claim to have found a cave that led up to the Great Above. He clutched the queen’s clothing more tightly under his arm and wended his way across the vast monumental graveyard, moving parallel to the wall.

The incessant whistles of “Kill, kill” drove him ever onward. In the pale blue light, he repeatedly stumbled over small bushes that jingled as their sharp branches pricked his shins. By the gods, he told himself, I’ll be lucky if I get out of this place alive and luckier still if I don’t go mad. Only after working his way across most of the cemetery did he catch sight of an orange glow ahead, a flickering light that sporadically lit what might be the far wall of the cavern that contained the city. He hurried towards it.

When close enough to make out details, Shugat saw the black mouth of a cave in the rock face, accessible only by a narrow bridge over a vent cut in the floor, a slit that allowed light from the fierce flames of the Underworld below. He saw also, in silhouette, a watchman guarding the bridge. Up closer, he made out the man’s leather tunic and short spear.

What the kur. In his life in the Great Above, Shugat had prided himself on being a

quick-change artist and a master of disguise. Down here, in pale cerulean light from overhead and the sputtering glow from the Underworld, the ruse should be all the easier. He drew out Ereshkigal's long, flowing gown and pulled it down over his own clothes. Then, folding up everything else and tucking it under his arm, he walked out into the flickering orange light, and with mincing steps like a woman, he shouted in a high falsetto voice that he hoped somewhat emulated Ereshkigal's, "Kill! Kill!"

When the watcher stepped forward to challenge him, Shugat shouted "Kill!" at the sentry and pulled on the queen's necklace to hold out her personal seal for inspection. As the guard leaned close to study it, Shugat kneed him, causing him to fall to the ground, howling with pain. Before the watchman could recover, Shugat dashed across the bridge and entered the darkness of the cave beyond.

39

As soon as he was away from light, Shugat was immediately surrounded by shades, floating pale gray phantasms that were barely visible. He put his head down and tried brushing them away like flies, but they swarmed and clung to him, moaning and groaning. "Listen to me!" he shouted.

For a moment, the whimpering and movement stopped. The pressure lessened and the darkness became quiet. Shugat took advantage of the silence. "I am not the Queen of the Underworld," he said and stripped off the queen's gown. "Look at me! I am a living mortal from the Great Above."

Immediately, the whining recommenced, louder than ever, and the spirits edged closer, the sheer number threatening to overwhelm him. "Stop it!" he shouted. Again, they retreated and their lamentations subsided. "Look, I'm only one mortal. There's not enough of me to go around. But, listen to all that noise out there." He pointed towards the mouth of the cave and the shrill sounds of 'Kill! Kill!' "Those are thousands of demons coming here," he said. "There's more than enough for each of you to claim at least one for your very own."

The shades oohed and started eddying away, towards the mouth of the cave and the bridge, swirling around each other.

"My friends," Shugat addressed the shades, "I no longer wish to have anything to do with the demons. I give them to you; they are yours to do with as you wish. But, in return, I ask your help. I'm on my way up to the Great Above and need someone who knows the way up."

A ghostlike voice came from somewhere within the miasmic mass. "I know."

"Come forward so I can talk with you."

A path opened in front of Shugat and a shade of molted color floated up to him. "I know the way out," it said. "I went up to the Great Above long ago, a most dreadful experience."

"Dreadful, you say?"

"Indeed. All the abovers who saw me, screamed. As soon as they caught sight of me, they shouted, 'Ghost!' Some threw spears and stones at me. They never gave me a chance to speak ... to talk to them ... to explain. I guess they feared me because of my spectral appearance. I was more alone up there than down here. It's not that comfortable down here, but at least I have a place. That's why I came back."

"You said you knew the way up? Would you show me?"

"I do, but I'd rather stay here and keep you here with me. You're friendly ... you talk to me."

"My friend, we can talk more on the way, without all the other shades around."

"But I don't want to go back up."

"Listen," Shugat said, "have you a name?"

"Mulim," the shade answered. "It was Milum when I was alive but when I died and became a shade, I became a mirror image of what I had been. So my name changed from Milum to Mulim."

"All right, Mulim, you claim you're lonely?"

"I've been down here for better than five hundred years with no one to talk to except other shades. I'm afraid, like their bodies, their conversation lacks substance. I tried the palace but Ereshkigal and that husband of hers claimed we were always hanging around, pestering them. So they put us away in caves like this and cut slits in the floor of the Netherworld so the hot fires of the Underworld and the guards stationed at the bridges would serve to keep us out. You're the only person who has spoken to me in five hundred years."

"Listen, Mulim, there's no need for you to be lonely anymore. I am Shugat-Nergal, an abover, famous in the Great Above as a master thief. I could use someone like you, if you'd care to come along with me."

"A tenuous shade like me? Of what use could I be among abovers?"

"My accomplice," Shugat explained. "I need a lookout, one who stays out of the way

while the action is going on, but gives me a warning if someone approaches. As for your appearance, the more tenuous, the better.”

“Oh. A lookout, you say? Yes, I could do that. Would that be helpful to you?”

Shugat nodded. “Definitely. We could make a team, Mulim. Listen, the demons are getting close. If we’re going to get out of here, we need to get moving.”

“Well, I’m not sure –”

“If you don’t like it up there in the Great Above, you can always come back down, like before.”

“Well, if you put it like that,” Mulim said and led Shugat into the black cave.

Shugat followed the barely visible form. “How can you see in this darkness?”

“I told you, a shade is a mirror image of what he was when alive. I can see perfectly well when it’s dark. It’s light, especially sunlight, that blinds me now.”

As Shugat followed Mulim, he glanced back and saw the watchman talking to the demons and motioning toward the cave. He watched as the devilish gallas surged across the narrow bridge and felt a sense of elation as the shades swarmed them.

Mulim interrupted his watching. “It’s a long way up, Shugat-Nergal. We need to keep going ...” he paused “... that is, unless you’ve reconsidered.”

“Not in a thousand years, Mulim. I’ve got too many reasons for getting out of here. Lead on, my friend, I’m right behind.”

To Chapter 40

[Go Back to the Fiction Menu](#)

Offering companionship, Shugat-Nergal talked the lonely King of the Underworld into taking him down to his dominion while still alive. After drinking the king under the table, Shugat located Queen Ereshkigal, and introduced himself. With endearments, he lulled her into a reverie and absconded with her jewelry and her clothing. The queen, left naked, quickly summoned a servant to bring her new attire.

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn014.html>

7 captures

7 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

"We'd better stop for a bit," Mulim said.

"Why?" Shugat asked. "What's the matter?"

"It's my eyes, they're starting to burn. We're nearing sunlight."

"But it's still black as pitch."

"Believe me, mortal, we'll see sunlight at the next turn."

"Then I'm going on ahead," Shugat said. "I'm thirsty. I've had nothing to drink since leaving the palace." He groped his way forward in the darkness and soon saw light, the mouth of the cavern he realized.

He ran to the entrance, and stopped - barely - in the nick of time. The cave opened out on a precipice. Shugat looked past his feet and felt lightheaded. The river was far below, at the bottom of a deep gorge, at least a thousand feet straight down. "By Nin!"

Gingerly, he stepped back from the edge and viewed the landscape. Layer upon layer of mountains loomed as far as he could see, barren limestone ridges, one after the other, heavily eroded with rock-strewn ravines. "We're in the mountainlands," he shouted back to Mulim.

The shade came up beside him, shielding his albino eyes from the sunlight with one arm. "See," Shugat pointed at the gorge below, "we're stuck up here."

"Not me." The shade stepped off the ledge and floated outside the mouth of the cave. "Just step out and ride the air."

"By the gods, Mulim, if I tried that, I'd drop like a stone to my death."

"Oh, I forgot ... you mortals suffer severe disabilities. Even gods can float."

"That's a fine thing to say. Aren't you going to help me?"

"It's the other way round, I believe. Weren't you the one who propositioned me?"

"Well, I hope you're not going to float off somewhere and leave me here."

"We've reached the Great Above as promised. You're a fine one to start making new demands."

"You gave me no warning. I might have run out the entrance and plunged to my death in the abyss below! I tell you, Mulim, you're making me a very unhappy man."

"I'm beginning to appreciate the value of solitude."

"Don't start philosophizing with me!"

"You seem to lack patience."

"I intensely dislike being taken advantage of."

“When we were in the Underworld, it was you who begged me to show you the way up. You pleaded with me to come with you. Now, are you claiming I misled you?”

“Because of you, I now find myself in an impossible position.”

“My eyes are getting sunburned while you lecture me. I can feel them.”

“Look at me, trapped in the mouth of this stupid cave.”

“Oh, my eyes!” the shade said. He rubbed them and vanished.

Shugat looked around in sudden panic. “Mulim, where are you?”

A voice came from out of thin air. “Right here.”

“I can’t see you.”

“I’m still here ... haven’t moved.”

“You’ve become invisible.”

There was a moment of silence. “So I have,” the shade said. “I wish I’d found out I could do this the first time I came up.”

“Hey,” Shugat said, “we really are going to make a great team! I can tell.”

“Well, I’m not going to stay up here with you forever.”

“Can you move around?”

“Of course I can. Look at me ride the air current.”

“Dumb ox, I can’t see you. But ride around and see if you can find me a way down. My throat’s parched. I’ll die of thirst if I don’t get something to drink soon.”

“Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

* * *

Shugat-Nergal was dreaming about cool water when he heard a voice in his ear. It startled him and he jolted upright. “What?”

“It’s me,” the shade said. “I’ve found a way you can get down.”

Shugat glanced out the cave. "It's late afternoon. We'd better get started."

"If we waited till night, I'd be able to see better."

"No, Mulim, I'm the one going down. It is I who needs vision. Besides, I'm as thirsty as kur. We'll leave now."

"As you will," the shade said. "Come over here, Shugat. See that outcropping to your right? There's barely enough room for your foot. Step out there. Then work your way along the ledge. It has a steep slope. Watch it; it's narrow. Move carefully."

Shugat stepped on the protuberance, carefully placing one foot. He slipped once but regained his balance. Slowly, he worked his way along the narrow shelf, moving down, step by step, as the sun sank and darkened the gorge below.

As shadows moved up the canyon wall, Mulim said, "I warn you, Shugat, there's a ravine ahead filled with loose rock that you'll have to cross. It's going to be tricky. I think we should stop and wait till night when I have better sight."

"Nonsense," Shugat replied. "I have to get something to drink." He reached the edge of the wash and saw the scree in it. "Loose gravel. I'm going to sit and ride it down." Shugat scrunched down and wiggled out onto the loose gravel. The pebbles gave way beneath him and he went sliding into the ravine.

"Hey, wait for me!" Mulim shouted as Shugat disappeared into the dark depths of the gorge.

41

Once again, Shugat-Nergal heard a voice in his ear. "Are you still alive?" it asked.

Shugat opened an eye. It was night and he saw Mulim's gray form bent over him. "Yes," he groaned. His butt hurt and his throat was parched. His voice was cracked and sounded strange. He was acutely aware he could hardly speak. "Water."

"The river's at hand, only a hundred feet more."

Shugat crawled on all fours to the bank and dunked his head into the cold water of the fast-flowing mountain stream. Then he splashed water on his face and pulled back, collapsing on the bank.

"I thought you'd killed yourself sliding down those rocks," Mulim said. "I fully expected to find you covered with Namtar's Cloak of Death."

"Watch over me," Shugat croaked. "Please." Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

* * *

In the middle of the moonlit night, a band of hunters working their way downstream stumbled upon the prostrate form of Shugat-Nergal. "Halt," the chief called to his band. He knelt and felt the body in the moonlight. "He's alive. Aha! I think I feel a moneybag."

"Let's take it and kill him," one of his hunters suggested.

"Why not?" the chief agreed. "Only, let's kill him first." He hefted his spear.

A deep voice boomed out of thin air. "Beware, proud chief! The man on the ground is the Great Shugat-Nergal."

"Who?" The chief lowered his spear and looked around but saw no one.

"I said the Great Shugat-Nergal," the invisible voice repeated. "Beware."

"If he's so great," the chief asked, "why do we find him lying sprawled here on the riverbank, fast asleep?"

"He is a creature of the daytime and sleeps when the daytime gods sleep," the voice answered. "I am his nighttime manifestation. I stand guard over him at night."

Using his spear, the chief started jabbing the air around him.

The voice broke out in a gale of laughter. "You cannot kill us, chief. But your presence disturbs our sleep. Would you not prefer to bring your hunt to a successful end? Do you not want fresh meat to take home to your women and children?"

The chief lowered his spear and rested it on the ground. "We would welcome fresh meat."

"Ahead, mighty chief," the invisible voice said, "are three mountain goats. The Great Shugat-Nergal has placed them there for you. Send a hunter up that outcropping. It is a full moon. If he looks in the hollow beyond, he will see our gift."

The chief motioned for one of his hunters to go up on the crag. Within minutes, the man returned. "I saw the goats. There are three, as the Great Shugat-Nergal's voice said."

The chief looked confused.

“Give thanks to the Great Shugat-Nergal,” the voice spoke again. “Then go and claim the animals he has so generously given you.”

The chief hesitated. Finally, he laid down his spear, got down on his knees, and bowed to the sleeping form of Shugat-Nergal. “O Great One, we give you thanks.” Then he picked up his weapon and led his hunters over the outcropping.

As they departed, Mulim materialized again and settled down beside Shugat. “I see you are learning wisdom, Shugat-Nergal,” he said to the sleeping man. “It’s the rare mortal who can keep his mouth shut.”

Shugat stirred, but the shade said, “Sleep. Morning will come soon enough.”

Shugat followed the shade’s advice.

42

When Shugat woke at dawn, he seemed alone. The shade was nowhere in sight so he called out, “Mulim.” His throat hurt and his voice was still hoarse.

“I’m here.” Mulim’s voice came out of thin air. “I had to dematerialize. My eyes are badly sunburned from yesterday. How are you this morning?”

“I’ll live,” Shugat replied and crawled to the river to get a drink. “I’m hungry.”

“Have you a spear? Or a knife?”

“A spear? Where could I have concealed either? Because I’m a thief, I’m careful not to carry a weapon of any type. I don’t want to be mistaken for a killer.”

“Then, my friend, you’re going to have a problem up here in the mountainlands.”

“Because I can’t defend myself?”

“Look around you, Shugat-Nergal. What do you see? There are no cities. No farms. For a mortal to exist in the mountainlands, he must hunt to eat.”

“You’re telling me I’m going to stay hungry?”

“Without something to hunt with, you’ll likely starve.”

“Can’t we go down to Sumer?”

“In your condition? It’s a long ways. If there’s no other choice, we’ll have to try.”

“By the gods,” Shugat said, “I’m ready to try.” He rose unsteadily to his feet.

Suddenly, a “Hello,” a soft feminine voice came from behind a boulder upwater.

Shugat turned towards the sound. “Hello,” he responded.

“May I approach the Great Shugat-Nergal?” the voice asked, timid in manner.

Shugat suddenly felt better. He chuckled to himself. “I give you leave to approach.”

A young girl appeared and then came clearly into view, carefully picking her way over tumbled rocks. She was a mountain girl, with a pale face and straight black hair, dressed in a leather tunic and wearing the heavy leather boots of her people. In one hand, she carried a spear. In the other, she held a straw basket. She stopped and smiled.

“I have brought roast goat for the Great Shugat-Nergal,” she said with lowered eyes. “A tithe for giving our hunters the game last night.” She offered him the basket.

Shugat returned her smile and stepped forward to take the basket. “Thank you.”

“It was the least we could do.”

“Have you come by yourself?”

The mountain girl nodded. “No one dared come with me, not during the daytime when the Great Shugat was awake.”

“You are brave.”

“Perhaps.” She giggled. “I am still a maiden.”

“What is your name?”

“I am called Kalama.”

“Kalama, a fitting name for a beautiful woman. I see you have a spear.”

“As everyone does, Great One.” She looked around. “Where is yours?”

“My spear broke ...” Shugat hesitated, “... while fighting a dragon.”

“Oh,” the girl oohed. “Then it is you who are the brave one. And handsome too.”

"I'm badly in need of a spear."

The maiden clutched her spear to her bosom. "This is the only one I have."

"Listen, Kalama," Shugat went on, "I will trade you for it."

"But, Great One, you know a maiden would not be safe without her spear."

"With me around, Kalama, you'll need not worry."

"Oh, are you offering to replace it with a ring?"

"Why, yes," Shugat said, "that's exactly what I had in mind." He opened his moneybag and pulled out one of the rings he'd taken from Ereshkigal. "Look at this."

The girl's eyes sparkled. "How beautiful!" she said. "I've never seen the like of it."

"It's for you." Shugat held it out. "I offer you this for your spear."

"Are you sure, Great One?" Kalama asked.

"I'm certain."

"Then, in that case ..." she said, hesitantly at first but then exuberantly, "I accept!" She handed Shugat her spear in exchange for the ring. Then she took it and slipped it on her finger. "I love you too."

"What?"

"I said, Great One, that 'I love you too.'"

For once in his life, Shugat-Nergal found himself dumbfounded ... speechless.

Kalama held up her hand. "You've given me this ring as brideprice," she said, "and I have surrendered my spear to you in submission. So, now we are engaged to be married. I know we'll have many strong sons—all mighty hunters."

"But, Kalama -"

For a moment, her eyes turned somber. "You're not married to another, are you?"

"No -"

"Then, I will go tell my people and bring them back so the ceremony can be performed."

She hastily kissed him and said, "I'll be back soon."

Shugat-Nergal watched the mountain girl scramble homeward over the rocks.

"Well," a voice came from out of the air, "you've gotten yourself into a fine pickle."

"It was an accident, Mulim—sheer accident! Why didn't you do something?"

"I never interfere in the affairs of mortals. A strange chemistry works between mortal men and women. She'll soon return with her tribe."

"By the gods, Mulim, we've got to get out of here!"

"You haven't a chance, Shugat-Nergal," Mulim protested. "You're still stiff from that slide yesterday and hardly able to move. Besides, they know the terrain."

"You could haunt them," Shugat suggested, "slow down their pursuit."

Shugat heard a scoff.

Then, from the top of the precipice came a shout. "Hello down there!"

Shugat looked up and saw a figure atop the canyon wall, dressed in black. "By the gods, Mulim," he exclaimed, "look up there! It's Namtar! He's found us!"

To Chapter 43

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Shugat-Nergal, famed Thief of Uruk, drank Nergal, King of the Netherworld, under the table and robbed his wife, Ereshkigal, before being chased out of the capital city by demons called gallas. A phantasm named Mulim, a shade who had once visited the Great Above and knew a way that led there, offered to help him escape. "Lead on, my friend," Shugat told the ghost. "I'm right behind you."

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn015.html>

8 captures

26 Dec 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's
Ancient Sumeria
"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

43

Mulim's voice answered, "As long as I stay invisible, Namtar can't see me."

"But what about me? I'm the one Namtar's after."

"Shugat, I would say you have a problem."

"Damn it, Mulim, two problems! Kalama's going to be coming back any time with her tribe to get married to me."

"It will be interesting to see which claims you first."

"Mulim!"

“Stay calm, Shugat,” the shade counseled. “You have a little time. Namtar has to work his way down the cliff before he can get you; and Kalama will have to gather her tribe together before she can return. While you still have the chance, you’d better eat some of that roast goat Kalama brought.”

Shugat pulled a haunch out of the basket and starting gnawing at it. “And then?” he asked with his mouth full.

“There’s no way you’re going to walk out of this one, Shugat-Nergal. Face it. You’re tired and your body’s bruised from sliding down the bluff. Namtar can track you on land and Kalama’s hunters certainly know the terrain. As I see it, your only hope of escape is by water.”

“Come on, Mulim, you know we don’t have a boat. Besides, the mountain stream’s shallow.”

“But it’s swift flowing, Shugat. If you’ll lower yourself into the water, the current will carry you away. You should be out of sight by the time anyone arrives. If you stayed in the river so you couldn’t be tracked, I doubt if they would find you.”

“What about you?”

“I’d better stay behind ... in my dematerialized state of course ... to see what happens. When I find out, I’ll catch up with you and bring you up to date.”

Again, Namtar’s voice hailed from the top of the cliff, two hundred feet above. “I’m coming down for you, Shugat-Nergal.”

“You’d better finish eating and get moving,” Mulim’s voice advised. “You might dump the bone and a few scraps of meat in the basket and fling it somewhere. If a lion finds it and savages what’s left, your pursuers may think the beast caught you and dragged your carcass away. Might throw them off the scent.”

“That’s an ignominious suggestion.”

“You want to get caught?”

Shugat put the bone back in the basket and threw it into the brush.

“That’s better. Now, Shugat, if you value your life or freedom, once you get in the water, don’t come out again until I reach you and tell you it’s safe. These mountain men have dogs who track and they’re vicious.”

Later, that afternoon, Shugat pulled his bedraggled body onto a rocky shoal in the middle of the stream, his head barely out of the water. "Damned current," he swore. "I've been smashed into every boulder along the way. I can go no farther." He collapsed, his form partly hidden by a bed of reeds. Battered and exhausted, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, when the air was cooler and the moon overhead, a familiar voice aroused him. "Wake up, Shugat-Nergal."

Shugat crawled out of the water and looked around. "Mulim?"

The dark form of the shade materialized in front of him. "I'm right here," Mulim said. "I bring good news."

"Thank the gods."

"Are you aware Namtar is Ereshkigal's only son?"

Shugat nodded.

"That's lucky for you. Being an only child, Namtar is spoiled and overbearing. As I promised, I stayed to see what happened after you left. Well, Namtar took his time working his way down the cliff—he used the same ledge you did. He didn't make it till noon, just as Kalama returned with her father's tribe for the marriage ceremony."

"They met?"

"Indeed! You should have seen it. When the chief spied Namtar coming towards them, he asked Kalama if the anemic-looking man was her groom-to-be. His daughter made a terrible face and exclaimed, 'No, never!'

"It caused Namtar to fly into a terrific rage. 'Who's calling me names and accusing me of being betrothed? And, why is she sneering at me?'

"The chief responded with 'What business is it of yours?' and that's when Namtar announced that he was Namtar, Herald of the Underworld, on a sacred mission to the Great Above to reclaim Shugat-Nergal and carry him back down into the Underworld.

"Shugat, you would have loved to see what happened then. Kalama immediately cried out that you were her intended and slapped Namtar's face. That's when Namtar caught sight of his mother's ring - the one you gave her - on one of her fingers. He grabbed her hand to pull it off and they got into a wrestling match. The chief immediately ordered his hunters to attack the Underworld messenger and they fell on him with

spears.

“Of course, Namtar, being a god, couldn’t be killed, no matter how many times they ran him through. But the stabs must have hurt because, every time they speared him, he howled with pain. But, one by one, he overcame the hunters until a number had fallen and were lying about on the ground, dead. The chief, seeing that Kalama had broken free and Namtar was indestructible, fled with his daughter and the remnants of his tribe, leaving the dark immortal alone with the bodies.

“I watched Namtar after the melee ended. Shugat, he hunted for you, looking around, though he was limping and didn’t seem to have his heart in it. He found your basket with the remains of roasted goat. I don’t believe any animal had ever touched it ... it still laid where you tossed it. But Namtar seemed weary and he gave up the search anyway.

“That’s when he trudged back to take care of the bodies. ‘By the gods,’ I heard him swear. ‘The fates have conspired against me! I came to retrieve one mortal and my mother’s jewelry. I’ve failed at both and find myself alone, encumbered with five bodies, a full night’s work.’ As he continued to mutter, I watched him open the ground and start carrying the bodies below. That’s when I left.”

“So, I’m free of Namtar?” Shugat asked.

“And, I think, the mountain princess as well.”

“Like I told you in the cave, Mulim, we make a great team.”

“That may be, Shugat-Nergal, but I find I’m worn out. I need rest. I’ve had nothing but problems since meeting you.”

“When we first met, you were complaining about five hundred years of loneliness and having nothing to do.”

“I know ... I didn’t have you around to teach me how to appreciate tranquility.”

“Would you rather go back?”

The shade hesitated. “It’s tempting but I’m too tired to think about it now.”

“Do what you will. I can take care of myself. Look at me. The water has wrinkled my skin so I’m shriveled up like a prune. I won’t put up with this. I’m going on shore to dry out. I’m not a fish, Mulim. I’m a human and I’m going to walk out of here on my own two feet like a man.” Shugat got up and waded across the stream; but, in the dim moonlight, he stumbled on one of the rocks when he tried to climb out. SPLASH! “Help!” he hollered.

Being a shade, Mulim was unable to help physically. He did, however, levitate overhead in the moonlight offering words of support to Shugat as he cursed and scrabbled through the shallows. Finally, the mortal managed to crawl up on dry land.

“You’ve already taken one fall,” the shade said. “You’d better wait till daylight before trying to go any farther. Remember, Shugat, you haven’t achieved shade status yet; you’re still a mortal, subject to all the human frailties.”

Shugat mumbled fresh oaths at the shade before collapsing on the hard ground and going back to sleep.

45

Shugat woke at daybreak and was surprised to find Mulim visible and asleep beside him. He shook the shade to rouse him. “If you’re still with me, let’s go. I’m ready to walk out of here.”

Mulim rubbed his eyes. “Not so fast. There’s still a problem of mountain men ahead. They regard these mountains as their private hunting grounds. They’re extremely hostile to intruders like you. Meet one without a spear or sword, Shugat, and you’re a dead man.”

“If you want to help, Mulim, this is where I can use you. I’ll travel by day with you as my invisible companion. We’ll follow the watercourse till we’re out of the hills. You can make yourself invisible and scout ahead.”

“What am I supposed to do if I come across anyone?”

“Do like you did with Kalama’s hunters.”

“You mean give them the Great Shugat-Nergal bit?”

“Of course. When you’re invisible, your voice seems to come out of thin air. Tell them how great I am and that they have to make way because I’m coming. If you’re invisible, there’s no way they can harm you. I guarantee it will work.”

“It might,” Mulim said, “but what would I gain for my effort?”

“I’ve still got Ereshkigal’s jewels,” Shugat said. “Look!” He pulled out his money bag to display the glittering jewelry. “See these beautiful rings. I’ll share them with you. Half for you, half for me.”

Mulim put out his gray hand for a ring, but it slipped through his grasp. “These are

material objects, Shugat. I can't even pick one up. So, what good are they to me?"

"I guess they aren't," Shugat said. He put them back in his bag and pondered the shade's question. "You know, Mulim, the only thing I have to offer is what you've been seeking for the past five hundred years."

"And that's —"

"Sharp wit and sparkling conversation."

"There's no question about it, Shugat, you have a big mouth and a lively tongue."

"You have to admit, things happen when I'm around."

"Oh, how true!"

"You'd never be lonely or bored again."

"But you stole jewelry from the Queen on the Underworld. And I've heard you called a thief. There's no telling what else you've done. Your life seems to contain a number of nefarious incidents."

"Mulim, you would think better of me if you thought of me as an adventurer. From that point of view, you'll find my exploits are exciting."

"In my short association with you, Shugat, I have certainly encountered the unexpected."

"It could continue, Mulim. Think, a new life for you. Every day filled with unanticipated thrills. What do you say?"

The shade was silent for a moment. Then he responded, "Why not? I dare not show my face in the Underworld again. Shugat, I will serve as your invisible companion."

"Good. Then if I may make a suggestion —"

"Of course, anything that would help."

"Mulim, your voice is a bit thin. Perhaps because of your lack of body. I mean, a high pitched voice doesn't impress men, especially those in important positions, like chiefs. You need to deepen it, Mulim. Inhale before you talk and then speak from your diaphragm. Try to lower your voice."

The shade breathed in and said, "How's this?"

"It's okay, but the tone needs to be down a bit more for best effect."

Mulim tried again and deepened his voice. "This?"

"Yes, that's better. Can you do that when you're invisible?"

"Shouldn't be too hard," Mulim said. He dematerialized and a bass voice boomed out of thin air, "Make way for the Great Shugat-Nergal!"

"Perfect," Shugat said. "Let's get going."

* * *

Their first encounter occurred later that day when Mulim chanced upon a small band of hunters. There were three of them. The shade approached in his dematerialized state and spoke to them in his new voice, "Make way for the Great Shugat-Nergal."

The hunters looked about apprehensively. They searched along the riverbank but found no one.

Mulim spoke again, this time more powerfully, his voice reverberating in the air. "I said, "Make way for the Great Shugat-Nergal!"

The hunters were completely baffled and looked around frantically. Then, two started downriver. The third hesitated, then panicked, dropped his spear, and ran after them.

Mulim stayed by the spear and waited for Shugat. When he arrived, the shade materialized and pointed to the spear laying on the ground. "Here's a spear," Mulim said. "It was dropped by a hunter who panicked. Take it. It will provide you with a means of procuring food as well as a measure of defense."

Shugat picked up the spear. "Ah, Mulim, as I predicted, our partnership is going to do well." He practiced holding it, testing its balance.

"Have you ever used one before?"

"No, but I think I could learn quickly. Maybe I could try a target."

Mulim pointed at a nearby tamarisk tree. "Try that."

Shugat hefted the spear, aimed it, drew his arm back and threw. It struck the twisted trunk of the little tree and clattered to the ground.

"You hit it!" Mulim said. "Remarkable."

"It's a result of knowing magic," Shugat answered as he recovered the weapon. He flexed his agile fingers. "And practicing sleight of hand. Actually, my best skill is making jewelry disappear."

"Shugat, food's more important now. You'd better use your skill for hunting."

It was that afternoon, when the gorge was partly in shadows, that Shugat speared his first rabbit. He brought it to the riverbank to cook. "Congratulations," Mulim said. "With practice, I think you could become a great hunter."

Shugat grinned. "It's time for supper now." He collected a handful of dried reeds and found a rock to spark against the blade of his spear. "I'll start a fire and roast the rabbit. After a good meal and a night's rest, we'll be ready to head out when morning comes."

Mulim savored the sweet aroma of the rabbit being cooked. Then, after Shugat finished eating it and went to sleep, the shade kept watch during the night. At dawn, he woke Shugat to start their homeward journey.

To Chapter 46

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

After Shugat-Nergal stole jewelry from the Queen of the Underworld, Mulim, a shade able to become invisible, helped him escape. In the mountains, Shugat offered one of the stolen rings to Kalama, a princess, in exchange for her spear. She mistook his offer for a proposal so Shugat was already desperate to escape when a dark figure hailed him. "Mulim," Shugat said, "Namtar's found us!"

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn016.html>

10 captures

8 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Dec MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

46

The shade reported to Shugat-Nergal at midmorning, his voice coming out of thin air.
"There are four bandits ahead."

Shugat recognized Mulim's voice. "Didn't you frighten them away?"

"I tried, but they seem determined to face you."

"Then it will be up to my skills."

"Don't overrate yourself, Shugat. Four is a problem even for a man of your skills; they can come at you from all sides. Remember, you have only one spear."

"One should be sufficient. As a master thief, I am exceptionally nimble and quick of hand. Go back, my friend, and wait with the bandits. I will soon follow. When I arrive, position yourself behind my back and warn me if any try to attack me from the rear."

"I fear for your safety, Shugat-Nergal, but I will do as you ask."

* * *

As he made his way along the river gorge, Shugat sighted the brigands from a distance. He saw three armed men standing shoulder to shoulder where the pass narrowed, blocking the way. Where was the fourth? Shugat failed to locate him, but pressed on. To turn back now would be an open display of cowardice, and his life would last only till they ran him down.

Shugat boldly approached the mountain robbers. At five paces, he stopped. "Move aside. Make way for the Great Shugat-Nergal."

The tallest outlaw spoke. "We have heard of you, Shugat-Nergal. There are tales of you being a daring thief and of you coming back from the Land of No Return with stolen wealth. They say you've brought a shade with you and are teaching him to steal from us. We won't stand for that. We intend to do away with you and your ghost."

Shugat raised his hand. "I come in peace. As you see, I have no one with me. I am weary, anxious to return to my home in Uruk, which is in the Land of Sumer. Allow me to pass and I will leave the mountainlands in peace."

"If that is so, Shugat-Nergal, then lay down your spear and strip off your clothing. We will allow you to proceed if you go naked as a newborn babe."

"I am the Great Shugat-Nergal," Shugat proclaimed. "I intend to continue on my way, dressed as I am. I warn you, none had better try to stop me."

"Hah," the tallest bandit said and raised his spear.

Shugat moved quickly. He took the butt end of his spear in both hands and, darting forward, swung it at the bandit's weapon. Whack! It went flying out of the outlaw's hands and splashed in the river.

The other two robbers jumped into action. One charged Shugat while the second launched a spear at him. Shugat sidestepped the thrown spike as he backhanded the other brigand, sending him head over heels. No bandit was left on his feet and armed.

"Behind you, Shugat!" the invisible Mulim whispered in his ear.

Shugat whirled around in time to see a bandit behind him throw his spear. With lightning speed, Shugat knocked it aside with his own lance. Then, on the follow-through, he made a quick jab, stabbing his opponent in the belly. The man folded and collapsed.

Shugat swiveled back. He caught the last man, the tall one who had been their spokesman, picking up one of the fallen weapons. "Drop it, or I'll run you through."

The bandit let it clatter to the ground. Facing Shugat, he said, "Mercy, I have a wife and young children."

Shugat turned back to the man behind him who was groaning and holding his stomach. "Come over here with your companions." Shugat waved his spear. "I want to be able to keep an eye on you."

The wounded bandit crawled to his comrades, groaning in pain. No one else moved. An uneasy silence ensued. Then the tall outlaw suddenly prostrated himself, bowing till his head touched the ground. "Have mercy on us, O Great Shugat-Nergal. We are husbands and fathers with wives and children who wait at home for our return."

"Then strip," Shugat ordered. "Leave your clothes and weapons behind. I'll allow you the same terms you offered me. I give you permission to depart unharmed if you go like newborn babes."

The tall one stepped forward to protest. "Don't argue," Shugat said. "Strip and get out of here before I become angry."

The bandits started pulling off their kilts and what vests they wore. "Sandals too," Shugat reminded them. "Everything."

When the brigands were naked, he motioned for them to go. Humbled, they hobbled away, carrying their wounded comrade, mincing as rocks cut their bare feet.

After they were out of sight, Mulim's voice came to Shugat out of the air, "You're a man of action."

"It's a result of hours of practice, my friend. Quick change and sleight of hand." Shugat held out his hand and flexed his fingers. "Does wonders for coordination."

Mulim materialized and looked at his own hands. He bent and tried to pick up one of the fallen spears but his vaporous hand was unable to grasp the weapon or pick it up. "You offer good advice, Shugat-Nergal. But, alas," he sighed, "it's too late for me. I'm a ghost."

The next morning, Mulim dematerialized and started down the gorge early but hurried back. "Shugat, I bring very bad news. There is another group of bandits ahead, a large group. At least twenty, maybe more."

"Then I'll have to resort to trickery."

“Shugat, I don’t think there’s any way you’ll be able to make it past this group.”

“My friend, don’t worry. Remember, besides being a master thief, I am an escape artist. There’s nothing that can stop me.”

“Shugat, if these outlaws catch sight of you, you’re a dead man.”

“Don’t be so pessimistic, Mulim. I’m not only quick with the hand, I’m quick with the brain.” Shugat tapped his head. “Now, look at me and tell me, how do I look?”

The shade shrugged. “Like yourself, like you always do.”

Shugat shook his head. “I mean, how do I appear compared to other humans? I haven’t shaved for weeks. And these clothes ...” He looked at his leather kilt which was ripped, scuffed, and water stained. “I was wearing this when I fled the Underworld and floated down the river. So, look again, Mulim, and tell me, really, what you think.”

“I didn’t want to mention it, Shugat, but I must admit you seem thoroughly disgusting. If I weren’t already dead, I would hesitate to associate with you.”

“That, my friend, is what I needed to know.” Shugat laid his spear on the pile of weapons left behind by the bandits the previous day.

“What are you doing?”

“Abandoning my spear,” Shugat replied. “It’s my only way out.”

“Have you lost your mind? Gone mad?”

Shugat-Nergal grinned.

“Just because you’re a thief and have learned trickery, don’t think you can get away with everything.”

“Being a thief, I’m also adept at quick change. Watch.”

Shugat searched the thickets along the bank of the river. Finding a bush with plump purplish berries, he picked one and squeezed it till juice spurted out. “Aha,” he said and smeared the juice over his face, darkening his complexion. He took off his leather kilt and picked more berries, enough to cover his entire body. Then he rummaged through the articles of clothing left on the ground by the bandits and selected the saddest remnants, which he put on. Dressed, he smeared mud here and there and rubbed a little dung in his hair.

Shugat viewed his reflection in the river. Then he turned around and asked Mulim,

“Well, comrade, what do you think of me now?”

“I have to admit, had I not seen you do it, even I would not be able to recognize you. Shugat-Nergal, you’ve made yourself totally repulsive.”

“Good,” Shugat said. “Then I’m almost ready.” He sat down and gazed up at the sky. The wait wasn’t long. A pair of eagles flew high overhead, on their way down the gorge.

“That’s it!” Shugat exclaimed and jumped to his feet. He grabbed a fallen tamarisk limb to use as a walking stick. “I’m ready to face that horde of bandits.”

“Don’t you want me to go ahead and warn them?” the shade asked. “Or circle behind you and to watch your back?”

“My friend, there’s no longer any need for assistance. Come. Let’s go.”

48

It didn’t take Shugat long to reach the brigands. They rushed forward to surround him with their spears. Shugat immediately dropped his walking stick and fell to his knees, holding his hands out in supplication. “Sirs, I am a starving man,” he said. “Food.”

“Are you the Great Shugat-Nergal?” the chief asked.

“I?” Shugat gagged and almost choked. “Poor me? I’m dying of hunger and in desperate need of food. How could I be what’s-his-name? Have you any food? I beg you.”

“You were coming down the gorge at the same time as the Great One.”

Shugat bowed so his forehead touched the ground. “Sirs, I am truly famished. I am in bad need of sustenance. Food. Please. A scrap, a morsel perhaps?”

“You must have seen the Great One.”

Shugat roved his eyes. “Sirs, a bit ... even the least dried crust of bread ... might help restore my tortured memory.”

The inquisitor looked down at Shugat in disgust. “Give this beggar some food. Feed him gruel so he can talk while he eats.”

Shugat worked his way forward on bended knees. “O, thank you, kind sir, thank you.”

A bowl of barley porridge was brought and handed to Shugat. He immediately dipped

his hand in it to scoop up a glob and dribble it into his mouth. “Ah,” he said as he slurped.

“Pitiful,” the questioner commented. “I ask you again, man, did you see the Great Shugat-Nergal?”

Shugat took another mouthful, belched and exuded a grateful sigh. “I did, sirs, I did!”

“Where?”

Shugat pointed up the gorge with food-covered fingers that dripped gobs of porridge. “Up there.”

“What was he doing?”

“Attempting to defend himself.”

“From other mountain men?”

Shugat shook his head.

“By Nin! Who?”

Shugat looked around warily. He turned and looked behind him with half closed eyes. Then he used his eating hand to motion the outlaw to come closer so he could whisper in his ear. “From the gods, sir. There were two of them.”

“Did you say gods?”

Shugat nodded. “That old Ishkur and some lesser deity I didn’t recognize. They came to take him away.”

“Why?”

Shugat whispered. “Out of jealousy, sir. That’s what Ishkur it seemed.”

“Why in kur would any immortal be jealous of some mere human?”

“Because, sir, - Shugat coughed - Shugat-Nergal had interested certain goddesses.” Shugat leaned back and gave the bandit a wink. “You know what I mean?”

The outlaw stared at him.

Shugat swallowed another glob and went on. “Inanna, sir, and more importantly, Ereshkigal. How do you think he managed an escape from the Land of No Return?”

The bandit slapped his forehead. "By the gods, I'd never considered that!"

"He's a sly devil, isn't he, sir? Didn't you see that pair of birds overhead? Flying down the valley shortly before I came along?"

"The two eagles? Yes, I saw them. They were up high."

"Not eagles, sir." Shugat shook his head. He tried putting a goblet of gruel in his mouth but missed, smearing part of it on his unshaven chin. "They were zu-birds. One of them, the bird in front, had the Great Shugat-Nergal strapped across his back. Don't tell me a great hunter like yourself failed to notice."

The chief shook his head but turned around to his comrades.

"I thought one of them birds looked funny," one of the bandits said, "like maybe he was carryin' something."

"Me too," another said. "There was somethin' strange about that lead bird."

"Zu-birds look like eagles," someone else said. "Up high, it's hard to tell 'em apart."

"Sir," Shugat motioned the bandit to come closer, "I overheard what Ishkur said when they were lashing him to the back of that zu-bird."

"What?"

"He said they were flying Shugat-Nergal to the Ekur Temple. To put him on trial."

For the first time, the bandit smiled. "By the gods! Then the Great Shugat-Nergal is going to get what he deserves." He rubbed his hands together. "Yes. Enlil is a god who knows how to deal with mortals who get too big for their kilts."

Shugat pointed at his now empty bowl. "I'm out of food, sir."

"By Nin, man, have you already eaten it all?"

"I was hungry, sir." Shugat said. "And you fed me. I don't rightly know how to thank you for it." He smacked his lips and lurched forward.

The bandit backstepped. "For god's sakes, man!" he shouted. "Don't fawn on me!"

"I can't help it, sir. I get like this when I'm grateful."

"By the gods!" the bandit said. "Get away from me! On your way, man!"

“Here’s your bowl,” Shugat said as he held out the bowl. “And ... thank you, kind sir.” He licked his lips and started to lean forward again.

“Go away!” the bandit shouted. “Go! Go! Go!”

“Shouldn’t the man be stripped before being sent away?” asked one of the other bandits.

“Forget it!” the first bandit replied. “I won’t have a man like this running around these hills naked.” The bandit turned back to Shugat. “Get!”

Without further words, Shugat stooped to retrieve his walking stick. Then he stood up, nodded and walked away, headed down the gorge towards Sumer.

* * *

“Congratulations,” Mulim’s voice came out of thin air. “It’s remarkable that came out alive.”

“Of course,” Shugat replied, “and did you notice what else?” He pulled out his moneybag and swung it in the air. “I still have Queen Ereshkigal’s jewelry.”

“By the gods, I’d forgotten all about the jewelry!” the invisible shade exclaimed. “And you’ve made off with it. Shugat-Nergal, you really are a master thief!”

“Indeed,” Shugat said.

To Chapter 49

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

After he escaped from the Underworld with the help of Mulim, a shade who could make himself invisible, Shugat-Nergal found himself in the mountainlands. There, he met Kalama, a mountain maid who thought his offer of a ring in exchange for her spear was a marriage proposal. When she left to get her tribe for the coming wedding, Shugat had no choice but to escape again. He sent Mulim ahead to scout the way.

8 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008
Oct MAY Aug
20
2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's
Ancient Sumeria
"In the Days when Gods Walked
Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

"Shugat-Nergal," a voice called.

Shugat didn't bother to look up. "Quiet, Mulim," he growled, "I'm thinking."

The summons came again, this time more emphatic. "Shugat-Nergal!"

"Dammit, I said be quiet."

"You dare curse a god?" the voice inquired.

Shugat surveyed his surroundings and saw nothing but the narrow river gorge and limestone cliffs. Then he glanced up and spotted a small cloud overhead. A wizened old man wearing a cap with horns sat on its edge, his feet dangling. "Were you talking to me?" Shugat called to him.

"Are you the man known as the Great Shugat-Nergal?"

"Some call me by that name."

"Then you are the one I seek. I wish to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Those things you've been saying."

"What business is it of yours?"

"Mountaineers claim you're spreading rumors about me."

"Men in these parts are unreliable. It's wise not to count on what they say. By Nin, who are you anyway? And what are you doing up there on that cloud?"

"Do you mean you've been gossiping about me but can't recognize me?"

Shugat slapped himself on the forehead. "Of course! Excuse my momentary loss of memory. You're Ishkur, the ancient but most revered mountain god of storms."

"Finally!"

"Greetings, Great One. You've always been one of my favorite gods."

"Pshah!" the old deity scoffed. "You have nerve to claim I am one of the gods you most venerate when you can hardly identify me."

"Forgive me, My Lord. It's due to my eyes. I no longer see well at a distance and, besides, you're perched way up there on a tiny cloud in a bright sky."

"Then I'll come down." The old god gestured with his hand and the cloud gently descended till it bumped on the rock-strewn floor and started eddying toward the river bank, like morning fog. "This cloud's light as a feather," Ishkur said, "and has to be anchored." He reached into the white mist and pulled out a spear with rope attached. Taking aim, he hurled the spike, setting it in the ground, then pulled the rope tight and knotted it.

"There, that should secure it," he said and slipped off the cloud like a man sliding down a

haystack, brushing away stray wisps that clung to his legs. He approached Shugat. "I've come to find out why you've been saying terrible things about me."

"Lord of Thunder, I am sorry, but I don't recall talking about you."

"Oh? I'm told you described me as a jealous god."

Shugat bent his head in concentration, then looked up. "Sorry, I can't remember."

"I'll help you recollect." Ishkur raised a finger and thunder boomed over the bluff behind them.

"Maybe I said something. Most likely idle chatter. Sometimes I talk too much."

"The mountain men claim your remarks were very specific, pointed in fact."

"It's possible I inadvertently intimated you might be envious. You know."

"Only hinted? Implied?" the old god asked and raised a finger. This time, a bolt of lightning cracked and shot through the air, close by, overhead.

Shugat ducked the strike, then straightened up, his face blanched. "I do recall I once remarked that you were jealous."

"I thought so!" The old god scowled. "Who do I have to be jealous of?"

Shugat gulped. "Me."

Ishkur grimaced, stared at Shugat-Nergal and threw up his hands. "You?"

Shugat produced a sheepish ear-to-ear grin.

It didn't work. The old god raised a finger again and a bolt of lightning shot forward through the air. This time, it struck the ground by the recalcitrant's foot, sending dirt and stones flying..

Shugat jumped back, then hurried to better explain himself. "What I told them was that you were jealous of me because I had attracted the interest of two goddesses—Nanay and Ereshkigal."

The ancient divine stared at Shugat as if he had gone mad.

"My Lord, think! How else could I have ever escaped the Underworld?"

"Mortal, why should I not strike you dead and save myself further angst?"

Shugat sweated. He licked his lower lip, paused a moment, then went into an act. "Because, My Lord, you're waiting to hear how I plan to restore your reputation."

"By heaven, what's this? You're offering to repair what you did your best to ruin?"

"Please, Divine One, that's not the case. I speak of ancient glory. Consider. Were you not among the first gods to descend to the Earth? And did you not settle in the mountainlands when they were still called the Land of the Gods?"

"I did. I left Heaven soon after Enlil and followed him down. In those days, all the gods lived up here in the mountains. When Enki created you human mortals, he settled them on the plain of Sumer. You were our servants in those days, growing food for us."

"O Holy One, we are still your servants ... I most of all. But, when all the other gods moved down to the plain of Sumer, did you not stay behind, choosing to live alone among snow-covered summits?"

"Since coming to the Earth, I have always dwelt on its highest peak."

"I've heard, My Lord, that when you raged in the early times, your storms shook the very foundations of the Earth and the land trembled. Do you recall those glorious days?"

"By Nin, I do! I would summon the South Wind. As soon as her dark form appeared on the horizon, mortals would scatter and run for cover. I frightened everyone! I'm well known for creating the storm that brought about the Flood."

"But it's not like that now, is it? Since you live alone, there's no one around to witness the majestic violence of your creations. Isn't that so?"

"Unfortunately that is the case, but your endless questions are tiring me."

"My Lord, I am proceeding on your behalf."

The old god sighed. "Continue if you must."

"I see you still have only two pairs of horns on your cap."

"I have always worn two pairs," Ishkur said defensively.

"Most major gods have three pairs of horns—some have four."

"There are more gods these days."

"Ninurta, Enlil's son, who is the young storm god living in Sumer, goes around wearing

three pairs.”

“In his case, it’s ostentation. I have seen Ninurta at the Assembly of the Gods. All those horns on his head make him look silly.”

“But they impress mortals like me.”

Ishkur sighed. “The Earth was a perfect place till Enki created you humans.”

“But you enjoy showing off for us. Like the Flood. You know it was a masterpiece. There’s no reason you can’t have an ambitious son, like Enlil.”

“At my age?”

“What difference does age make to you? You’re a god—an immortal. Only mortals grow old and feeble. Perhaps you’ve thought yourself aged, Holy One, because you allowed yourself to be taken in by Earth’s trickery. Being immortal, you’re as young today as you ever were. There’s no reason why you can’t go out and father a son.”

Ishkur flexed his arm several times. “Bless Bes, now that you mention it, I do feel strong, strength I haven’t used for some time. But there are no goddesses left in the hills.”

“They’ve living in the cities of Sumer. It’s easier there.”

“Since Inanna left, the city of Aratta has fallen into ruin. I don’t know why she went.”

“Goddesses prefer modern cities, ports on waterways where ships from foreign lands arrive with their exotic cargoes and virile sailors. Excitement, where seamen frequent quayside taverns, seeking solace in strong beer and whatever else they find. Goddesses often grant relief to those lonely sufferers.”

“By the gods, mortal, I too have experienced loneliness and feel the need of solace. Is there some place nearby with inns like you described?”

“There’s the city of Zabalam, a port located at the junction of the Iturungal and Gibil canals.”

“Yes, I’ve seen it when riding air currents out over the foothills.”

“A young love goddess is visiting the city at present, one by the name of Nanay. Holy One, I’m on my way to Zabalam. Why not join me?”

“I’m not acquainted with the goddess. Do you think she would comfort me?”

"I'm told she delights in teaching human mortals the subtleties of passion. How much more interesting it would be to teach such things to a powerful god—such as yourself."

Ishkur's face broke into a broad smile. "I'd like that. I'd be a willing student. By heaven, Shugat-Nergal, I think I'll accept your invitation and travel to Zabalam with you. But, why don't we ride down on my cloud? It would be an easy glide."

"My Lord, I'd welcome the ride."

50

"Follow me," Ishkur told Shugat as he climbed up the side of the cloud. "Use the steps. Be careful where you put your foot. I don't want my cloud punctured."

In a few minutes, Shugat found himself seated on the edge of the cloud, beside the old storm god. "Now we take off," Ishkur said. He yanked the spear free and raised his hand.

The cloud lifted off the ground, but then tilted and clomped back to earth.

Ishkur frowned and looked at Shugat. "How much do you weigh?"

"Two and a quarter talents."

"Shouldn't be a problem. We'll try again." Once more, Ishkur lifted his hand to take off, only to have the mass tip dangerously and fall.

The old god scratched his head. "Something's wrong. My cloud's behaving like it's weighted down."

"Perhaps," Shugat said, "I should have mentioned a friend has come along. He's on the cloud, too."

Ishkur glanced around. "Who? I don't see anyone."

"He's a shade."

"You mean a ghost?"

Shugat nodded.

Ishkur shouted, "Show yourself, demon!"

A gray shape in the form of a human materialized on the far side. "Be careful what you

call me,” Mulim said. “I’m no demon.”

“All Underworld creatures are demons,” the old storm god asserted. “Just looking at you, I can tell you’re scarcely more than a phantasm. How did you escape?”

“I came up with Shugat-Nergal.”

The old storm god turned to Shugat. “You need to get rid of him.”

“Glorious One, Mulim and I have shared many things. We’ve become good friends.”

“Shugat-Nergal, it’s bad enough for a god’s reputation to consort with a mortal who’s a thief, but to hang around with one who also has a shady companion ...” Ishkur left his statement unfinished.

“I won’t abandon Mulim.”

“Then you two will have to get off my cloud. I’m sorry, the underworld nature of your comrade makes him repulsive to the ethereal kingdom. Heaven repels sin and demons alike. With someone like your shade aboard, I’d need a cloud of much greater mass to be able to lift off.”

Shugat pretended surprise. “You would pass up your chance for eternal friendship?”

“What are you talking about now?”

“Consider, Holy One. Mulim may have been a mortal, but now that he’s dead, he’s acquired immortality and become like you. You know how difficult it is to find long-lived friends on the Earth, particularly one willing to live isolated on a mountaintop. Mulim prefers little contact with humans so he could make you a good companion over the eons to come, one to stay with you and bear witness to the magnificence of the storms you create.”

“Well –”

“In addition, I’ve found Mulim very helpful. He could assist you in doing odd jobs, perhaps creating rockslides and avalanches.”

“I do like to keep busy,” the shade interjected. “And I don’t need sleep.”

“You’d be willing to live in the mountains?” Ishkur asked him.

“I’d prefer it,” the shade responded. “I frighten humans so I’d rather keep away from them.”

“Maybe I spoke too hastily. Over the years,” the old mountain god said. “I’ve become unaccustomed to company. But it would be nice to have someone around. Even a ghost. I’ll go fetch a bigger cloud, one with more lifting power. You two wait here. I’ll be right back.”

51

As soon as Ishkur left, Shugat turned to Mulim. “My friend, you and I need to have a talk. Man to shade.”

“What is it now, Shugat-Nergal?”

“We need to speak about what’s going to happen.”

“Meeting women in Zabalam? I’m interested. It’s been a long time -”

“Come on, Mulim, in Zabalam, there will be Ishkur and Nanay plus myself and Denisha. That’s two couples. You’ll be the odd one out.”

“That’s all right. I’ll just watch.”

“That’s what I mean, Mulim. Everybody will know you’re somewhere but won’t be able to tell exactly where you are.”

“Would you rather I materialized?”

Shugat flinched. “By the gods, Mulim! You’d scare the women even more if you were visible. Besides, you must know no woman likes a third party hanging around.”

“Then I’ll stay invisible.”

“You’ll have to promise to keep your distance.”

“Are you telling me I can’t offer advice? You must realize I led a full life and am experienced.”

“I don’t want a word said. Having a voice come out of thin air would be as bad as having a gray body flitting around the room. It would frighten the kur out of Denisha.”

“Shugat-Nergal, are you hinting I am a frightful creature?”

“It’s unfortunate, my friend, but ever since you died, it’s been your nature. It can’t be helped, so you must accept it.”

“When we’re in Zabalam, Shugat-Nergal, maybe you’ll produce a child. Then I could come help discipline the adolescent by frightening him whenever he misbehaved.”

Shugat clasped his head with both hands. “By the gods, Mulim! I had my mind set on romance, not propagation! Why nag me with stuff like this?”

“I’m just trying to be helpful, my friend ... thinking of your own good.”

Shugat grunted, then turned away and lapsed into silence.

To Chapter 52

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

After escaping the Underworld with help from Mulim, a shade who could become invisible, Shugat-Nergal found he was surrounded by mountain bandits. To elude one outlaw gang, he disguised himself as a vagabond and told them the god Ishkur had bound Shugat-Nergal to the back of a zu-bird and flown him off to face trial in Uruk. While the brigands celebrated, Shugat and Mulim proceeded on towards Sumer.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/posn018.html>

10 captures

8 May 2003 - 28 Aug 2008

Dec MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

The Pursuit of
Shugat-Nergal

A story set in Ancient Sumer

by James W. Bell © 2002 - 2004

When they reached Zabalam, Ishkur landed his cloud near the Gibil Canal, outside the city wall, some distance from town. He slid off first. “Shugat,” he called to the mortal still on the edge of the cloud, “we’re here! Let’s go find Nanay.”

Shugat hurried down. “Hold on, Holy One. With women, the first impression is very important. You may be unaware that I am a quick change artist of some renown. Before we go looking for the love goddess, I suggest you let me fix you up a little—get you dressed in style.”

The old god chuckled. “At my age? Son, I’ve been a hermit for eons. What can you do with an ancient like me?”

“My lord, at least give me leave to try.”

Ishkur drew back as if he feared Shugat’s touch.

“My lord, need I remind you that I was successful in attracting both Ereshkigal and Inanna? Is it not obvious that I’m knowledgeable, especially about ladies?”

“All right, Shugat-Nergal, I’ll put myself in your hands. Do your best.”

Shugat had Ishkur sit down cross-legged on the ground in front of him, facing away. “Now, my lord,” Shugat commenced, “you’ll have to do your part. Concentrate. Think of yourself as a young man again. Picture how you felt eons ago when you were preparing to descend from Heaven.”

Ishkur closed his eyes and bowed his head.

“Youth,” Shugat said. “Youth,” he repeated. The lines on the back of the old god’s neck started to blur. “Think of yourself as a vigorous lad ... virile and vital.” Shugat’s voice went on, rising and falling, up and down—becoming rhythmic.

As Shugat continued, the storm god’s body swayed to the cadence of his words. Ishkur’s skin softened, as if melting. Little by little, age wrinkles thinned, then disappeared. His gnarled fingers smoothed as they straightened and fleshed out. His snow white hair first grayed and then darkened, gaining luster as it turned black. By the time Shugat’s voice subsided, the mountain god had metamorphosed into a young deity.

When Ishkur raised his head, a gasp came out of thin air. “It’s a miracle!” Mulim’s voice declared.

Shugat walked around to see for himself. He beheld a young god sitting on the ground, a divinity in his prime whose whiskered visage was punctuated with sparkling eyes and high cheekbones, a profile that emanated an aura of strength.

My lord,” Shugat said, “how do you feel?”

“I feel great!” Ishkur exclaimed. “Tell me, how do I look?”

“Striking,” Shugat answered, “like the powerful, young god of old.”

“I’ll say!” Mulim’s voice added.

“But, my lord,” Shugat quickly said, “your appearance is still a bit rustic, as if you had just come out of the mountainlands. We need to shave off that long beard and trim your hair.”

“And my robe,” Ishkur noted. He raised his arms to display frayed cuffs. “What can you do about it? I’ve been wearing this for as long as I can recall.”

“It’s in bad shape,” Shugat agreed, “worse than mine. I’m going into town for the razor and supplies. I’ll shop for clothes while I’m there. Then we’ll both be dressed properly.”

“You have money?” the mountain god asked.

Shugat grinned and briefly considered mentioning how he had cleverly lifted Queen Ereshkigal’s jewels and smuggled them out of the mountainlands. On reconsideration, he thought better of it. “Don’t worry, my lord. I have a bagful of shekels. I’ll be back in an hour or so. You and Mulim wait here.”

* * *

Shugat was strutting when he returned. Ishkur's stare and Mulim's gasp delighted him. "I've made quite a change, haven't I?"

He knew they were seeing his face, clean shaven except for a moustache he decided to keep, now waxed and curled to give a more dashing appearance. Nor would they be able to miss his rich, new tunic of brown wool and the bright yellow turban on his head or the crafted leather sandals on his feet. He felt on top of the world.

"I've seldom seen a mortal so well attired," Ishkur said. "So debonair."

"Thank you, my lord. I've bought one of the finest obsidian blades. Let me give you a shave and cut your hair. Then we'll get you dressed in new clothes. When I'm through, you'll look as splendid as me."

"Bless Bes, Shugat-Nergal, go ahead."

After getting a bowl of water from the canal, Shugat reached in his bag and pulled out the blade and grabbed a handful of soapwort scented with sweet reed. "Hold still," he told the god and started shaving off his whiskers. When Ishkur's beard was gone and his hair cut, Shugat helped the god don the new clothes he had brought for him - a mountaineer's outfit with a bleached woolen shirt and breeches of black wool that tucked into thick leather boots.

When Ishkur was dressed, Shugat stood beside him. "Okay, Mulim," he said, "tell us how we look."

"Like two young men dressed for a night in the city."

"Good," Shugat said. "Now, Holy One, are you ready to go find Nanay?"

"One moment, Shugat. We seek romance, do we not?"

"Most certainly."

"Then, let's lay off the 'Holy One' bit. Just call me Ishkur." He winked. "Too much religion might spoil a good thing."

"You're starting on the right foot, Ishkur. We'll do well. I can tell. Ready?"

"Lead the way."

Shugat spotted Denisha and Nanay in the city marketplace, shopping at different tables. He winked at Ishkur and positioned himself behind the table Denisha was looking over, so she couldn't miss spotting him.

When Denisha glanced up, she gasped.

Shugat maintained a sophisticated air. "Good day, Denisha."

"Shugat!" she cried and threw her arms around him. "Oh, Shugat, when I left you with that mean old Nergal, knowing he was going to kill you and take you below into the dreadful Underworld, I thought I'd never see you again."

Shugat held her tight and felt the soft warmth of her body pressed against him. "I made you a promise, Denisha. I told you I'd meet you here in Zabalam, didn't I?"

She nodded. "And I believed you, Shugat. Even though I knew you were a thief and a man few trusted, I waited for you. However did you escape?"

"Later, Denisha. It's a long story. At the moment, I want you to say hello to someone who came with me."

Shugat turned and motioned Ishkur over.

The young god joined them. "Hello, Denisha," he said.

"Hello," she replied. "Do I know you?"

The god laughed. "You don't recognize me, do you?"

"Sorry, I'm afraid not."

"I'm Ishkur ... the mountain storm god who helped you and Nanay when you were threatened by the ushumgal in the park."

"But – Holy One, you looked so old! Now ... you look so young."

"It's all because of Shugat-Nergal."

Denisha turned to Shugat. "What have you done to Ishkur, Shugat? Used magic?"

Shugat shook his head. "Only suggestion. The change in Ishkur is mostly his own doing. He was able to change because he was anxious to see Nanay again, and – hopefully – become better acquainted with her."

"Oh! I forgot." Denisha whirled around. "Nanay!" she called to the goddess at a

nearby table. "Shugat-Nergal's here with a friend of ours."

Nanay hurried over. "Hello, Shugat," she greeted him with a warm smile. "My, you're dressed up. I owe you thanks for saving me from that awful beast, Nergal." She kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she turned to the young man standing beside Shugat.

"Hello, Nanay," the young man said.

Nanay studied him with narrowed eyes. "You look familiar. I'm sure I know you from somewhere, but I can't place where."

"I live in the mountainlands."

"The only person I know from there is Ishkur and he's an old ..." Her voice trailed off and her eyes opened wide. Then she screamed, "Ishkur!" and threw her arms around him.

The mountain storm god held her tight. "Don't I deserve a kiss?"

"Yes!" The goddess kissed him. "By the gods, Ishkur, you've changed. What happened to you?"

"I woke up, Nanay. Although I'm a god ... an immortal ... somehow the Earth had tricked me into aging. I believed myself to be old, like a mortal, and losing my powers. It was Shugat-Nergal who made me aware of what I was doing to myself. He helped me rejuvenate."

"How wonderful!" Nanay turned to Shugat. "Shugat, we both owe you thanks." Then she turned back to Ishkur. "You saved Denisha and me from that dragon when we were hiding in the park on the Iturungal. I want to hear everything that's happened to you since."

A voice came out of thin air and whispered in Ishkur's ear. "This is your chance. You'd better make the most of it."

"What was that?" the goddess asked.

"Only an insect," the young god said. "I'd love to tell you, Nanay, but it's a long story. Perhaps you and I could find some secluded place"

Nanay giggled. "Is this leading up to a proposition?"

"Depends on you."

Nanay laughed. "Then, let's go look for that secluded place."

As they walked off arm in arm, Denisha said, "I'd swear I heard someone whisper something to Ishkur."

Shugat grinned. "Denisha, I never fully appreciated how observant you were. Perhaps you did hear someone."

"Who?" She looked around. "I don't see anybody near us."

"It's a long story."

"Another long story?" She giggled. "If I invited you to my apartment, would you tell me?"

"How can I refuse an offer like that?"

54

The next morning, Denisha went out early to buy fresh milk. On the way, she came across Nanay. "Morning, my lady," Denisha said. "How did it go last night?"

"It was wonderful! Poor Ishkur. I never realized how terribly lonely he was up there in the mountains. I comforted him throughout the night. He's still asleep."

"That's sweet," Denisha said.

"And you? Have you finally arrested Shugat-Nergal?"

Denisha's face broke out into a big smile. "My lady, his thieving days are over."

The love goddess frowned. "How can you be sure when it's Shugat?"

"Because Shugat's rich. He's brought back jewelry from the Underworld worth a fortune, enough to last a lifetime. He's retired from thievery."

"Are you going to let him go?"

Denisha grinned.

"There's something else, isn't there?"

"Yes. A man came to my apartment last night and banged on the door."

Nanay raised an eyebrow.

"I answered the door. It was a pale, young man dressed in black. He introduced himself as Namtar, and said he was there to see Shugat-Nergal."

"Aha," Nanay said, "the feared herald from the Underworld. Did he say what he wanted with Shugat?"

"He said he was on a reclamation mission. He told me Shugat had not only escaped the Underworld but had taken the queen's jewels and he had been sent to reclaim both."

"So ..."

"Shugat was in bed, with the covers pulled up. When I asked him what to do, he told me to tell Namtar to go away. So I did. I said, 'Namtar, Shugat wants you to go away.' I could tell that made Namtar mad.

"'I've come all the way up from the Underworld for Shugat-Nergal,' he said and tried to force his way in. 'This is my second trip up to the Great Above. It's a long way up and a long way back down. I'll be damned if I'm going back empty-handed this time!'

"Shugat wants you to go away, I told him again. You'd better leave.

"'No,' he said, trying to push past me. 'I'm not leaving without Shugat and the jewels.'

"Poor Namtar didn't realize I was an experienced watcher. I gave him a kick ... you know where, and dropped him. I must have kicked harder than I thought, because I saw tears in his eyes. I knew I was ahead so I said, 'Are you leaving or do you want more?'

"He pulled himself up. 'I'll go,' he said, 'but you tell that no-good thief hiding under the covers in your bed that I'm coming back for him sometime when you're not around.'

"My lady, that did it. I grabbed Namtar by the front of his tunic and pulled him close so we were eye to eye. 'Get and stay gone!' I said. I pushed him out into the street and slammed the door. He must have taken the hint because I haven't seen him since."

"You had quite a night," Nanay said.

"That wasn't the end of it."

"Oh? What else?"

"I told Shugat that since Namtar was after him, it might be a good idea if he kept a professional watcher around ... someone like me ... as a bodyguard."

"I'll bet he had a good laugh out of that."

"By Nin, no! That's when he got down on bended knee and proposed. My lady, can you imagine? He asked me to go to Uruk with him and get married."

"In Uruk?"

"Shugat feels it would be better if we were married there. He said he wanted a big wedding with lutes and lyres and tigi drums. So we're leaving by boat this afternoon."

"Congratulations, Denisha. I think you've finally gotten your man."

"My lady, I have. With your help. I'm so happy. I don't know what else I could possibly ask for."

* * *

"So, Denisha left with Shugat-Nergal?" Ishkur asked.

"This afternoon, by boat," Nanay replied. "They're on their way to Uruk to get married. It's hard to believe Denisha fell in love with a thief who became a hero, a miscreant returned from the Underworld with a fortune who then gave up his criminal career. With all that, he told Denisha he needs her. Can you imagine?"

Ishkur thought it over and shook his head. "No. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?"

Finis

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

To save himself from Ishkur's fury, Shugat-Nergal befriended the lonely god and talked him into accompanying him to Zabalam, to meet Nanay, a love goddess staying with Denisha. When they flew down on Ishkur's cloud, Mulim, an invisible shade, rode along. Ishkur discovered the ghost and wanted to throw him off but Shugat pointed out Mulim, once a mortal, was now dead and immortal and could be an eternal friend.

13 captures
8 Oct 2002 - 25 Mar 2010
Jan MAY Aug
20
2004 2006 2007

About this capture
Go Back to the Fiction Menu
Young Kirkus

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

Mashad grinned, leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head and studied the lad standing in front of him. “So you’re itching to become a trader?”

“I am, sir, I am,” the young man answered. “That’s why I’ve come down to Uruk. I’ve got a mighty itch.”

“What’s your name, son?”

“Kirkus, sir. Kirkus-Enlil. I’ve come all the way from Bad-tibira.”

“What gives you the idea you have the makings of a trader?”

“I know traders, sir. Like Magir-Sin and Trader Tuk. I’ve learned to talk glib like them. And because I’m from Bad-tibira, I know metals—what things a smithy can do if he puts his mind to it. I’d make the Karum a sharp trader, sir—especially in metals.”

“Well, you’re certainly glib enough. If you’re willing, son, we’ll give you a try. Of course, you’ll have to start at the bottom as an apprentice. Perhaps with Captain Shalum. His freighter, The Imeru, is moored now at the city quay. He’s hoping to sail for Magan in the morning at first call, but he needs one more hand—a cabin boy. You interested?”

“You mean, go overseas with him, all the way to Magan?”

Mashad nodded. “A week’s sail going and another week returning.”

Kirkus smiled. “Sir, I’m more than interested. The captain need look no further for a cabin boy. Tell him I’ll come aboard his ship at dawn tomorrow.”

* * *

At dawn, Kirkus found the captain standing at the head of the gangway dressed in leather kilt and sandals. "Morning, captain," he introduced himself as he came aboard. "I'm Kirkus-Enlil, your new cabin boy."

"Ah, Mashad has told me about you," the captain welcomed him. "Says you're mighty enthusiastic. I hope you're prudent enough to be god fearing."

"You mean, to be careful of the gods?" The captain nodded and Kirkus continued, "About ten years ago, in the rush to pour an order, my father overturned a ladle of molten copper on himself. The molt fell on his leg. Burned it something horrible. Swelling set in and gangrene followed. I watched his agony. I was there when he died. Believe me, captain, I am careful. And I've been keeping my eye on the gods ever since."

"I like that, Kirkus-Enlil. You sound like you'll do. We're headed down to Magan, running along the coast, but bypassing Dilmun Isle, before going on to Magan. We've a cargo of textiles and dates to trade for copper ore. The gods may get angry if they should catch us bypassing Dilmun."

"How will we avoid them, sir?"

"We've planned to come within sight of Dilmun after nightfall, when the zu-birds are asleep. We'll turn and be well out to sea before dawn. If all goes as planned, the gods will never know we've passed them by. But that's to wait and see. Go stow your stuff in the cabin, son, and report back. It's almost first call. We need to hoist sail and get underway."

* * *

Kirkus-Enlil quickly learned The Imeru. The freighter's deck was a massive wicker raft resting on two giant pontoons of bundled reeds. The sail, tophung from a cleat at the apex of an A-frame that towered sixty feet above the water. It was a colorful affair, made of wool dyed Sumerian blue with a gold disk in the center to honor Shamash, the sun god. One of Kirkus's jobs was to help the second mate raise and lower the sail.

A rope was attached to the foot of each leg of the A-frame, a rope to be tied around each man's waist. "Never go up the frame without it tied around your waist," Captain Shalum cautioned Kirkus. "You work it on the leg of the frame just like on a palm. Keeps a man from falling. Out here, at sea, there's no telling what will happen next."

Because there was no way to moor the freighter at sea, the crew worked in shifts to stay on duty day and night. Thus it was, on the third day out, Kirkus served as lookout on the A-frame. It was at the ending of a calm day, when the setting of the sun had already streaked the red sky with rays of gold, that he sighted land. "Land ho!" Kirkus

shouted. He leaned out and called down to the deck, "Land dead ahead."

Captain Shalum was on the foredeck. "Holy Nergal!" he cursed. "We've come within sight of Dilmun before dark." He ruminated on an impending catastrophe. Maybe it was too late for the birds to fly. He cupped his hands and shouted at Ankermun at the steering paddle rig on the transom, "Hard to port, Ankermun! Bring her round hard!"

"Aye, sir," Ankermun answered and pushed with all his might at the steering bar, but the freighter was large and ungainly. She took her time to respond. Only slowly did she lumber around. Cubit by cubit, she veered to the left, out toward the open sea, away from Dilmun Isle.

* * *

On Dilmun, Enzag summoned his sukkal. "Look! See that ship out there? She's turning out to sea ... to bypass us, I imagine. Can you make out what ship it is, Bedus?"

"Looks like a trader's ship, my Lord," his sukkal answered. "One of those freighters going down to Magan. From its outline, it looks like Shalum's Imeru."

"Damn Shalum!" Enzag swore. "Damn all traders. They're bastards who set out to disturb our routine. They're the scum of the Earth. They'll introduce Chaos to the Earth yet. Have a zu-bird patrol sent out, Bedus. Instruct the birds to force that ship to harbor."

"My Lord, I don't dare. The sun is already on the horizon. It's near nightfall—nesting time for the birds."

"By the gods!" Enzag exclaimed. "Nothing seems in order anymore. But I will not allow mere mortals who dare ignore me to go unchallenged. Go, Bedus, seek out the fastest bird. Have him soar high into the sky where he can see the sun. Tell him to speed to the Edge of the Earth and summon South Wind. Have him tell South Wind I want the ship that lays to the east of Dilmun destroyed. Tell the bird to make sure South Wind knows it's a trader's ship. He'll know how to talk to South Wind."

"As you command, my Lord," Bedus said and departed to find a zu-bird.

* * *

Keeping the sun in view, the zu-bird flew to the Edge of the Earth where South Wind crouched. "Arise, South Wind!" the zu-bird called down to her. "A ship is trying to bypass Dilmun Isle. My Lord Enzag says it is a trader's ship, a ship that belongs to

those human mortals who would deny you your divine status, mortals who would strip you of your divinity and reduce you to nothing more than a natural phenomenon. Like you, South Wind, my Lord seeks vengeance upon those traders. Their ship is now plying the sea to the east of Dilmun. My lord sends you felicitations in the hope that you will unfurl your mighty wings and fly north to the ship. He hopes you will create a storm to sink it and drown those mortals who dare to defy the gods.”

South Wind looked up at the zu-bird, her beady eyes taking in the golden tone of his furry head in the last rays of sunlight. She unfolded her wings and said, “I have crouched here far too long.

“I shall answer the call of Lord Enzag because I welcome the opportunity to wreak my own vengeance upon those human mortals who call themselves traders. They shall feel the power of my wings. They shall bear the full brunt of my wrath. Nest here, zu-bird, till the sun rises on the morrow. I will be busy this night.”

With majesty, South Wind rose, spread her black wings wide across the sea and spiraled her way up into the deepening dusk.

* * *

Kirkus’s shift lasted till midnight and he spent the time as lookout on the A-frame. Absent-mindedly, he witnessed a blackness arise on the southern horizon. Vaguely, he became aware that some of the stars on the horizon’s edge seemed to be winking out. He couldn’t believe his eyes and rubbed at them with the back of his hands. When he looked again, he saw more stars winking out.

“I see a darkness on the southern horizon,” he called down to the deck. “Dead ahead, at some distance. I think there’s a storm brewing ahead.”

Captain Shalum looked to the south and then up at the glittering stars overhead and the thin crescent of the dying moon in the west. “The stars are bright and the sea’s calm,” he called back. “Looks like a quiet night to me. Rest your eyes, son, and then maybe take another look.”

Kirkus closed his eyes and, when he opened them, focused again on the southern horizon. Stars were still winking out, but more rapidly now. As he watched, the action seemed to be coming closer. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning streaked across the southern sky leaving behind a brief luminescence of its serpentine trail. He heard the dull rumble of distant thunder. “I see lightning, captain!” he called down. “Dead ahead. And I’m hearing thunder. I tell you, captain, there’s a storm coming.”

Shalum had heard the thunder himself. “By Nin,” he exclaimed, “you’re right. You’d best come down and turn out the crew. Tell them to take their posts.”

“But the sail – ” Kirkus called down.

“Leave it be, son. You can’t get it down by yourself. Go turn out the crew and get their help. Get a move on.”

Using the rope, Kirkus shimmied down the A-frame. At its foot, he untied himself and ran back to the cabin to wake the crew. As he did, the first gusts of wind reached the ship. “Storm’s coming!” Kirkus shouted into the cabin. “All out. Storm’s coming and the captain wants everybody at his post.”

The crew followed Kirkus out. Flurries of wind had started sweeping the deck, the stronger spates caused the giant sail to billow out full, tipping the ship.

“Let’s get that sail down!” Shalum shouted at them as they came forward.

Kirkus and the second mate went to the A-frame, Kirkus on the starboard leg and the mate on the other. The wind started blowing continuously while lightning strikes lit the foaming whitecaps around them. BOOM ... BOOM ... BOOM ... thundered the storm. Rather than tie the rope around himself, Kirkus hopped up on the first lateral and went up the A-frame by climbing the laterals.

It was Kirkus who reached the frame’s apex first. As he did, a terrific gust of wind caught the sail full front, ballooning it and tipping the freighter dangerously to port. The second mate, still working his way up what was now the downleg of the A-frame, held on for life while Kirkus rode what had become the upleg. Holding on with one hand, Kirkus reached out for the sail’s guy with his other hand. He tried to pull it free of the cleat to drop the sail, but the sail was too filled with wind. He couldn’t budge it.

The freighter topped the storm-raised swell and started down its backside, sliding into the dark depth of the trough behind. The plunge down into blackness was frightening, but Kirkus felt the sail go limp as the ship dropped into the depression and he used the opportunity to jerk the guy off the cleat. As soon as he did, the sail tore free and fluttered in the wind. The ship lurched and began climbing the oncoming swell. It came into the full force of the wind again, causing the loose sail to start whipping back and forth violently. One of its backlashes broadsided Kirkus and knocked him off the A-frame, tumbling him into the raging sea below.

The mate saw Kirkus falling. “Man overboard!” he shouted down to the deck. “Man overboard!”

“It’s Kirkus!” Captain Shalum shouted at the men. “Grab hold of his rope, men. Pull him back in.”

Two of the crew seized Kirkus’s rope at the base of the A-frame leg. When they pulled

on it, it came in all too easily “Captain, there’s nothing’s tied to it!” one of the crew hollered at Shalum.

“Damnit to hell!” Shalum exclaimed. Then the ship lurched again as she started down into the next trough. He shouted at them, “Back to your posts, men! Keep her headed into the wind.”

South Wind arrived and overflowed the ship, flapping her great wings furiously. Her attack shook the freighter so violently that its wicker frame strained and groaned as it tossed about, facing first one way and then another. But with the sail down, she was riding it out like a raft.

South Wind swooped again to attack the freighter and batted its A-frame with one wing to tip it over. But the freighter was too heavy for her and the sharp apex of the A-frame injured her wing. She retreated from the ship and found herself unwilling to try again. Dejectedly, South Wind turned south and flew back towards the Edge of the Earth with her bruised wing. “Damn those human mortals,” she cursed as she flew off. “Why did the gods ever ask Enki to create them anyway?”

* * *

Dawn rose with The Imeru far out to sea and no land in sight. After spending the morning as lookout, the second mate came down from the A-frame. “It’s of no use, sir,” he reported to Captain Shalum. “We’ve searched all morning without finding the least sign of young Kirkus.”

The captain nodded. “Lost at sea,” he said. “Damned shame. If the young man hadn’t gotten careless, he might have lived to make a good trader.” He sighed. “Well, gather the crew on the foredeck. I’ll say a few words.”

Shalum waited till they had gathered around him.

“We lost a man last night,” he told them, “Kirkus-Enlil, a young man who had just joined us. In trying to protect the ship from the storm, he hurried up the A-frame to drop the sail, forgetting to tie the rope around his waist. He lost his head ... and his life. It was his own fault that he died—a lesson to all of us.

“But the storm that brought about his death was the result of the actions of a jealous god, one who demands full control of all shipping on the Lower Sea. As a memorial to young Kirkus-Enlil, let us remain aware that human mortals will never be safe from the gods so long as they dwell here upon the Earth with us. So be it.”

Having finished the brief eulogy, Shalum took Kirkus’ bag and tossed it into the sea. Then he returned to his place on the bow and sighted the boat by the noonday sun.

“Run up the sail, men,” he ordered his crew. “We’ve still quite a ways to go.”

The End

There are many legends about traders and their venturing. Sumer was civilized, but it was surrounded by bandit-infested mountains on the east, a desert filled with hostile tribes in the west, an uncharted sea to the south and – everywhere - jealous territorial gods. A trader learned to travel abroad with caution and how to tread carefully. Any misstep would likely be his last.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc002scavenger.html>

17 captures

8 Oct 2002 - 25 Mar 2010

Oct MAY Dec

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

The Scavenger

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

“He’s back again,” the watch officer informed the City Inspector.

“By the gods!” Zilat-Shamash spat and went to the battlement to look down at the trash heap at the foot of the city wall. The man was there, on the heap, dressed in filthy rags, rummaging about through garbage pitched down from the wall earlier in the morning. A donkey - his presumably - was tethered at the bottom of the tell, with a double pannier of braided reed slung over its back. Zilat could see the basket on the near side was partially filled. “Who is he?” he asked the watch officer.

“Don’t know. I’ve seen him often. Never met him. Too disgusting. People throw out everything with their garbage. It’s a filthy business, you know - ”

“I know, you don’t need tell me.” Zilat paced back and forth on the promenade, then stopped to peer over the mud brick battlement again. He mused a moment. “What in kur does he look for? What’s that he’s pulling out now?”

“My lord, my eyesight - ”

“Yes, yes, we all have problems.” The city inspector sighed and leaned over the battlement. He called down to the man in rags, “Hey, you, down there!”

The man seemed to pay no attention. He didn't even look up. Instead, he edged away, moving further down the side of the tell.

"Hey, down there, I'm talking to you!"

Again, the man didn't respond. He moved down the mound a little farther.

Zilat reared back and tromped over to the officer. "That man down there is ignoring me! Me, a city official. I want you to go down and arrest him."

"Me arrest him?"

"That's right, officer. Get down there and arrest him."

"But – but I'm the city watch officer."

"That's why I'm talking to you."

"My Lord, my jurisdiction extends only to the city wall. I mean, outside – "

"Don't quibble with me. I want that man out there arrested. You're the only officer around. That means it's your job. Or would you rather be replaced?"

"My lord. I was only making certain that I didn't overstep my – "

"You're not, officer, I assure you. Now, hop to it! Go arrest that man and bring him to the temple courtyard. I'll notify the High Priestess you're coming."

* * *

Zilat-Shamash was in the temple courtyard with Shatatna, High Priestess of the Inanna Temple, when the watch officer arrived with the scavenger in tow. The man was protesting. "You rushed me so that I left my donkey behind! He's still out there, tethered outside the city wall where anyone can steal him."

The High Priestess stepped forward to meet them. "Is what this man says true?" she asked the watch officer. When the officer nodded, she told him, "Go, fetch his donkey and bring it here for safekeeping."

"You'd better be careful with my donkey," the scavenger warned the officer. "I've trained him to bite."

"He bites?"

"It was necessary," the man in rags replied. "Scavenging is a lonely business. For my donkey's own protection, I taught him to bite."

Zilat-Shamash came up. "Go, do as the High Priestess wishes," he told the officer. "Do it carefully." Then he turned to the man in rags. "Who are you?"

"My name, sir, is Sheranlu."

"Are you not aware beggars are not allowed?"

"I am not a beggar, sir," the man replied. "I have begged nothing. I am a scavenger."

"Ah, I find scavengers as bad as beggars."

"Are you claiming," Sheranlu asked, "that gleaners are beggars?"

"Gleaners don't do their harvesting in the city," came Zilat's curt reply.

"There, you have it, sir," Sheranlu responded. "I wasn't in the city. I was scavenging on the garbage heap that lays outside the wall, working on the outward slope."

Shatatna intervened. "Haven't I seen you before?" she asked the man in rags. "Here in the city?"

"My Lady, you have a sharp eye," the scavenger responded. "Indeed, you have seen me within these walls, and when I was properly dressed. I have come to the temple occasionally when you have served as High Priestess."

She smiled. "I thought so. I think, Zilat-Shamash, that I will ask for a trial for this man."

"You mean for this beggar?" Zilat asked.

She raised an eyebrow. "It is my right of decision. I am empowered by the goddess herself to protect her devotees. You have had this man arrested. But the question in my mind is, has he done anything against the law? Have the city elders summoned to the courtyard, Zilat-Shamash. Let them stand beside the gate so they can hear the arguments and judge. We will have a trial for this man."

"But I have already charged him," Zilat said.

"Good. Then you can be his accuser at his trial and I will serve as his defender. Now, go. Have the elders summoned so we may start the trial."

* * *

When the old men of the city had been gathered at the courtyard gate, Zilat-Shamash turned to the High Priestess. “My Lady, the city elders are here. We are ready to commence if you insist.”

“I do insist,” Shatatna said. She turned to the scavenger. “Step forward, Sheranlu, and speak to the city elders. Tell them about yourself.”

The man in rags faced the old men. “I am Sheranlu,” he said. “I have a hut upwater on the Gibil Canal where I live with my wife and two children. We have a few date palms and a shade garden underneath where I grow some vegetables. I scavenge to make extra money in hopes I can send my son to scribal school, but I seldom come within the city walls of Zabalam except to make contributions to the Inanna Temple.

“I was scavenging on the garbage heap outside the East Wall this morning when my lord had the city watch officer come down off the wall and arrest me. When I asked him why, he said it was because I was a beggar. I am not a beggar! I have begged from no one. And I swear I have broken no law. I appeal to you, let me go free.”

When he finished, the scavenger turned and looked to the High Priestess.

“Thank you,” Shatatna said. “Now, Zilat-Shamash, since you are the accuser, it is your turn to explain to the elders why you had Sheranlu arrested.”

Zilat walked towards the gate and positioned himself squarely before the old men. “Look at this pitiful man,” he pointed at Sheranlu, “clothed in filthy rags. I was with the city watch officer on the East Wall when he appeared on the garbage heap outside. I called down to him so I could speak to him, but he ignored me and hurried away. I called a second time with the same result. I thought his actions suspicious. Note his filthy rags. This is the way he was clothed. There was a donkey tethered nearby. I ask you, how likely is it that such an impoverished man as this can be the owner of a valuable donkey? Look at him, grandfathers—a man in rags, probably a beggar, maybe a thief. You know the value of keeping our city safe from beggars. I ask you to declare this man to be an undesirable and to send him far away.”

When Zilat quit, the High Priestess asked, “Have you finished?”

Zilat nodded.

“Have you no questions to ask the scavenger?”

Zilat shook his head and so she took his place before the elders. “This man you see before you, dressed in rags, has been thought by Zilat-Shamash, our City Inspector, to be a beggar and possibly a thief – all without so much as asking him one single

question. I ask you, grandfathers, how valid is an accusation like this?"

There was a murmur among the elders.

Zilat-Shamash interrupted. "I tried to talk to him. I called to him from the wall twice, but he ignored me both times."

"If you please," Shatatna told Zilat, "it is my turn to present the defense." She beckoned to an acolyte and whispered something in his ear before sending him off.

Then she addressed the accused. "Sheranlu, you say you are a scavenger. Tell us a little about your scavenging. Where do you scavenge and what do you scavenge for?"

"My Lady, I scavenge only in the refuse heaps that lay outside Zabalam's city walls where the garbage and broken things people no longer want are thrown. I search the heaps for items that, while no longer of value to their owners, might be of some value to others. I also search for scarce materials such as copper twists and obsidian flakes that may be recovered and reused."

"The items you recover, Sheranlu, what do you do with them? Do you sell them back to the people of Zabalam?"

"Oh, no, my Lady. They would have little value until they were reworked. I am a trader, a member of the Karum. The items I glean from the refuse heaps I sort and sell to the Karum, except for obsidian flakes and scraps of bitumen. Those items I sell to Magir-Sin so he can mount them in new sickles or razors."

"Sheranlu, you say you are a trader, but today you are dressed in rags like a beggar. How do you explain your bedraggled appearance?"

"My Lady, there is only so much garbage, so much trash. If I dressed in a tunic of bleached linen to scavenge outside your city walls, people would see me and assume I was making my fortune scavenging through your garbage. They would come down to scavenge too. There's not enough for more than one of us. As it is, when they see me dressed in rags like this, their only thought is to stay away from me."

"When I spoke to you earlier, Sheranlu, you mentioned that you attended the temple from time to time. Was that a true statement?"

"Indeed, my Lady, I have attended. And contributed."

"Contributed? Do you remember how much?"

"I keep count which can be verified with your scribe of record. So far this year, I have given four and a half shekels of silver. Last year, I was able to give a full ten shekels of

silver. Your scribe will show that on his records.”

“Ten shekels of silver,” the High Priestess repeated in a loud voice. “This man who lives outside our city walls comes in our city to contribute ten shekels of silver to our temple. Our average citizen makes only twenty shekels of silver all year, so his contribution is half the income of our average citizen, five times the average tithe.”

“But he looks so despicable!” Zilat-Shamash interjected.

“So he does. Granted that he dresses as if he’s impoverished when he works the garbage heap, but I ask you, does the farmer wear his festival best while he plows his field? Or does the digger in the claypit don his linen tunic to dig? Does the brickmaker wear his sandals to tread straw in the mud? I ask you, shall we declare this man a beggar because of appearance when he works? Shall we call him an undesirable because of occupation? Shall we exile him for his contribution to the temple?”

“No, no,” the elders chanted.

“Wait a minute!” Zilat-Shamash said. “When the watch officer and I saw this man below the city wall, I called down to him. Twice. He ignored my calls both times. In fact, he moved away from the wall, down the tell, away from us. Shall we welcome to our city a man who will not respond to the summons of a city official? I say, No.”

The High Priestess responded. “Again, grandfathers, the accuser has accused without asking the accused even the simplest of questions. It is one thing to answer the call of a city officer who comes to the door of your house and knocks and waits for you to answer so you can hear him. It is something else to respond when absorbed in ferreting items out of a garbage heap on the side of a tell beneath a city wall. Tell me, Sheranlu, why did you not respond to Zilat-Shamash’s call?”

“My Lady, I did not hear him.”

“Did you move away as your accuser said?”

“Not intentionally, my Lady. When I scavenge, I start at the top of the heap and work my way down. I may have moved further down the tell, farther away from the wall. That is altogether likely.”

“But you say you did not hear the call?”

“No, my Lady. I was concentrating on my job. I was not aware of their presence up on the wall until the watch officer came down and grabbed me by the arm.”

Zilat-Shamash scoffed. “A likely story! Surely, grandfathers, you will not believe something like this.”

The High Priestess smiled and walked up to him. "My Lord," she said in a loud voice, "if you will be quiet for a moment, I think you will hear your name being called."

Zilat stopped speaking and the courtyard grew silent. From the top of the wall came the call, "Zilat-Shamash. Zilat-Shamash." He looked up and saw atop the wall the acolyte Shatatna had so recently coached.

"Well, my Lord?" the High Priestess asked.

"You've tricked me!"

"What trickery, My Lord? Where was the trick? Now that you're paying attention, you can hear your name being called. But, when you were concentrating on the work at hand, you were oblivious to it. As was the accused this morning.

"Grandfathers," she turned and addressed the city elders, "I ask you to decide in favor of Sheranlu – this man in rags who stands before you. However much you may dislike the rags he is wearing, this is what he wears when he works. Is it any worse than the scanty loincloths diggers wear when toiling in the claypits?

"Has he not proved his mettle by not coming into our city when so ill dressed? He is here before you today in rags only because he was arrested and dragged into the city against his will. Had he come of his own will at a time of his choosing, he would have come properly dressed, as he has in the past.

"And has he not further proved his worth by contributing so generously to the Temple of Inanna. Will you call this man who gives five times the standard tithe an undesirable and send him on his way, perhaps to the benefit of some other city?"

"No, no," the elders responded. "Free the man," one voice called out. "Let him return to his work," another said.

"So say you all?" Shatatna asked. "Are there any to speak otherwise?"

No voice was raised.

"Then, I declare that the charges against this man, Sheranlu, are dismissed and he is set free to continue his work," she said. "So be it."

Sheranlu paused to thank the goddess. "A thousand thank yous, my Lady," he told her. Then he turned and went to retrieve his donkey.

As the elders dispersed out the courtyard gate, Zilat-Shamash approached the High Priestess. "I guess you'll tell the goddess what's happened and have her reprimand

me.”

“Not at all, Zilat-Shamash. You’ve done the task the city hired you to do and you’ve done it properly. You were perhaps a little testy this morning, overbearing and too hasty in your accusation, but that’s why Inanna keeps her temple here. Besides, the city needs someone like you around to keep a sharp eye on things.”

“I don’t understand,” Zilat said and scratched his head. “Sometimes I wonder about the gods.”

Shatatna nodded. “Sometimes I wonder about them too.”

The End

In Ancient Sumer, with no resources except bitumen, sand, reeds and - in some places - water, nothing of use was thrown away except through carelessness. From earliest days, there had been scavengers, grown men, who searched heaps of garbage thrown outside city walls looking for such windfalls.

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc004thewager.html>

17 captures

28 Apr 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Oct MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

The Wager

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

Ninshubur appeared at the entrance to Inanna’s throne room. “Enlil, supreme Skylord of the Earth, to see you,” she announced.

The goddess sighed. “Show him in,” she told her sukkal.

Enlil came bursting through the doorway. “That’s all right,” he said pushing past Ninshubur, “I know my way around.”

“To what may I credit this intrusion?” Inanna asked.

“Intrusion?” The Skylord roared. “I understand you’ve visited Enki again!”

“Enlil, you know damned well Enki is my grandfather.”

“So be it. But he’s filling your mind with rubbish, Inanna. The Earth is in delicate balance and, Enki’s creatures, those damned human mortals, are about to upset it.”

“Humans are the servants Enki made for you. He made them clever—at your wish.”

“Well, they’re not half so clever as they think.”

“Oh?”

“They believe ... especially those who call themselves traders ... they can outwit the gods. Well, I’d like the chance to show them a thing or two.”

“Would you? It so happens there is a trader visiting here at this very moment. ”

The Skylord narrowed his eyes at Inanna. “Who?”

“Tukit-An. He’s better known as Trader Tuk.”

“Never heard of him! Barbarous name. But I’d like to put him to the test.”

“Why not?” Inanna rang the gong for her androgynous sukkal. When Ninshubur appeared, the goddess asked her to send in the trader.

* * *

Trader Tuk arrived, dressed in a tunic of bleached wool and leather sandals, his tunic held closed by a leather belt. “At your service, my Lady.”

“Tukit-An,” Inanna introduced him, “I want you to meet Enlil, supreme Skylord of the Earth. Enlil, this is Tukit-An, better known to his peers as Trader Tuk.”

“Ah, a flesh and blood trader,” the Skylord said. “I understand, Tukit-An, that you traders are merchants—good at making deals.”

“My Lord,” Tuk responded, “it’s how we make our living.”

“Of course. I have six tons of wool at Nippur that I need at the temple’s mill here in Uruk. The problem is they need it within six days, by call of the noon watch on the fourteenth of the month. Could you deliver it to them that quickly?”

“Has your wool been graded?”

Enlil's face reddened.

"My Lord, I merely asked if your wool had been graded."

"I warn you, trader," Enlil said, "you border on blasphemy. Wool is wool. It is its intrinsic nature that counts. But you mortals continue to classify ... to what end?"

"My Lord, you are an immortal with unlimited power and time. We mortals have only limited amounts of either and cannot afford waste."

"I assure you, trader, my wool is ready for shipment. Let me put the question to you again, can you deliver it to the temple mill here at Uruk within six days?"

"I can, my Lord—for a price."

"Ah, for a price! And what price are you asking, my good trader?"

"Two shekels of silver per ton, my Lord. That totals twelve shekels of silver."

"Done!" the Skylord said. He turned to the goddess. "Call your scribe, Inanna, and have him draw up a contract between this trader and me."

Inanna summoned her scribe who arrived carrying a reed basket with three damp tablets and a stylus. As the Skylord recited, he inscribed the first tablet.

"BETWEEN ENLIL, SUPREME SKYLORD, AND TUKIT-AN, TRADER. TUKIT-AN IS TO PICK UP SIX TONS OF WOOL AT THE NIPPUR QUAY, AND DELIVER ALL SIX TONS TO THE EANNA TEXTILE MILL IN URUK BY CALL OF THE NOON WATCH ON THE 14TH OF THE THIRD MONTH. FOR TIMELY DELIVERY, TUKIT-AN IS TO RECEIVE TWELVE SHEKELS OF SILVER. IF DELIVERY IS LATE, HE FORFEITS ALL REMUNERATION."

As soon as the scribe finished, he read the contract aloud. When everybody nodded agreement to its wording, the scribe made copies on the other two tablets. Then he passed all three tablets around to have them stamped.

Enlil and Tukit-An impressed their seals at the bottom of each tablet as principals while Inanna impressed hers on the side as witness. When finished, Enlil took one of the tablets and handed it to Trader Tuk. "Trader," he said, "it's done. I expect you to fulfill your contract."

"My Lord," Tuk replied, "it shall be as you wish. Now, I must ask your leave. I need to get the shipment underway."

As soon as Tuk left, Enlil broke out in laughter and Inanna turned to him. "What do you find so funny?"

“That trader. There’s no way he can get six tons of wool here in six days.”

“Oh? You think not? Then, Enlil, I’ll wager with you. I’ll bet ten talents of silver that Tukit-An delivers all six tons to the mill on time.”

“You’d be throwing your money away.”

“That’s my offer,” Inanna said. “Do you wish a record of it? Shall I call my scribe?”

The Skylord scoffed. “Do I look like some weak-minded mortal who can hardly recall from one day to the next? As you know, Inanna, I need no written record.”

“Am I to understand my wager is accepted?”

“By the gods, yes.”

* * *

As soon as the Skylord left the Eanna Temple, he summoned his zu-birds. “Go find the mortal called Trader Tuk,” he told them. “Follow him, and report to me what he does.”

The zu-birds flew off and soon spotted Tukit-An on the city quay. They noticed him halloo a moored ship, a freighter built of bundled reeds. After a short discussion with the captain, they saw him go aboard and the freighter pushed off.

From high in the sky, the birds watched the freighter nose out into the Iturungal. They noted the towline tossed to a waiting towman on a donkey and then watched as the ship started up the canal. “Trader Tuk is on a freighter,” they reported to the Skylord. “It’s being towed upwater, towards Nippur.”

“Good,” the Skylord responded.

* * *

Four days later, Enlil returned to the Eanna Temple to see Inanna. “My zu-birds have been following your Trader Tuk,” he told the goddess. “After he left us four days ago, he boarded a freighter being towed up the Iturungal. They must have towed day and night because I am informed he reached Nippur today and has purchased my wool. But he has only two days left. It doesn’t seem likely he’ll deliver on time, does it?”

The goddess smiled at the Skylord. “Would you care to double our wager?”

Enlil flinched. But he said, "Twenty talents then?"

"Twenty talents of silver," Inanna confirmed.

* * *

Trader Tuk was at the bow with Captain Shalum when the Imeru left Nippur with six tons of wool. "We'll have to hurry to reach Uruk by the fourteenth, captain. That's only two days from now."

"Two days," the captain grunted. "I'll order all hands to pole."

* * *

At night, while the zu-birds nested, sailors poled The Imeru down the Iturungal, heading south towards Uruk. When dawn came, and the zu-birds made the first flight of the day, they found the freighter south of Umma and hurried to Uruk to inform the Skylord.

Enlil called his son, Ninurta, god of thunder. "Go to the Edge of the Earth," he commanded his son, "and fetch South Wind. A Sumerian freighter, The Imeru, is coming down the Iturungal. She's south of Umma. When she passes Bad-tibira and turns west on the leg to Uruk, bring a storm to the Iturungal and blow the ship into the marshes of Chaldea. Let the storm break her lashings and tear apart her bundled reeds. Let it destroy her."

The powerful god of thunder bowed before his father. "It shall be as you wish."

* * *

Tukit-An stood at the bow of the freighter with Captain Shalum. "I feel the wind rising," the trader said. "I smell cold air."

"A storm is blowing up," the captain responded. "Look at the black clouds on the southern horizon. They're headed our way. If they come, it'll be a bad storm. I've never seen such a threatening sky."

"I think it may be the gods, captain. I have a contract with Enlil for speedy delivery of the wool we are carrying. But something's going on, something I don't understand."

Captain Shalum stared at Tuk. "Did you lose your good sense, trader? Don't you know better than to try to deal with a god?"

"I chose to take it upon my own head. But, now, I see I've put you and your ship in danger. I will not have that. Come, captain, come with me to the cabin. We need to talk."

* * *

The storm roared across the lower Iturungal. So fierce did South Wind blow that waves from the Lower Sea washed up the Euphrates into the canal, swamping boats and covering the land. Date palms came crashing down, leaving their crowns floating in pools of flood water left behind. When the storm abated, a patrol of zu-birds flew overhead.

"No sign of the freighter," the lead bird said. "I see nothing of The Imeru."

"She must have been destroyed," the wing bird said. "Her bundled reeds must have been broken apart and been scattered across the Land. Let's report to the Skylord."

"Yes," the lead bird agreed, "it's good news we'll bring to him."

* * *

Ninhursag ushered Enlil into the throne room. "The Skylord, my Lady."

Inanna looked up. "You've come back to jabber at me?"

"Hold your tongue," The Skylord said. "This is the fourteenth and it's almost time for the call of the noon watch. Where is that trader of yours? The one called Trader Tuk."

"He will be here in good time."

"Are you still so sure?"

"Tukit-An's never failed, Enlil. Really, you don't understand these traders. Their system is marvelous. And they have a flair for the dramatic. Sit down and be patient."

Enlil found a window seat. "Well, Inanna, I see that you're still anticipating some kind of a miracle. I'll stay and wait it out with you."

* * *

Within minutes, Ninshubur was back at the doorway. "My Lady, the trader Tukit-An has arrived."

Inanna glanced at Enlil who had jumped up. She smiled. "Show him in."

Trader Tuk entered with a clay tablet in his hand. "My Lady, my Lord. I've come to inform you that six tons of wool were delivered to the temple mill this morning as contracted. I have brought the mill receipt with me." He held out the clay tablet.

The goddess took it and read it. Then she offered it to Enlil.

The Skylord snatched it out of her hands. Scanning it, he looked at the trader and growled, "This can't be."

"My Lord, why not?"

"Because – because the ship the wool was on, The Imeru, was wrecked in a storm and sunk in the southern leg of the Iturungal Canal."

"My Lord," the trader asked, "how is it you know that?"

Enlil drew himself up. "You seem not to realize, trader, that I am a god. I am Skylord, the supreme god of the Earth. I have knowledge of everything."

"Good, my Lord," the trader responded. "Then you know that six tons of wool has been delivered to the temple mill and receipted."

Just then, the sound of "Twelve noon and all's well," was heard from outside.

"That's the call of the noon watch," Inanna said. "I believe, Enlil, that you owe twelve shekels of silver to our trader here."

Enlil looked at her and then back at the clay receipt tablet in his hand. "I've been tricked," he declared. He turned back to the trader. "Somehow, you tricked me!"

"My Lord," Tukit-An asked, "I did no more than deliver the wool as contracted."

"You ... the ship you were on was destroyed. You should be dead! Drowned!"

"My Lord, you sound distraught."

"I am damned well distraught! I will not be made a fool of!"

"My Lord, I have fulfilled the contract. I ask to be paid. Six tons of wool at two shekels each, that's twelve shekels of silver you owe me."

"I – I – " Enlil started to bluster.

“Tukit-An,” Inanna interrupted, “I think you’d better explain how you did it.”

“When I left the temple six days ago, my Lady, I returned to my shop and sent a pigeon to Warad at Larsa, telling him to deliver six tons of common white wool to the temple mill on the morning of the fourteenth. I guaranteed to replace it with the wool from Nippur. After that, I boarded a ship for Nippur to get the replacement wool. Warad had the wool for the mill waiting at the quay before the storm broke. That’s how the contract got filled.”

Enlil exploded. “I told you, Inanna!” he shouted. “Trickery.”

“Was it, my Lord? Tell me, was the wool from your flock of sheep kept separated from the wool of other sheep?”

“Well, no – ” Enlil admitted.

“My Lord, you contracted for me to pick up six tons of common white wool at Nippur. I did so. You also contracted for me to deliver six tons of common white to the temple mill in Uruk by the fourteenth. I did. As you said, wool is wool. I believe, my Lord, I have satisfied all the conditions in our contract.”

“But that wasn’t what I meant for you to do,” the Skylord protested.

“Then, my Lord, you should have been more careful in your wording of the contract. You should have had the scribe put down exactly what you meant.”

Enlil’s face turned red and his body tensed. Inanna spoke. “If you question his interpretation of the contract, Enlil, you could always take it to city court for their judgment.”

He exploded. “And admit to suing a human mortal? Or, worse—getting sued by him?”

“Then,” Inanna advised, “I would suggest you accept the contract as filled and pay Tukit-An the twelve shekels due him.” She paused. “Also, the twenty talents you owe me.”

With ill grace, Enlil paid both before he stormed out of the temple.

When he had gone, the goddess turned to Tukit-An. “What did happen to the freighter?” she asked. “It was a terrible storm. We could see it from here. Everyone was talking about it. How did you manage to escape?”

“My Lady, the freighter is safe. It returned to Bad-tibira and escaped the wrath of the storm. As for me, I am a poor trader with few skills barely sufficient enough to make a living. Surely you, as Queen of Heaven and owner of the Eanna Temple, would not ask

a poor trader like me to divulge what few secrets I have.”

Inanna smiled. “Tukit-An, you outdo the most proficient beggar in the streets.”

“The beggar hides his secrets under his cloak. Would you, glorious Inanna, ask the wretch to open wide his ragged cloak and expose his pitiful pittance?”

“By Nin, Tuk! It’s no wonder you mortals drive gods to drink. Take your money and go. Leave before my curiosity or my temper gets the best of me. Go!”

“My Lady,” Tuk said, “it shall be as you wish.” He bowed respectfully and departed.

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc003emissarytoagod.html>

17 captures

8 Oct 2002 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Emissary to a God

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

Master trader Eshim stopped working and looked up when Tukit-An entered. Tuk could see the waiting had made him impatient.

“Well, well,” the master trader said, “you finally made it.”

“I was in Shurruk. I had a long way to come.”

“Sit down, sit down.” The master trader waved at an empty chair. “We’re facing a hell of a problem in Chaldea.”

“Kaldees?”

Eshim shook his head. “Worse. Sin, their god. Somebody’s got him worked up. The rumor is he’s going to close Kaldee quays to our ships. Maybe exile what few traders we have in Chaldea.”

“That’s a disaster. We need those quays for loading dates.”

Eshim nodded again. “You don’t need to tell me. That’s why I summoned you.”

Tuk eyed the master trader. “You have something in mind. What is it you’re expecting me to do?”

Eshim looked him right back. “Go down to Ur and call on the Moon God. In his temple where he spends his daytimes. Praise him. Bribe him, if necessary. I know you have the touch. We have to keep those quays open.”

“But if he’s already closed them?”

“Then get them reopened. Our exports – our profits – depend on them.”

“Just me? You’re matching me, a mortal, against a god? Am I to have no help?”

“Tuk, you’re Kaldee and you’re experienced. Of all traders, you’re best to handle the situation. One man will pose no threat. So I’m sending you there—alone. Your boat’s at the quay, waiting for you. It’s ready to leave.”

* * *

Trader Tuk stood in the bow of the ship as it entered the harbor of Ur. Except for the new ziggurat, the city was as he remembered it, low lying, filled with one-storied, whitewashed buildings, their flat roofs punctuated here and there by towering date palms. Dressed as he was, in woolen kilt and leather sandals, he felt like the prodigal son returning and anticipated no problem. But he kept a sharp lookout as the boat crossed the harbor bar and neared the quay. He noticed the harbor master coming out to meet them.

“You!” the official shouted at Tuk’s boat. “Turn back! The Divine Sin has closed the quay of Ur to all trader commerce.”

“We have no goods on board,” Tuk called back as his boat edged to the quay. “There’s no need to turn us back. We’ve not come to trade.”

The harbor master’s face showed surprise. “Then, why have you come?”

“For an audience with the Divine Sin. I seek nothing more.”

“An audience for what reason?”

“With all respect, harbor master, that is for the ears of the Divine Sin alone.”

"I see." The official pondered a moment before responding. "I will station guards by your boat while I escort you to the Ekishnugal, home of the Divine Sin. I will let him be the judge."

"So be it," Tuk said. "I'm ready when you are. Lead the way."

* * *

The harbor master led Trader Tuk through the dark halls of the Ekishnugal into its sunlit courtyard. There, for the first time, the trader saw the Moon God close at hand. His skin was chalk white and his hair silvered. He wore a tunic of bleached linen and sat on a throne of Lapis-lazuli before which a globe of shimmering silver hung motionless in the air.

Trader Tuk approached cautiously and genuflected. "My Lord," he said.

"Approach, mortal," the Moon God commanded, "and state your business."

"Luminous Sin, the harbor master informs me you have closed the quay of Ur to the ships of the traders."

"Ah." The moon god leaned forward. "You must be a trader."

"Yes, My Lord. I am Tukit-An, a native of Chaldea. I am called Trader Tuk."

The Moon God grimaced. "A barbarous name."

Tuk shrugged. "I can no more help what people call me than you."

The Moon God arched a silvered eyebrow.

"I mean, My Lord," Tuk hastened on, "your name has become synonymous with those acts which are most often done under the cover of darkness."

"Take care, trader, that you not demean my name. Many things occur under the cover of darkness—the act of creation and the beginning of life both start within its cocoon. Darkness is where dreams and piety come from. Darkness provides the cover beneath which gods and mortals alike rest, it is darkness that soothes the heart and heals the strife of day."

"My Lord, does not darkness also conceal evil?"

"The divide between evil and piety, mortal, is as narrow as that which separates lust and

love. Oftentimes, one blends into the other as with the young man who forces the young maiden and then takes her to wife. But I can see by the expression on your face that you're not seeing what all this has to do with the closing of the quay of Ur."

"My eyes, My Lord, are mortal eyes, which fail to see the connection."

"Then, listen, Tukit-An. You and your fellow human mortals were created to be our servants, as were sheep and goats."

"Yes, My Lord, I was taught all earth creatures were created to serve the gods."

"Good. When we put animals to pasture, they are content. They do not try to change their natures, a sheep remains a sheep and a goat remains a goat. They accept the pasture as their lot and everything remains exactly as we wish."

"I can see that, My Lord."

"But you human mortals are different. Like sheep and goats, you were put on the Earth to be our servants. But you and your fellow humans have not accepted your lot."

"My Lord, we've tried very hard."

"Tried very hard?" The voice of the Moon God rose. "The Land is crisscrossed with a multitude of canals and ditches dug by you and your fellow humans."

"We dug them to bring water to the fields, My Lord. To irrigate the crops so more food would be produced for you."

"So you say, but I note you sail your ships up and down the canals."

"We sail ships on the larger canals, My Lord, such as the Iturungal. Our freighters enable us to bring produce to you more quickly, while it is still fresh and tasty."

"So you say, but I see you sail your freighters out onto the Lower Sea and across to foreign lands."

"To find new spices and exotic flavors to bring back to you, My Lord."

"So you say, but I see that you profit handsomely along the way."

"We make modest profits here and there, My Lord."

"So you say, but you compete with our temple merchants with prices that undercut theirs."

“My Lord, we try not to.”

“You try not to!” The Moon God was almost beside himself. “I take it you traders restrain yourselves so as not to harm the devotees of a god.”

“Yes, My Lord, that is so.”

“Impudence!” Sin shouted. “Sheer unbridled impudence! Don’t you realize it makes no difference at all what you traders do? Don’t you know that the gods are all powerful?”

Tuk bent his head. “Yes, My Lord. We know the gods are all powerful. We only try to help the gods make the Earth a better place on which to live.”

“To make the Earth a better place? By the gods, trader! If we had wanted the Earth different, we would have made it different in the first place! You human mortals have done nothing but introduce Chaos. You brought on the Flood which almost destroyed the Earth.”

“My Lord, I believe it was the Mighty Enlil who unleashed the Flood.”

“Only because you mortals provoked him so. You drove him to it.”

“As you say, My Lord.”

“You’re still not understanding me, are you?”

“My Lord, you must forgive me. I am only a mortal.”

“I have two daughters, trader. Both have been led astray by you traders. One of my daughters is named Inanna, for whom you humans designed and built a grandiose temple. She has used that temple to lure Anu down from Heaven, causing him to abandon his poor wife. My other daughter is Ereshkigal, Queen of the Netherworld. A young trader persuaded her to open the doors of her domain to the fires of the Underworld. Now, because of you, there’s Chaos in the Great Below as well as in the Great Above and my daughters are engaged in a bitter contest to see which becomes Queen of the Earth. What do you think of that, trader?”

“My Lord, I think that is a thing between the gods.”

“Would it were so. Ah,” Sin reflected, “we gods were one happy family until Enki created you human mortals. Ever since, we’ve had nothing but trouble and pain.”

“My Lord, I will speak to the other traders. I promise. We will try to be more careful.”

Again, Sin’s eyes widened and his nostrils flared. “Stop speaking to me like that! It’s

patronizing!”

“My Lord, a thousand pardons.”

“Well, trader, I’m putting a stop to it here in Chaldea. Even if you and your fellow traders can’t understand our divine wishes and continue your ungodly behavior, it will no longer affect me or my people. I’ve closed the quays at Ur and Kuara to your ships.”

“And our donkey trains, My Lord? Have you also shut the gates of your cities against our donkey trains?”

“By Nin, trader, I hadn’t thought of that! But I will. The gates of Kaldee cities will be shut against your donkey trains. I want nothing more to do with you or your fellow traders.”

Tuk nodded. “Then, My Lord, let it be as you wish. Our ships will no longer visit the quays of Chaldea, our donkey trains will no longer call at the gates of your cities. My Lord, I speak for the Karum. It shall be as you wish.”

* * *

When he returned to Uruk, Trader Tuk reported back to the master trader. “By the time I got there, Eshim, the Moon God had already closed the quays to traders. But as I had brought no goods, he granted me an audience. I found him determined that the quays should remain closed. So I tricked him into also closing the city gates against our donkey trains. You won’t believe it, Eshim, but the Moon God has cut Chaldea off from the rest of the world.”

The master trader smiled. “Very clever, Tuk. Well done. How long do you think this self-imposed isolation of his will last?”

“I don’t know,” Tuk answered. “In part, it will depend on what the other gods do. We’ll have to wait and see.”

* * *

Weeks passed and then months. The city of Ur sat isolated amidst the date palm plantations of Chaldea. No ship hailed its quay, no donkey train approached its gates. The Kaldees and their god ate their stores of bread and beer, neither a product of Chaldea. Finally, the day came when the storehouses were empty and there was no more bread and no more beer. It was then that the people had to learn to subsist on what they produced, dates from the plantations and fish from the waterways.

The Kaldees quickly tired of their restricted diet, crying out that they wanted bread and

beer. When they prayed to the Moon God, they begged him for bread and beer. But Sin remained stubborn. He kept their quays closed and the gates of their cities stayed shut.

The Kaldees grew irritable and became angry at their god. They ceased singing his praises. They quit bringing him offerings. They forsook the Moon God, leaving him to sit alone in silence in his courtyard and feel his power ebb.

Worse, even Sin tired of the monotonous Kaldee diet. He yearned for the heady smell of hot bread and the sharp bite of cool beer. When he beseeched his fellow gods for them, they knew what he had done and laughed at him for his foolish stubbornness.

"It is you who enhance the power of human mortals," he accused them.

"Nonsense," his fellow gods told him. "They are our servants. Why not yours? What ill have they done you? Why close your quays to their ships or shut your gates against their donkey trains? Let them serve you as they were created to do."

Sin remonstrated. "Regardless of what I say, or what I ask for, they do as they wish."

"That's nonsense," the other gods said. "Have they not always honored you and brought you offerings? Are they not now obeying your command? They do not visit your quays. They do not call at your city gates. Wherein lays the fault you say you find in them?"

* * *

In the end, Sin could stand it no longer. He summoned his sukkal and sent him to Uruk. "Seek out a trader, the one called Trader Tuk. Tell him to come to Ur that I might grant him another audience."

* * *

Trader Tuk sailed into the harbor at Ur. The city looked as it had before. Again, it was the harbor master who came down to meet the boat as it pulled alongside the quay.

"Remember me?" Tuk asked. "I am Tukit-An. I've returned at the request of the Divine Sin."

The harbor master nodded. "The Divine Sin so informed me when he reopened the quay. He also asked me to escort you to the temple. Have you brought an offering?"

"Indeed," Tuk replied. "My ship is filled with barley flour and jars of beer. I will leave most of it here to be unloaded, but I'll have some of my men accompany us to bring along a few jars of beer. Let us go to the temple."

* * *

As soon as Trader Tuk stepped into the temple courtyard, the Moon God rose and came forward to greet him. "Tukit-An! How glad I am to see you!"

Tuk genuflected. "My Lord, I've brought a ship filled with jars of beer and hampers of barley flour ready to be made into hot bread. I have several jars of beer with me."

"Ah," Sin said and licked his lips. He turned to an acolyte beside and ordered him to fetch straws and bring them at once. Then he turned back to Trader Tuk. "Let us unseal a jar of beer now and drink together."

"My Lord, this is a greater honor than I expected."

The Moon God grinned. "You've earned it, trader. Your trickery has taught me a lesson. I wonder why I hadn't noticed before. The Earth is our creation. It is a beautiful world but, without you mortals, it lacks zest. You and your fellow humans provide the spice – the hot bread and cool beer – that flavor it. I must admit, I found it hard to do without you."

"My Lord," Tuk replied, "the Earth you created is indeed a beautiful world. Your magnificent creation inspires us and continues to drive us onward. But as evidenced by the godless bandits who rampage throughout the mountainlands, we humans likewise find it hard to do without you."

The acolyte arrived with the straws. Taking them and handing one to Tuk, the Moon God said, "Let us drink together to celebrate our need for each other." Simultaneously, they sat down and each stuck his straw into the jar.

Tuk looked to Sin and the god said, "Drink."

"So be it," Tuk responded and took the first sip.

Together, mortal seated on one side and immortal on the other, they drank from the jar between them.

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc006inannaandtheskylord.html>

15 captures

5 Oct 2002 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture
Go Back to the Fiction Menu
Inanna and the Skylord

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

Dan-Inanna came to the door of the throne room and thumped his staff on the limestone floor several times. The goddess looked up. "Yes, what is it?" she asked.

"A messenger newly arrived to see you," her High Priest announced. "He's flown from the Holy City of Nippur by bird."

Inanna frowned. "By the gods, what can Enlil be wanting now?"

The messenger minced his way forward and bowed. "May I speak, My Lady?"

"You're already speaking. What more have you to say?"

"The Magnificent One, the Skylord, desires you to come to the Holy City of Nippur."

"Tell Enlil I will be there on New Year's day," the goddess replied.

"He desires that you come now," the messenger said. "He had me bring an extra zu-bird for you. The bird awaits outside in the courtyard."

"I have no intention of flying out of here during the daylight hours. What would my people say if they saw me flying around on a bird?"

"Then, tonight," the messenger said. "At midnight, when it's dark. The Skylord is insistent, but tonight will be soon enough."

* * *

At the call of the midnight watch, Anu, King of Heaven, accompanied Inanna and the messenger into the temple courtyard where two zu-birds waited, already harnessed. The giant birds, eagles with the heads of lions, growled as their approach woke them.

"That pompous ass," Anu muttered to the goddess. "You're not really flying up to Nippur tonight on one of these creatures of Enlil's, are you?"

"That pompous ass, my dear, is the father of Ninurta, the same Ninurta who has

unleashed floods and caused droughts.” Inanna stopped beside the nearest zu-bird. She put a foot in the leather stirrup and swung her leg over the back of the bird as the messenger walked around to mount the other bird. “I have no wish to provoke Enlil and have his son deliver us a another catastrophe. I’d best go see what he wants.”

“You hearken to his every wish,” the King of Heaven complained.

“On the Earth,” Inanna replied. She flicked the reins and the zu-bird stood. “Don’t forget, my dear, the Skylord is supreme on the Earth.” Then she added, “For the time being.”

“Damn Enlil!” the King of Heaven cursed.

“My dear, how can you say that? He’s your son.” Inanna flicked the reins again and her zu-bird spread its twelve-foot wings. It took off, running like an ostrich, then leaped into the air to clear the far courtyard wall. The messenger’s bird followed close behind.

Anu watched the two birds carry his consort and the messenger away, disappearing in the night sky.

* * *

The flight from Uruk to the Holy City of Nippur, a ninety mile trip by water, went over Eden and took little more than two hours. When they landed in the flare-lit courtyard of the Ekur Temple in Nippur, Enlil’s sukkal rushed out to meet them. As soon as the birds settled, he extended a hand to Inanna to help her down. “You had a good flight I trust,” he said as he took the reins she offered with one hand and helped her down with the other.

The goddess stepped onto the limestone pavement. “I was queasy even though I couldn’t see how high I was because it was so dark. I don’t like flying at night.”

“Tsk, tsk,” Nusku quipped. “And you, the Queen of Heaven.”

“You’d best hold your tongue, my good man, or I shall see it removed. Now where is the Skylord? Has he gone to bed when I was expected?”

Nusku bowed. “No, MiLady. He has been awaiting your arrival, albeit impatiently. He’s in his throne room.” Nusku turned. “Come, I’ll show you the way.”

Inanna followed Enlil’s sukkal to the throne room where the Skylord sprawled on his throne of polished lapis lazuli. He greeted her entrance with nothing more than, “About time.” Then he said to his sukkal, “You may leave us, Nusku.”

“Well, Enlil,” Inanna addressed the Skylord, “it’s the middle of the night. Why in kur have you summoned me this time?”

“By Nin, Inanna, do you have any idea of what you’re doing?”

“I’ve been busy, Enlil, making my way as best I can.”

“Making your way? Inanna, you’re upsetting everyone! Destabilizing the Earth.”

“Me? You exaggerate, Enlil. Like I said, I’ve been making my way.”

“Why do you not just let things be?”

“So that I remain a nothing forever? Let me remind you, Enlil. When I was born, the Council of Gods assigned no task to me. My father was given the Moon, my brother the Sun, and my sister, the Netherworld. But me? You know as well as I, that I was given nothing. I had no ... position. To amount to anything, I’ve had to make my own way.”

“I’ve watched you, Inanna. You’ve done well. You’ve persuaded Anu to come down to the Earth without his wife and share the Eanna Temple with you. As a result, you are now the Queen of Heaven, a most important position—with high status, I might add.”

“I’m glad you recognize my accomplishments, Enlil.”

“Then, why aren’t you satisfied?”

“Because I see human mortals still being mistreated, held down. They build our temples but we destroy many works they build in our anger. You, yourself, Enlil, destroyed their tower in Babil. Then you confounded their language and drove them away.”

“Only because they had grown insolent and overbearing.”

Inanna scoffed. “If mortals had done what you wanted, they would still be working naked in your fields like beasts. I’m making a home for them in Uruk.”

“You fool! Even your precious mortals show little respect for you.”

Inanna ignored Enlil’s outburst.

“Have you heard what they’re calling your city?”

“You’re going to tell me, Enlil, aren’t you? I can’t stop you. So go ahead, tell me.

“Rainbow City. That’s what they’re calling it.”

“What’s that to me?”

“An insult, if you don’t realize it. A rainbow is a thing of mixed parts. So is your city. It has been overrun with foreigners and mixed breeds—mongrels, if you will.”

Inanna shrugged. “Are you suggesting your city is superior to mine?”

“My Holy City of Nippur? Inanna, it’s pure because I see that it stays that way.”

“Hah! You’ve built your city out here in the middle of nothingness, Enlil, away from mortals and their flow of traffic. You open the gates of your city only to those who bring gifts and praise. Your city today, Enlil, is no different than it was the day you first built it ... back at the beginning of time. It reminds me of Anduruna, the city of Heaven, which never changes.”

“We are gods, Inanna. We are immortal. What need have we for change?”

“Then, think, Enlil. What need have we for the Earth which is not immortal? Why do they choose to come down to live upon it? And, why do the gods remain so concerned with the Earth and its creatures when they have all Heaven to roam for eternity?”

The Skylord paused in thought for a moment. “Those are good questions,” he said. “I must admit, I find the Earth a fascinating place. Especially its creatures.”

“Enlil, human mortals have long since found your fascination with them leads only to their sorrow. Not only did you deny them immortality, but now you have cut their lifespans short.”

“I did that because the creatures are never satisfied. They seek only change. There is no telling what they might do next.”

Inanna laughed. “By the gods, Enlil, when Enki created human mortals, you insisted they be shaped in the image of gods but then, so they would populate the Earth, you had Enki instill in them beastly instincts greater than any animal. Tell me, what did you expect to happen? If mortals had remained oversexed animals, they would have gone mad.”

“Inanna, they were created to be our servants.”

“Servants that you have three times disavowed, Enlil. The last time, with The Flood, you even went further. You set out not only to destroy human mortals, but to wipe all life off the face of the Earth.”

"I note, Inanna that, as time passes, you are becoming more and more obstinate. You seem to be taking after those mortals of whom you are so enamored. Now, you too seem to be seeking change."

"I've already explained to you, Enlil. Did you not listen to my words? Unlike my brother and sister, I was a deity without sinecure."

"I heard you, Inanna. Did you hear what I said in reply? Why do you go on and on now that you have been made Queen of Heaven? By Nin, I wish you and Anu would fly up to Heaven."

"Need I remind you, Enlil, that Anu's wife is still up there? Can you imagine what might happen if she got her claws into me?"

"By the gods, Inanna, you are a natural-born disturbance. Anywhere you go, you are the harbinger of Chaos. Because of you, the gates that once protected the comfortable darkness of the Netherworld have been thrown open and the blazing fires of the Underworld let in."

"That was Ereshkigal's doing, Enlil, not mine."

"Your sister did it only because she envied your accomplishments in the Great Above."

"So, what am I to do? Do nothing because of my sister?"

"There are many decent things a deity can do. Temple beautification ... ziggurat enhancement, to mention a few."

"Bah. I'd prefer to build larger freighters to carry cargo to Megan and Melhuhha. I'd prefer to develop a safe overland route to Ćgypt. I'd prefer – "

"Inanna, stop! I can tell you have become more grossly materialistic than ever. I made a mistake in trying to reason with you."

"Why? Because I am of the Earth? Yes, Enlil, although I am a goddess, I was born on the Earth and admit being filled with earthly appetites and worldly desires. And you? Regardless however much you deny it, I know you feel those same appetites and desires. I've witnessed the earthly bursts of anger you've displayed from time to time."

"But you treat with these human mortals."

"No more than you. Only, you carefully choose men without blemish to be your priests while I welcome all who come. You say, Enlil, that my city is no longer pure, that I have mongrelized it. But my city has produced writing, textiles and pottery unequalled

anywhere on the Earth. We ship our goods across the seas and our writing is used by all the nations of the world.”

Enlil sighed. “See. Your attention is centered solely upon worldly things.”

“My attention is on those things that benefit human mortals. It is they who give me both sustenance and praise. Tell me, Enlil, do I not owe these short-lived earth creatures something in return?”

“Have you not done enough for them already?”

“I plan to do more.”

“Like, what?”

“I must wait till I have grown as strong as my sister. Then, when my sister sends Namtar to carry off another misjudged mortal and carry him down into the Underworld, I will be strong enough to stand in his path and deny him his unfortunate victim.”

“You would dare set yourself up against the Underworld?”

“Given time, I shall.”

“This cannot be, Inanna. You would cause warfare among the gods.”

“I will see justice done to human mortals. The day will come when goodness will be a reward in itself and the good shall not be let to die young.”

“You have become too much taken with these human mortals. You must desist.”

“Desist? Like you, Enlil, the creatures fascinate me. I cannot desist.”

“I warn you, Inanna, continue on and Chaos threatens!”

“Your rantings scare me no more, Enlil. Have you nothing better to say?”

“Are you telling me that you are leaving?”

“I’m telling you I have wasted enough time here. My people need me.”

“I’ll not allow you to fly back on one of my zu-birds.”

The goddess shrugged. “As you wish, Enlil. I’d prefer to ride home on one of our freighters.”

Enlil lost his temper. "By the gods, Inanna, you infuriate me! Get out of here!"

* * *

At first call of the morning watch, Inanna made her way to the municipal quay. A moored freighter, The Imeru, was readying to cast off. The goddess spotted the captain standing by the pontoon, a large bearded man, bare-chested and dressed in leather breeches like a foreigner. "Captain," she called to him.

"Yes?" he responded and turned around. He recognized her immediately and dropped to one knee. "My Lady," he said. "I am Captain Shalum. Though I am a trader, I am at your service."

"Relax, captain. These days, some of my most devout devotees are traders. I find myself in need of passage to Uruk."

"That city ... the Eanna Quay ... is my destination. I would be happy to have you aboard."

"Thank you," Inanna said and started up the ramp.

Captain Shalum rushed to help her up. "Have you no luggage?"

"No," she said. "Will the trip last long?"

"Two days, My Lady," Shalum replied. "We'll arrive at Uruk on the morrow's eve."

"Then I'll go as I am."

"Without servants, My Lady? We're ready to leave."

"Then proceed, captain. Cast off when you will."

Captain Shalum followed her aboard, pulling up the ramp behind him. "Raise poles," he shouted. Men pulled up the fore and aft mooring poles and then used them to push the reed freighter away from the limestone pavement of the quay. The current of the river caught her lead pontoon. Creaking, its bundled reeds straining at their lashings as the boat turned, the freighter nosed its way out into midstream of the mighty Euphrates.

When the poles had been stowed, Shalum noticed the goddess standing in the bow of the ship and hurried forward to check her well-being. "You should be in the cabin, MiLady, instead of here on the foredeck. Is everything all right?"

Inanna kept her eyes on the broad reach of the river, its banks lined each side by the

dark green of palm trees. "It's good to be back on the river again," she replied.

"I didn't know goddesses traveled by boat except when they had to. You need have no worry, My Lady. We know the river quite well."

The goddess turned and smiled at him. "Oh, I have no worry about the trip, captain. I came forward to better enjoy the view. I find the Earth a place of exceptional beauty. And man's ability to traverse it in such silence and with so little effort is an inspiration to me. Even the gods themselves have not been able to do so well in harnessing the Earth."

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc005inannasvisit.html>

16 captures

8 Oct 2002 - 25 Mar 2010

Sep OCT Aug

24

2004 2005 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Inanna's Visit with Father Enki

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

Inanna's sukkal waited with her high priest at the door to her throne room. "Enter," the goddess said. Then she addressed Dan-Inanna, "I'm going on a trip with Ninshubur. As you are my high priest, I am leaving the temple in your care."

"You can rest easy," Dan-Inanna said. "May I inquire where you're going?"

"To Eridu," the goddess replied. "Ninshubur has regendered herself as a man so he can sail me down. I'm leaving you and Anu here in Uruk."

"You and your sukkal are traveling alone? In some ridiculously small boat no doubt."

"It's necessary. I don't wish to attract attention. Enlil is well aware Enki is in Eridu. As he's intensely jealous of his brother, I'm sure he'll have zu-birds patrolling its approaches. They would recognize Anu by his luminescence, which is why I leave him behind. If you came with us, Dan-Inanna, dressed in that ornate garb, you would stick out like a sore thumb."

Inanna's high priest scoffed. "I am high priest of the Eanna Temple. I must uphold the

dignity and prestige of my office.”

“Of course,” the goddess said.

* * *

The small boat was built of ribs from palm fronds, tightly lashed together. Ninshubur helped the goddess aboard. “You chose a boat of frond ribs,” Inanna said.

“It’s light but sturdy,” her transgendered sukkal said. “Easy to handle.” With Inanna seated, he climbed in and used his paddle to push the boat away from the quay. “We’ve nine miles to go—four hours’ time. Does Enki know we’re coming?”

Inanna nodded. “Isimud will foresee our journey and tell him.”

“Father Enki,” Ninshubur repeated. “Yet, he is your grandfather, is he not?”

“He is, but, as you know, Ninshubur, I follow the custom of human mortals. As Enki was the god who created them, they call him Father Enki. So do I.”

“You imitate the mortals in many ways.”

“They are the way of the future.”

“How can you speak like that of such short-lived creatures?”

“While we gods sit on our hands to endure the timelessness of eternity, my dear sukkal, the proximity of death constantly spurs mortals to ever greater activity. But, enough. It is a subject best discussed with Father Enki and his sukkal. Raise the sail, Ninshubur, and start paddling.”

Ninshubur guided the boat out of the Eanna Harbor, into the great Iturungal Canal, where the North Wind caught its sail and sent the craft scudding past Gilgamesh Point and across the mighty Euphrates, into the broad reach of the Idnun Canal, that runs southwest down to Eridu.

* * *

As Ninshubur jibbed the sail, he took notice of the waterside park they were passing and its stele of sculpted limestone. “Very attractive,” he told Inanna. “We’ve passed many parks. I’m told you built these, but I can hardly believe the number I’ve seen.”

Inanna laughed. “Waterside parks are not difficult to build. The stele, massive as it is,

can be transported by water along with a boatload of plants. Set the load ashore, push the stele upright, surround it with greenery, clear the reed beds in front and a park is made. It's the upkeep afterwards that's so difficult ... and expensive."

"Mortals greatly admire what you've done," Ninshubur said. "But, I know you. I know you have never personally watched after these parks or asked anyone to take care of them. How are they kept so green and luxuriant?"

"The secret, Ninshubur, is that they are well watered."

He studied the park on the bank. "I see no irrigation ditches."

"Being a water god, Father Enki takes care of the watering. He causes sweet water to rise beneath the parks. It waters the vegetation when it percolates to the surface. Mortals take it to be a miracle."

"The parks themselves, located here in the midst of the desert, are like miracles." Then Ninshubur wiped the sweat off his face and glanced up. "Up there," he pointed into the sky. "Isn't that a patrol of zu-birds overhead?"

The goddess looked up and saw four birds circling high in the sky above them. She raised her hand and waved at them.

"You're waving at zu-birds?" Ninshubur asked.

Inanna smiled. "The Skylord calls them zu-birds, but really they're not all that smart. They expect the usual—conspirators who try to conceal themselves. So, I do the opposite. You too, Ninshubur. Wave at them."

"As you will," her sukkal said and waved at the birds with his free hand as he sculled the boat along the canal. The zu-birds circled one last time, then flew away.

* * *

Inanna pointed at the structure in the distance ahead, a monumental temple on a high mount of white limestone, the temple's facade faced with slabs of lapis lazuli and trimmed with inlays of polished silver. "There it is," she said. "The E-abzu - the Temple of the Abzu. We're coming to Eridu."

"The temple has always inspired me," Ninshubur said. "Its mount seems to rear up out of the marsh." He surveyed the surrounding marsh. "But where is the city? Its approaches? Its houses?"

"When I carried the Me laws away to Uruk," the goddess replied, "the mortals living here

abandoned Eridu and followed me. Eridu's buildings, left unattended, have long since subsided into the marsh. Father Enki, though he espouses the cause of human mortals, prefers solitude. Besides, he fears too much contact with mortals, might spur Enlil into more hasty actions. And too much contact with other gods, especially with his own brother, might result in a dispute that could damage the Earth."

"So Enki believes the Earth is better off if he remains isolated?"

"Yes," Inanna said, "that's the way he and his sukkal view it."

"Look, there's someone on the temple quay."

"It must be Isimud, Father Enki's two-faced sukkal. He's foreseen our arrival so he's coming out to meet us. Father Enki will be inside awaiting our arrival. Paddle, Ninshubur. We're still some distance away. Hurry."

* * *

Isimud greeted them as they moored the boat, his forward face wreathed in a huge smile. "I told Enki you were coming. He's inside waiting for you. Then he turned to Ninshubur. "Who is this?" he asked.

"My sukkal," Inanna said. "Don't you remember? You met him last time."

Isimud turned around and looked at Ninshubur with the narrowed eyes of his backward face. "I see that last time you had a female sukkal with you. Is he she?"

"He is," Inanna said. "I'm sorry, Isimud, I'd forgotten. At any event, today he's gendered himself as a man."

"You'd better not let human mortals learn what your sukkal does."

"Nonsense. Mortals in Uruk already know. They accept Ninshubur. That's why we're called the Rainbow City. But I'm here because Enlil recently summoned me to come to the holy city of Nippur. Is there some crisis brewing I don't know about?"

"Not yet, but Enki frets about Enlil. His brother seems increasingly unstable. Enki thinks Ereshkigal's throwing open the gates of the Netherworld to the fires of the Underworld has shaken Enlil's confidence and caused him to fear the Earth itself will descend into Chaos. We hear he's blaming human mortals for the Netherworld burning."

Inanna nodded. "That's nothing new. Enlil has always blamed mortals for most everything. Mortals are easier to push around than other gods. Worse, when Enlil

goes to punish them ... the poor mortals ... he thunders at them ... tells them it's their fault, that they brought it on themselves."

Isimud nodded. "I know. That's Enlil all over. But come inside. Enki awaits."

* * *

Inanna was shocked when she entered Enki's throne room. The god sat on his throne as always, in the same relaxed manner she recalled from the past, but now his face was lined like that of an old man's and he had white hair and a long, white beard. "Father Enki!" the goddess gasped. "What's happened to you? You're a god – supposed to be immortal – but I find you aged!"

Enki waved his hand at her as if it were a thing of little matter. "Don't worry, my child. My appearance is an earthly artifice I've recently chosen. It's not reality. I merely changed my physical appearance, as human mortals do. As much as Enlil claims he detests the ways of the Earth, my worn visage serves to remind him that I am his older brother. Too often, he's been impulsive and brash in his actions."

Inanna turned to Enki's sukkal and fastened a questioning eye on him. "It is as he says," Isimud confirmed. "His appearance is also a great help when he deals with human mortals. Since they're subject to the slow onset of death throughout their lives, they venerate the ravages of increased age and believe them signs of great wisdom and compassion."

The goddess turned back to Enki. "But, why adopt this ungodly disguise?" she asked. "Why not just face Enlil and have it out with him? You are far craftier than your brother. You would easily overcome him."

Enki shook his head and sighed. "My child, I foreswore violence long ago." He pointed at the waters of Abzu in the bottomless pool. "In my youth, at the urging of the Council of Gods, I killed my great, great grandfather. I brought his body down here from Heaven and imprisoned it down in that abyss. What good has it done?"

"Why, Father Enki," Inanna answered, "has not the Abzu refreshed all the Earth with its pure water? Has not its sweetness fertilized the soil and produced life? Because you have forever imprisoned it below, has it not come back down as rain whenever it evaporated and tried to escape back to Heaven?"

"Yes, because of me, my child. My poor great, great grandfather, who abhorred work, is now destined to endless work for eternity. But that wasn't the end of it. Afterwards, when my great, great grandmother threatened us, the Council of the Gods met again and begged me to do away with her too. That time, I turned them down."

"I know the story well," Inanna said.

"Then you know that Enlil, with the help of South Wind, shot an arrow into my great, great grandmother's belly and killed her. Afterwards, he took her corpse and lowered it from Heaven to float it upon the surface of the Abzu, cleaving it in halves and opening it to make the Earth."

"And because of that," Inanna said, "Enlil gained the title of Skylord, Lord of the Great Above, while you, Father Enki, though the elder and the wiser brother, were reduced in rank to Lord of the Great Below."

"Except for the Netherworld," Enki noted.

"Except the Netherworld," Inanna agreed. "The Netherworld was given to my sister Ereshkigal."

"I was glad. I could never have accepted death as the ultimate destiny for the human mortals I created."

"Enlil has continued to deny them immortality since the day they were first created."

"I know. Enlil is selfish, a jealous god. He doesn't want human mortals to resemble him in the least way. His attitude grieves me."

"Again, Father Enki, I ask you, 'Why not face up to him?'"

"Because, my child, I am strong, but not strong enough to overcome my brother while having to protect my mortal children at the same time. If I won against Enlil but lost my children ... my creation ... what would I have gained?"

"You are very attached to the mortals."

Enki nodded. "Like any father, I take pride in my children. I have given them many talents and boundless ability. I yearn to see them do well."

"Enlil recently summoned me to his holy city of Nippur. He demanded I cease working with human mortals, or helping them, and that I stop building cities. I almost laughed in his face before I left. But what can I do to stop him?"

"My child, you won't believe what I have to tell you."

"Try me, Father Enki."

Enki turned to his sukkal. "Tell her, Isimud. Look into the future with your forward eyes and share your vision with my granddaughter."

Isimud focused his forward eyes on the future. After a moment, he commenced speaking. "In the world yet to come, I see no gods or goddesses here on the face of the Earth. When I search for them, I find them up in Heaven, from whence they originally came. That's my vision of the future."

"The gods and goddesses are all in Heaven?" Inanna asked. "But, what of my dream of becoming Queen of the Earth?"

"I'm sorry, my child," Enki said. "According to Isimud's vision, it's not your destiny. It will never happen. You must content yourself with being Queen of Heaven."

"But I would miss the blue skies of the Earth," Inanna whispered, "and long for the cool evening breeze that caresses my cheek and rustles the palm fronds."

"Such is not to be for you," Enki said.

"Then, what is to be for me?" Inanna asked. "Tell me, Father Enki, I want to know. What destiny is to be decreed for us gods?"

Enki turned to his sukkal again. "Tell her, Isimud. Tell her all you foresee."

"Oh, Queen of Heaven," Enki's sukkal again focused his forward eyes on the future, "I foresee two paths leading into the future. On one path, the gods fight with one another over the destiny of the Earth, resulting in the destruction of all life upon its face. Lest the gods starve, they will be left with no choice but to return to Heaven."

"All life on the face of the Earth destroyed? How sad."

Isimud nodded. "But that may not come to be. On the other path, the gods depart and return to Heaven, leaving the Earth to its own creatures."

"But the Earth has always charmed the gods. We've all come down from Heaven, preferring to live here. Whatever would induce us to give up our earthly delights and return to Heaven?"

Isimud shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "my vision is blurred in that respect. Perhaps Enki could answer."

Inanna turned back to Enki.

He said, "My child, do not overlook the capabilities of these human mortals I created. Remember, they taught themselves to build temples of mud and water, temples so grand that they almost touch the clouds. Their ingenuity knows no bounds."

“Are you telling me, Father Enki, that human mortals are going to somehow dispossess us of the Earth and force us to return to Heaven?”

Enki shook his head. “In not in so blatant a manner,” he said. “Human mortals, having taught themselves the art of writing, have become great talkers. And, being builders, they’ve acquired logic. I think it more likely that they will somehow talk us into returning to Heaven.”

“Why – ,” Inanna exclaimed, “ – that’s impossible!”

“Is it?” Enki smiled at his granddaughter. “We’ll see, my child, we’ll see.”

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc008thebenevolenttaxcollector.html>

14 captures

28 Apr 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

The Benevolent Tax Collector

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2001

It was the high priest himself who came to summon Dilat-Shamash. “Father,” Dilat asked, “what have I done wrong?”

“My son,” Dan-Inanna said, “that is for the goddess to say. Bring your tax records. Quickly.” He tapped his staff on the limestone floor. “The goddess awaits.”

Dilat grabbed the basket of clay tablets that were his tax records and tossed in a couple of damp tablets and a reed stylus. “I’m ready, Father,” he said.

“Then, come.” Dan-Inanna led the way down the temple’s great hall to the throne room. There, on a throne of lapis-lazuli set against the far wall, sat the goddess Inanna. Both men bowed before her, their foreheads touching the stone floor.

Inanna dipped her fingers in a bowl that rested on a tripod by the throne and flicked glitter high into the air. It sparkled, incensing and cleansing the air as it wafted down. “Welcome,” she said. “You may rise and address me.”

“Most Glorious One,” said Dan-Inanna, “I’ve brought Dilat-Shamash as you commanded. He has his records with him.”

“Well done, my Ensi. You may leave. The accounting is a thing between my collector and myself.”

“As you wish, Holy One.” The high priest bowed and left.

The goddess turned and focused her dark eyes on Dilat. To him, she was the epiphany of beauty, hair as black as raven wings, skin as white as alabaster. Her lips were red and lush like the ripe pomegranate. She sat on her lofty throne clothed in bleached linen, pure as the snow of the mountainlands.

“Dilat-Shamash,” Inanna said, “I assessed Arali for grain worth twenty talents of silver as taxes and appointed you to collect it. This is how you were charged, were you not?”

Dilat consulted a tablet from the basket. “Yes, Holy One. I show your assessment for Arali as grain worth twenty talents of silver.”

“Yet, the grain you brought in is worth only twelve talents, four minas and twelve shekels. What happened, Dilat-Shamash? Did you not know the price of grain? Could you not measure it? Or did you forget how much Arali was assessed?”

“My goddess,” Dilat answered, “it was none of those.”

“Then - ?” Inanna raised an eyebrow.

“A thousand pardons, Holy One, but there was nothing left to collect in all Arali.”

Dilat saw a glint appear in Inanna’s eyes. “Nothing? Not a grain of wheat left in all of Arali? Or a grain of barley?”

“Glorious One, there was some, but precious little. The people of Arali have to eat. And some grain must be saved for next year’s seed. There wasn’t even sufficient for that.”

Inanna twisted on the throne, her body canting forward towards him. “So you, a mortal, dare to judge sufficiency?”

Dilat shrank back. “It’s that I did not wish to strip the people of Arali of their last vestiges of sustenance.”

“Quiet!” Inanna exclaimed. She rose to her feet. “You must learn, Dilat-Shamash, that it is I who am sustenance to my people. They pay taxes in grain which I deposit in my warehouse. If they’re hungry, they have only to come to my warehouse and ask. If

they're short of seed, they have only to come to my warehouse and ask. It is I who am sustenance for my people. Do you understand, Dilat-Shamash?"

Dilat bowed. "Yes, Holy One, now that you've explained."

"Then go back to Arali. Collect the full twenty talent's worth of grain as I commanded you in the first place."

"But, Holy One. I do not want to put the people to shame by turning their jars upside down and emptying them."

"Careful, Dilat-Shamash. Your words approach blasphemy. And your attitude is beginning to resemble that of those mortals who go about calling themselves traders."

"I speak only of my people," Dilat said.

"Your people?" Inanna screamed. She dipped her fingers deep in the bowl and flicked glitter into the air again. This time, it sizzled and smoked as it sank scorched to the floor. "The Arali are not your people! They are mine! You, Dilat-Shamash, are a mere mortal, nothing more than a tax collector."

"Holy One, please. There was a drought in Arali. Crops failed. It's been a hard year for those farming there."

"Do you think the gods were not aware of how it is in Arali?"

"The gods could have - " Dilat stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" Inanna said. "What could the gods have done?" Dilat continued in a weak voice. "A thousand pardons, Holy One," he mumbled. "The gods could have shown mercy. They could have driven rain clouds over Arali—and broken the drought."

Inanna's eyes smoldered. "I see, mortal. Now you are setting yourself up to judge the actions of gods."

"But – "

"Enough!" The goddess raised her right hand high in the air and swung it down swiftly. SMACK! An invisible hand struck Dilat-Shamash. His body crumpled under the blow and fell to the limestone floor where it laid motionless.

Inanna picked up a mallet and sounded the gong behind the tripod. Dan-Inanna appeared at the door. "Yes, Holy One?"

"Take away this oaf of a tax collector and revive him," Inanna instructed her high priest.

“And, when he comes to, tell him to go back to Arali. Tell him not to return from Arali until he has collected the balance of taxes due.”

“It shall be as you say, Glorious One,” Dan-Inanna said. He snapped his fingers and two acolytes appeared to drag away Dilat-Shamash’s body. Then, with a bow, the high priest departed, closing the doors of the throne room behind him.

* * *

Dilat-Shamash stirred and groaned. “Easy, you fool,” Dan-Inanna cautioned him. “You’ve been struck down by the goddess herself. No easy blow. You’ll need rest before you leave.”

“Leave?” Dilat moaned.

“You’re going back to Arali. The goddess wants you to finish the collection of taxes. She says don’t come back from Arali until you have collected the full balance due.”

“But,” Dilat wailed, “seizing their grain will leave the cupboards of my people bare and their seed bins empty. They will be forced to come to Uruk and beg food from the temple warehouse.”

Dan-Inanna nodded. “Yes, that is what the goddess wants.”

Dilat looked up into the face of the high priest, searching for an answer. “But, Father,” he asked, “why?”

“My son, you must understand it is a lonely thing to be a goddess. Especially Inanna. She is the youngest of the gods. Except for Enki, her grandfather, no deity has ever given her help. She has had to carve her own way to power. Alone, she’s made Uruk the Marketplace of the Land. Now, at the pinnacle of her powers, she finds herself alone. She craves affection.”

“Affection? Father, did you say affection?”

“Yes, my son,” Dan-Inanna nodded. “Affection. Love. She gets none from the other gods. They are too jealous of each other. So, she seeks it from humans, mortals like yourself.

“After you collect the grain for taxes, those in Arali will be left with little or nothing. In desperation, they will have to go to the goddess’s warehouse in Uruk and, when they receive grain, they will be overcome by an immense feeling of relief. Over time, this sense of relief will grow into affection. Ultimately, the people of Arali will become dependent on Inanna and come to love her as they love their own mothers.”

“Father, I can scarce believe what you’re telling me. It sounds like some form of trickery.”

“Not so, my son. With human mortals loose upon the Earth, what else can be done? The goddess is training her people to come to her so she can succor them.”

“After I first despoil them,” Dilat said bitterly.

Dan-Inanna nodded. “That’s the way it is, my son. When you’re ready to go back to Arali, you’ll find your donkeys tethered outside in the temple stable, waiting for you.”

* * *

Zilsha looked Dilat-Shamash straight in the eye. “If you take this grain, sir,” the old woman said, “my husband and I will starve. You will have sentenced us to starve to death.”

“Nonsense,” Dilat replied. “You have only to go to the temple warehouse in Uruk and ask for grain. The acolytes there will give you all you need.”

“And how will we get to Uruk?” the old woman asked. “I can hardly walk and my husband’s been bed-ridden these past two years. Please, sir,” she begged with rheumy eyes, “show mercy.”

Dilat looked at the lone jar of barley. The few grains in it were worth less than a mina. He tried to force himself to reach out, seize it and take it away—but couldn’t.

Instead, he took out his own moneybag. “Don’t worry,” he told Zilsha, “I’ll pay the tax out of my own purse.” He took out a damp tablet and recorded payment. Then, as he walked out to his donkeys, he turned and said to the old woman, “Your taxes are paid.”

“Bless you,” she called after him.

* * *

On his return to Uruk, Dilat-Shamash stopped at the city gate where he tethered his donkeys and went into a tavern. “A pitcher of beer!” he ordered from the tavern keeper as he set down his basket of tablets and seated himself on a bench.

A stranger on the bench moved to make more room for him. “You’re a tax collector, aren’t you?” he asked.

“Is it so obvious?” Dilat asked in return.

“I despise you people.”

The tavern keeper brought Dilat the jar of beer and a hollow reed for a straw. He set jar on the floor in front of him. “Right now,” Dilat told the stranger, “I’m not too happy with myself.”

“Oh? Has plundering started to trouble your conscience?”

“It’s been a hard year for the people of Arali. Drought. There are some like an old woman named Zilsha who lives with her bed-ridden husband.”

The stranger nodded. “Yes, I know them.”

“They owed taxes but their crop failed. I couldn’t bring myself to take their last jar of grain. Instead, I paid their taxes from my own purse.”

“Commendable,” the stranger said. “But, if you’ve been so soft hearted, have you any money of your own left?”

“Very little,” Dilat said. He let out a long sigh. “Now, it’s my wife and children who will face hunger and have to beg food from the temple warehouse this winter. Our neighbors will ask, ‘What has that Dilat-Shamash done with all the money he earned as tax collector?’ I feel I have sentenced my own wife and children to shame.”

The stranger nodded. “Indeed, you have.”

“But ... ” Dilat’s voice caught, “I could do nothing else!”

“Don’t protest to me,” the stranger said. “Take your protest to the cause of your problem. To Inanna.”

“I did.” Dilat pointed to his bruised forehead. “She used magic to strike me down. I dare not protest again.”

The stranger nodded. “I understand. The goddess is headstrong and overbearing. Have you thought of leaving Uruk?”

“And leave my wife and children behind?”

“We could help them escape with you.”

“We?” Dilat asked.

"We traders," the stranger said. "I'm a trader. Our association, the Karum, has a house at the north end of the quay. If you want to escape with your family, bring them there. We can get you and your family out. No one would ever know."

"It sounds like treason."

"How? No harm's done to your city. Or your goddess. We only seek freedom for ourselves and for other humans like us. As thinking creatures, we traders assert the right to determine our own destinies."

"Enough," Dilat said. "You're confusing me with talk like that. Go away. Please, I don't want to hear any more."

"Very well," the stranger said, "if you wish." He rose, paid the tavern keeper for his beer. "Goodbye," he said and left.

Dilat-Shamash shook his head. He had seated himself beside a trader. Without knowing. It had been an accident. Pure chance! He wasn't to blame. He hadn't even known the stranger. He certainly hadn't known the stranger was a trader.

He was well aware the goddess didn't like traders. He could understand why. The stranger seemed to be against all things holy. He wanted to do just as he pleased, even determine his own destiny. Imagine. But, then, the stranger did seem to have a feeling of compassion for the impoverished in Arali.

Dilat thrust the growing doubt from his mind. He downed the last of his beer and paid for it. He had taxes to turn in, the full balance due. He wanted to finish his mission, fulfill his task and prove to the goddess that he was the good and faithful servant a mortal was supposed to be.

Surely, Inanna would recognize that, wouldn't she?

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/fc009ridetheriverdown.html>

14 captures

28 Apr 2003 - 25 Mar 2010

Jan MAY Aug

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Go Back to the Fiction Menu

Ride the River Down

A Story of Ancient Sumeria

by James W. Bell © 2003

In Sumer, the need for bitumen ... to make pitch for waterproofing ... was tremendous. Money was to be made. The best was 400 miles upriver at Is, but bringing it down by boat was cheaper than hauling 50 miles overland by donkey. Sumer might seem a desert but its trade was riverine, dependent on rivers and canals navigated by men, many lusting to make their fortunes. This is the story of one such man.
“Eng!”

I flinched and looked up. Damn! The captain with his crew. They’d found me, in a corner of Lila’s tavern, enjoying a pot of beer. I was not happy. “What do you want?”

Captain Akallum spoke for the group. “You. We need you for a big job.” He paused to give me time to absorb his message. “It’s a chance to make a lot of money.”

I still had more than a few shekels left. “Not interested,” I said and turned away.

Akallum leaned down. “A fortune,” he insisted. “Have you no desires?” He pulled out his kidskin moneybag and jingled it at me. “Has this ceased to interest you?”

I reached for the pouch but he laughed and pulled it back.

“Ah, I knew. At heart, you’re like us. You are interested, aren’t you?”

I licked my lips. “Maybe,” I said. “Where? When?”

“Upriver at Is. We’ve reports a huge chunk of bitumen just broke off, pure pitch waiting for whoever gets there first. We’re going for it.”

“The river’s in spate,” I informed the captain as if he wouldn’t know.

He grinned and clinked the moneybag again, this time in my face. “That’s why we’re going. With good men who can float it down on the floodwaters. I figure the trip’s worth at least a thousand shekels of silver—each! You afraid of a little high water?”

I thought about it. Running a barge down the Euphrates when the water’s high is no fun. It’s hard to tell where the banks are and it’s easy to stray into the overflow. Smash into a palm, the boat breaks up and everything gets swept downriver with the other debris.

But a thousand shekels! In silver. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine. Why not? “I’m willing,” I said. “But I’ve had a little much to drink. Tomorrow morning.”

“No,” the captain said, “we have to be first. The time is now,” and, before I knew it, two

of the crew had me by my arms and were walking me out the tavern door.

Kur, they were taking me to a thousand shekels. Who was I to protest?

* * *

The journey upriver was hell. We went by foot, sloshing from dawn to dark. The towpaths were underwater, so we traveled overland, across a desert newly greened by spring rains that concealed nettles and desert-thorn. Since there was no track, our supply donkeys constantly got out of line and rubbed against each other, trying to scrape off their panniers. Half our nights were spent rebraiding the wicker in their hampers.

We followed the water's edge. Usually, on the desert, nothing's as dear as fresh water. But after slogging through squishy vegetation day after day, I would have given an eye tooth for a good night's rest on dry land.

Finally, late one afternoon, the captain stopped us. "Gather around, men," he called out and we went to him. He put his hand to his ear and said, "Be quiet. Listen."

We did. A faint ... ka-thump ... ka-thump ... ka-thump ... came from somewhere ahead. "Is!" we exclaimed.

"Ah, yes," Akallum said, "the waterwheel of the gods, pumping hot bitumen up from the fiery Underworld." He looked around at us and smiled. "We're almost there."

* * *

Smell and another portent appeared when we arrived the next morning, oily black smoke rising from pitch furnaces in the city across the water. A ferry sat at water's edge. The boatman charged a royal ransom to take us across with our donkeys, then handed us each a pole. By the gods, he forced us to pole like kur to make the opposite shore before we were carried downstream by the raging current.

We landed at a desolate spot where the ground felt blistering hot and shook with each KA-THUMP. "Where in kur are we?" the captain asked.

"Near Steaming Lake," the boatman said and pointed to where the ... KA-THUMP ... KA-THUMP ... was coming from. "It's where you see that huge blob of bitumen floating." We went with the captain to inspect the blob floating in the lake. It was a mass of pitch fifteen feet across, in a pool of boiling water not more than thirty feet in diameter. The river was so high it was connected to the pool. "Men," Akallum said, "with poles, we could prize that clod of bitumen right out into the river, anchor it to a barge and float it

down to Uruk. Let's get into town. We need to find the ensi and make an offer."

As always, I found the little city of Is depressing. Its houses were as heavily tarred as the lanes that ran between them. The odor of hot pitch and unrelenting ka-thumps gave me a headache.

When the governor emerged from the temple to greet us, the captain said, "We came by ferry and saw that great lump of bitumen floating in Steaming Lake."

The ensi sighed. "It's been like that for two weeks. We haven't had time to cut it up and process it. Our men have been busy repairing levees."

"Maybe we could help. We came to offer to buy that lump, as it is. That is, if we can trade you our four donkeys for a boat to take it away. Any old barge with poles would do."

"Captain, there's no barge built that could hold that much bitumen."

"We don't plan to bring the bitumen aboard. We plan to tow it."

The ensi's eyes went wide. "In this flood? You're mad," he said, but then regained his composure and added, "but that would be on your head, not mine." He squinted at the captain. "How much are you offering?"

"This." The captain pulled out a small moneybag and handed it to the governor.

The ensi hefted it. "Scarcely a mina," he growled. Then he untied the leather thong, opened the bag and looked inside. "Gold!" he shouted. He was no more surprised than I.

"That pound of gold in your hand and our four donkeys are yours for the bitumen and a barge with poles."

"The city fathers ... "

"My lord, we haven't time for a council hearing. We need to run it down while the river's still in spate. We're taking enough chance as it is."

The ensi hesitated. He took out a snippet of gold and bit it. Then he smiled. "Captain, I'll have my men bring a barge and moor it on the river near Steaming Lake. With poles. You can leave the donkeys with me. The bitumen and boat are both yours."

* * *

We walked back to Steaming Lake. The ensi's men brought up the boat, a rectangular barge of tamarisk limbs, heavily tarred. Akallum reached in and pulled out five poles. He handed one to each of the other men and two to me. Then he passed me a knife. "Eng, you're the navigator. Use one of your poles to fasten a towline to that clod of bitumen."

I nodded and whittled a notch at one end of my extra pole so I could tie a line around it. Then I took the captain's knife and strapped it crosswise near the other end. Finished, I threw it at the bitumen, like a harpoon. The pole thudded, sinking the knife deep in the mass. Gently, so as not to pull it loose while the bitumen was still soft, I trolled the lump across the water to the underwater bar that separated the pond from the river.

Akallum climbed into the barge and I handed him the end of the towline. "All right, men," he said, "I need you to pole that clump over the bar and out into the river."

I slipped my pole under the mass to leverage it while the others stood on the far bank, prodding it with their poles. When it suddenly gave way, one of the men slipped and, screaming, splashed into the boiling water. I immediately thrust my pole into the water for him to take hold. He never reached for it. As I watched, a black film shrouded his body. Within seconds, he was cocooned in bitumen. I felt nauseated and turned away.

"Eng!" Akallum yelled at me, "get back to work! Time's wasting."

Holy Nergal, I thought, the captain's cold blooded as kur. How can he go on? But when I saw the other two men on the bank had grown impatient, I took my position again.

"All right," Akallum said, "let's get the lump over the bar. Push!"

The other men pushed with their poles while I levered upwards. We pushed. Again. And again. I lost count of the times. The mass moved. Inch by inch. The air around us steamed and rivulets of sweat ran down our bodies. Then it suddenly tumbled over the bar and we quickly followed, jumping into the cold floodwaters of the river.

We were grabbed by the current and had to swim like kur for the barge. The captain reached down and, one by one, pulled us to safety. Aboard, we watched the scenery move by and soon were beyond the ka-thumping of the waterwheel of the gods.

"We're making good speed, Eng," the captain said. "If we continue at this rate, we'll reach Uruk within three days. You know the river's course. I'm leaving it to you to keep us out of the overflow, especially at night."

I said I would but pleaded, as it was still daylight and I was exhausted, for a chance to

sleep if I had to stay awake through the night. They agreed to wake me before dark.

* * *

A nudge woke me as the sun was setting. I could tell the river was rounding a great curve, turning south by southeast. Sippar lay not far distant. I positioned myself on the bow where I could see ahead and make out the course of the river, as defined by the dark shadows of palms along an inner bank that was now underwater. I had the men pole to starboard so we wouldn't smash into the outer bank.

Sippar came up portside. A torch flared on the quay and some official, probably the port inspector, called out across the river, "Come about and pay toll!"

We were riding the floodwaters with that huge mass of bitumen leashed to our transom. Captain Akallum was awake so I asked him what to do. "Tell the inspector we have a heavy tow and are unable to cross the river in flood."

I did as told.

"By the gods," the inspector shouted, "you owe toll! I'll have the gods on you."

"He's threatening us with the gods," I told the captain.

"I heard, Eng. He doesn't know who we are. An idle threat. Pay it no attention."

* * *

Below Sippar, where the Euphrates divides, the floodwater washed hard against the headland and swirled us around like a whirlpool ... spinning us like we were a rock in a hunter's sling. We had to pole like kur to escape and enter the western branch.

Before dawn, we passed Babil. Like at Sippar, a port inspector appeared on the quay but I saw the crew was asleep on the floor of the barge, so I laid low and let the official figure we were nothing more than wreckage washed down by the flood.

The sun was up when we reached Dilbat. This time, we were awake when the port inspector came out. He must have recognized the bitumen for what it was because he shouted, "Come about with that bitumen and pay toll on it."

For some reason, the captain became stiff necked. "Can't," he called back, "we're towing it to Uruk." The inspector responded with curses and threats we heard until we floated out of range. I couldn't help wondering why the captain had been so brusque.

That afternoon, the story was repeated at Marad and again we just sailed on. I brought up the threats and curses that had been shouted at us, that they worried me. "Pay them no attention, Eng," the captain said. "Let them be on my head."

* * *

That afternoon, when the river turned east, a zu-bird patrol appeared. Four birds circled overhead while the leader came down and lit on the bitumen lump in tow. "I've been sent by Enlil," it said, "Skylord of the Land. He wishes you to land at Nippur."

Akallum answered the bird. "Tell the Glorious Skylord we shall do as he wishes."

"Good," the bird said, "I'll take the news to him." It soared up to rejoin its companions and they flew away.

For some reason unknown to me, I took it on myself to warn the captain. "If we moor at Nippur with the bitumen in tow, they might declare our tolls unpaid and take it as forfeit."

"I'm aware of that, Eng, I have no intention of putting in at Nippur."

"But, captain, I just heard you promise the zu-bird, and Enlil – "

"Words," he said and looked me straight in the eye. "Leave the gods to me."

* * *

We reached Nippur the next morning and floated on past, making no effort to come about. Officials on the quay shouted at us and, before we knew it, a zu-bird patrol was overhead. The birds dove, dropping out of the sky with talons extended and claws out. We swung at them with our poles. After one of the birds got its wing hit and another got one of its legs whacked, the lead bird called off the attack and circled our barge.

"By defying us," it called down to us, "you have defied the gods. I will inform the Skylord so he can have South Wind bring his son to punish you. Ninurta will destroy you."

Akallum stood up and took one last swipe at the bird with his pole. "Your words do not frighten me," he shouted. "Nor will they stop me."

I watched as the birds turned and flew back to Nippur.

* * *

The rest of the day and that night passed without incident. On the morning of the third day, Captain Akallum put his arm around my shoulder and spoke to me in confidence. "You see, Eng, nothing has happened. All those threats we heard were only words, not enough to stop determined men. Your fears of the gods were groundless."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but we've challenged them. I'll feel easier when this is over."

That afternoon, just as Uruk came into view, the sky on the southern horizon darkened. The dreaded South Wind appeared low over the floodwaters of the river, a great black bird with her wings widespread. She fanned an ominous line of rain clouds towards us. Atop the leading cloudbank stood the giant figure of Ninurta, the mighty storm god, first-born of Enlil. He stamped his foot ... KA-BOOM! ... and the earth reverberated with thunder.

As the dark mass neared, Ninurta raised a spear and hurled it at us. It streaked through the air - zzzzzt! - and struck the bitumen mass behind us. Black smoke spewed out and I saw the lump afire. I pulled on the towline to bring it close to the boat in hopes of dowsing the fire, but the heat was too great. I let go and backed off.

Again, Ninurta struck. The bitumen exploded in flames. I felt the boat coming about and saw Akallum poling furiously with the men. I glanced ahead. We were headed straight for Uruk. I realized when we hit the shore with the blazing bitumen in tow, we'd set fire to the flimsy reed huts on the bank and create an inferno that would consume the city.

I pulled out my knife and started hacking away at the towline. Akallum must have seen what I was doing because he came running back. "Stop, you fool!"

"If we come to shore with this blazing hunk of bitumen, we'll burn down the city."

"Damn you, Eng!" He swung his pole at me. I ducked and charged him, butting him in the stomach, knocking him out of the boat. When he tried to climb back aboard, I pushed him away with the pole he'd dropped. When he grabbed the end of it, I gave it a final thrust and let go, leaving him floundering in the floodwaters.

I returned to the towline and cut it. Then I picked up my pole and used it to push the flaming lump away from us, out into the middle of the river where the current would carry it away. I told the remnant of the crew to start poling and help me bring the barge to quay.

When we moored, we found a crowd waiting for us. They must have heard Ninurta and come out to watch him, but had stayed to see what happened on our barge. Not only did we receive a welcome reserved for heroes but they feted us. They asked us our heart's desire. No reward was too good for us, they said, whatever we wanted was

ours.

That's how I happen to be here in the corner of Lila's tavern. With a pot of beer to enjoy, I'm happy again. But I can't help wondering about the captain. Where did he get that mina of gold? And was it the gods that drove him mad? I guess only they will ever know.

The End

1

<http://www.jameswbell.com/myth001.html>

32 captures

15 Apr 2002 - 13 Dec 2015

Dec MAY Aug

20

2004 2006 2007

About this capture

James W. Bell's

Ancient Sumeria

"In the Days when Gods Walked

Upon the Face of the Earth"

Index

by James W. Bell © 2002-4

The Sumerian Universe

Gods of Sumer and Other Immortals

Atra-hasis and the Flood

(Edited and Condensed)

Inanna's Descent into the Netherworld

(Edited and Condensed)

Inanna and Enki

The Transfer of Divine Powers from Eridu to Uruk

(Edited and Condensed)

Inanna and Ebih
(Edited and Condensed)

[Back to the Home Page](#)

Mythology of
Ancient Sumer

1

<http://www.mazzaroth.com/ChapterThree/TowerOfBabel.htm>

193 captures

2 Dec 1998 - 14 Sep 2025

Jan MAR Jun

29

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

From The Alpha and the Omega - Chapter Three

by Jim A. Cornwell, Copyright © 1995, all rights reserved

" The Tower of Babel and Babylon, Gilgamesh, Ningizzida, Gudea "

Ancient Tower

The Tower of Babel

In the Babylonian flood account (the Gilgamesh Epic), Noah's counterpart is Utnapishtim. He likewise received divine warnings of the Flood, built a huge ark, preserved human and animal life, sent out birds, and offered sacrifices. However the gross polytheism and absurdities of the Babylonian account demonstrated that it suffered from a long oral transmission and that it did not influence Genesis in any way.

Genesis 10:8-10 "And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one (first king) in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the LORD: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the LORD." Nimrod (Heb. nimroth), a descendent of Ham, was responsible for building the city of Babel (Babylon). This individual was the beginning of the kingdom in Babylonia, and he became the founder of Nineveh and other cities in Assyria. He became distinguished as a hunter, ruler, and builder. He lived for an undetermined amount of centuries after the Flood, and was the grandson of Ham. He was a bold man, and of great strength of hand. He persuaded men not to ascribe to God, in order to bring them into a constant dependence upon his own power. He swore to build a tower too high for the waters to be able to reach! Thus avenging himself on God for destroying their forefathers!

Many legends have grown up around the name of Nimrod, some claiming that he

was identical with "Ninus," an early Babylonian king or god. Again, some have associated Nimrod with the building of the Tower of Babel (Gen. 11:1-9). Others have identified him with the ancient king of Babylonia, Gilgamesh, but there is no proof that the two were identical.

Also attributed to him and his people were the building of Erech, Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Asshur, son of Nimrod, built Nineveh, Rehoboth, Calah and Resen.

This group of cities formed the center of what there was of civilization at that time on this planet. This civilization is not to be despised or looked upon as being primitive in the sense of its lacking culture and technology. Archaeologists find that the further back in time the digs in this area go, the more advanced the earlier cultures is found to have been. The founding culture came from Noah who had sufficient technology.

Erech (Heb. 'erekh), a city of ancient Babylonia founded by Nimrod, the Babylonian form of the name is Uruk. The modern site is called Warka and is located near the Euphrates River, forty miles NW of Ur. Erech was the home of Gilgamesh, the hero of the great Akkadian epic. Archaeologists have found that this city was one of the oldest of Babylonia, founded before 4000 B.C. One of the earliest dynasties of the Sumerians ruled from Erech, it boasted the first ziggurat, or temple tower, and began the use of clay cylinder seals.

Nineveh (Heb. neweh) is one of the most ancient cities of the world, founded by Nimrod. It is on the banks of the Tigris opposite the site of the modern Mosul in Iraq.

Nimrud (Gen. 10:6-12) is ancient Calah (Heb. Calneh) in Assyria, founded by Nimrod but possibly built by Asshur and is famous for its immense statuary in the form of winged lions and winged bulls.

Akkad (Heb. 'akkadh), whose location is unknown, but thought to be identified with Agade, which Sargon I, the Semitic conqueror of the Sumerian Akkadians, made his capital in c.2350 B.C.

Shinar (Heb. shin'ar) or the region that contained the cities of Babel, Erech, Akkad, and Calneh. Genesis 11:1-9 on the plain of Shinar, they started to build a tower. Amraphel, king of Shinar, invaded Canaan in the days of Abram (Gen. 14:1). Nebuchadnezzar was ruler of the land of Shinar (Dan. 1:20).

Resen (Heb. resen, fortified place), as Xenophon reports that Larissa was a strongly fortified city in this section between Nineveh and Calah.

Rehoboth (Heb. rehovoth, broad places).

Babylon means "gate of the god," and was the center of civilization for nearly two

thousand years.

Babel, Tower of (babel, gate of God), Babylon, the Greek form of the Hebrew word bavel, which is closely allied and probably derived from the Akkadian babilu or "gate of God." The date of its foundation is still disputed. The connection between Akkad, Calneh, Erech, and Babylon (Gen. 10:10) indicates a period at least as early as 3000 B.C. Babylon may have been founded originally by the Sumerians, and an early tablet recorded that Sargon of Akkad (c. 2400) destroyed Babylon.

The Ishtar gate was decorated with figures of lions (passant) in enameled brick, it also had relief figures of bulls and dragons. The temple of Ninmah, goddess of the underworld, was built by Ashurbanipal near the Ishtar gate.

Sumer's principal cities were Nippur, Adab, Lagash, Umma, Larsa, Erech, Ur, and Eridu.

"It was an important trading center and capital of the ancient kingdom of Babylonia. Babylon stood about 60 miles south of Baghdad on the banks of the Euphrates River where the present city Al Hillah, Iraq, now stands. Babylon means gate of God. The Biblical or Hebrew word for Babylon was Babel. The ziggurat, great Tower of Babel, was a terraced pyramid that stood in the temple area. It first became an important city about 2,000 B.C. until its fall in 539 B.C. prophesied by the Book of Daniel in the Old Testament." -- The World Book Encyclopedia "BABYLON."

"Babylonia was an ancient region in southern Iraq. A great civilization existed in the region between 2700 B.C. and 500 B.C. It produced some of the first forms of writing, a set of laws, and studies in mathematics, astronomy, and other sciences. Great leaders, such as Hammurabi, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus the Great, and Alexander the Great, were rulers of Babylonia.

The people began using wheeled carts and chariots shortly after 3,000 B.C.

The Sumerians, the first people who lived in Babylonia about 3,500 B.C., built crude huts out of reeds and mud. Sometimes before 3,000 B.C. the Sumerians began to produce written records in Babylonia. The writing consisted of picture like symbols scratched on lumps of clay. The symbols later were simplified to produce cuneiform writing. Archaeologists have found hundreds of thousands of cuneiform tablets in Babylonia and as far away as Egypt. The tablets are in Sumerian and in various dialects of Akkadian, the Semitic language of Babylon itself. They include historical and legal documents; letters; economic records; literary and religious texts; and studies in mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and magic. Later in the Sumerian period, around 2000 B.C., scribes (writers) wrote some law codes. When the Semites adopted the cuneiform system for their own language, they also borrowed many of the Sumerian stories. But they changed the mythological accounts of creation and of the actions of the gods to fit their own religious system. The most famous of these stories are the

Creation Story and the Epic of Gilgamesh. The first tells the story of the creation of the world by the god Marduk, patron god of the city of Babylon. The second describes a great flood similar to the story found in the Bible. "Epic of Gilgamesh," a Babylonian poem, is one of the oldest epics in world literature dated before 2,000 B.C. The most complete text comes from the library of the Assyrian king Ashurbanipal (668-627 B.C.). Fragmented copies were found in Syria and Turkey, that shows it was popular throughout the ancient Middle East. The epic is a collection of ancient folklore, tales and myths developed into a single work. Gilgamesh, a powerful king in ancient Sumeria who oppressed his people. When the people prayed for help, the gods created a champion Enkidu, who becomes friends with Gilgamesh." -- The World Book Encyclopedia "BABYLONIA", "GILGAMESH, EPIC OF", "BABEL, TOWER OF", "ASTROLOGY."

(Akkadian Epic of Gilgamesh, 5th king of the 1st Dynasty of Erech after the Flood)

Among the thousands of inscribed clay tablets that the British explorer Austen Henry Layard shipped to London in 1851 A.D. from a dig in northern Mesopotamia (Nineveh, modern Iraq) were the famous Black Obelisk of the Assyrian king Shalmaneser III (858-824 B.C.E.) and the library of King Assurbanipal (668-627 B.C.E.). In 1872, George Smith an assistant at the British Museum discovered on one of the tablets (Tablet XI) a story about a flood, written down in the seventh century B.C.E., that was strikingly similar to the Biblical story of Noah in Genesis 6-9. Whether this confirms the Biblical flood story or determines that a Mesopotamian version is older than the Biblical accounts can only be a matter of speculation.

In the Middle East, Dumuzi, "Son of the Abyss," the ever-dying, ever-reviving Sumerian prototype of the resurrected savior, was a harvest god of ancient Mesopotamia, Sumerian god of vegetation and the under-world. Also called "the shepherd" and "lord of the sheepfolds." Dumuzi known from his horned lunar crown, is the son-husband of the goddess Gula-Bau seen sitting in front of the serpent in a relief "Goddess of the Tree of Life" ca. 2500 B.C. Dumuzi's mother was Ningizzida, an ancestor of Gilgamesh, consort of Inanna (Ishtar). The Great Goddess (symbolized by Demeter) also correlates to Dionysus-Bacchus-Zagreus (or in the older, Sumero-Babylonian myths, Dumuzi-absu, Tammuz, the "child of the abyss," who was originally a tree god and son of Ningishzida, he died because of Ishtar's love. Tammuz also Thammuz is the tenth month of the year in the Jewish calendar [Hebrew Tammuz, from Babylonian Du'uzu, the name of a god]. In Egypt, Tammuz was a god of harvest (late summer month) of Mesopotamia, Akkad and Sumer. Tammuz (Ezek. 8:14) is equivalent to Osiris (Hay-Tau) in Egypt and Adonis [Greek Adonis, from Phoenician adon, lord]. Osiris is Dionysus in the Greek tongue, and the Roman Bacchus. A cylinder seal from Erech, end of the fourth century B.C., depicts the god Tammuz (a fertility god widely worshipped in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine) feeding the cattle of the temple. Tammuz was killed by a wild boar while shepherding his flocks. His wife rescued him from the underworld. His death was taken to represent the onset of winter. The Adonis Cult (in Nega, Byblus -Syrian coast) parallels Dumuzi, Tammuz,

and Attis.

(Gilgamesh's ancestor Ningizzida or Ningishzida, was mother and wife of Dumuzi).

Seen below is the Libation Cup of King Gudea of Lagash (an ornamental Sumerian ritual cup) ca. 2000 B.C. Sumer, one can view two composite beasts of a type called "lion-birds" who are drawing back the portals of a shrine (sanctuary) to reveal the great Mesopotamian serpent-god Ningishzida in his dual aspect, entwined about an axial rod as a pair of copulating vipers. If this is the serpent-god then this explains why Dumuzi-absu, Tammuz was called the "child of the abyss."

Ninurta (Nergal, Orion) in the Epic of Gilgamesh helps to flood the earth by throwing down the dykes and breaking dams. Here Gula helped breathe life into mankind. Ninurta and Gula's wedding feast was celebrated on New Year's day. The goddess Gula, (the earth-goddess, mother goddess; also Ninmah, goddess of the underworld) sits below ground with her dog, where the cosmic serpent begins to rise. She is the patroness of herbs, healing, life, as her flowered garment shows. Hands lifted in prayer, she sits with her dog, defender of homes, while before her a Scorpion Archer mounts guard at the uttermost bound of the earth (cosmic sea), to defend against demonic powers and protect the rising and setting sun.

Gula as Ninmah (See Ninkhursag) alias Nintu, Ki, Ninki, Ninmah, Ninlil, Innini, Bau, Gula, Ninkarrak, Gam-Tum-Dug, Belit-Illu, Belitis, was one of four main Sumerian gods (See Damkina). Damkina or Damgalnunna; alias Ninka, goddess wife of Ea -- Sumerian god of sweet waters. As Ninlil wife of Enlil; as Ninki wife of Enki (Ea).

In the twentieth century Sir Leonard Wooley discovered at the mount of al'Ubaid near Ur and ancient temple dedicated by A-anni-pad-da, (king of Ur, son of Mes-anni-pad-da, who was the founder of the third dynasty after the Flood in the Sumerian lists of sovereigns) to the goddess Nin-Kharsag. The first of the divine kings was Dungi, the son of the goddess Ninsun.

Here there is much similarity between the male:

Dungi-Dumuzi-Ninurta-Aannipadda

and the female:

Ninsum-Ningizzida-Gula-Ninmah-Ninkursag-Damkina-Ninka-Mesannipadda.

Photo of Libation Cup taken at the Louvre

in 1999 by Chris Tolley

Again from The Mythic Image, page 282-283 the figures below show "an ornamental Sumerian ritual cup of the same period as the Indus Valley seal regarding a deity with worshipers and serpents. Two composite beasts of a type called "lion-birds" draw back the portals of a sanctuary, where an apparition appears of the great Mesopotamian serpent-god Ningishzida, under the aspect of a pair of copulating vipers. The two are entwined about an axial rod in such a way as to suggest both the caduceus of classical Hermes, guide of souls to rebirth in eternal life, and the Indian diagram of seven spinal

centers touched and wakened to consciousness in Kundalini yoga by the rising Serpent Power."

King Gudea's Libation Cup

Gula Bau and Dumuzi

[Go back to Home Page](#)

[Return to the Table of Contents - Chapter Three or](#)

[go to the next subject Old Testament Chronology -- From the Creation to the Flood](#)

<http://www.mothergoddess.com/middleeast.htm>

68 captures

26 Mar 2005 - 28 Jan 2021

Dec FEB May

21

2005 2006 2007

[About this capture](#)

title2

[Complete List](#)

[Africa](#)

[Celtic](#)

[China](#)

[Crete](#)

[Egypt](#)

[Greece](#)

[India/Tibet](#)

[Japan](#)

[Latin/Roman](#)

[Maya & Aztec](#)

[Middle East](#)

[North America](#)

[Norse/Teutonic](#)

[Polynesia](#)

[Pre-Historic](#)

[Scandinavia](#)

[Other Goddesses](#)

[Home](#)

[Links](#)

[Email](#)

[Bibliography](#)

MIDDLE EAST

Achamoth - Mother Goddess Who gave birth to the creator of the material universe, according to early Gnostic Christians.

Aka - Ancient Turkish Mother Goddess.

Al-Lat - Arabian Moon Goddess, Universal Source of Nourishment. Mother Earth and Her Fruits. Arabic Supreme Goddess. A triple Goddess with Al-Uzza and Menat. Oaths are sealed with the vow "By the salt, By the fire, and by Al-Lat who is the greatest of all."

Al-Mah - Persian Moon Goddess. Nubile Woman.

Al-Uzza - Powerful One. Arabic Goddess. Founder of Mohammed's tribe, the Koreshites, hereditary tenders of Her Sacred Stone in Mecca. The Mighty. Mohammed worshipped this Desert Goddess of the Morning Star. Acacias are Her sacred tree.

Anath - Strength of Life. Worshipped by Canaanites, Amorites, Syrians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Phoenicians. Queen of Heaven and Mistress of all the gods.

Anatu - Great Mesopotamian Goddess, Ruler of the Earth and Queen of the Sky.

Aramaiti - Iranian Earth Goddess, Whose language was the original language of the Christian Gospels. Mother of the People made of Clay.

ariannaArianna - Great Goddess of Persia (Iran).

Aruru - Sumero-Babylonian Great Goddess Who was the original Potter Who created human beings out of clay.

Asherah - Semitic name of the Great Goddess. Sacred Grove, Divine Harlot, Lady of

Heaven, Queen of the Gods, Lady Who Traverses the Sea. Sacred Cow. Symbol - stylized multi branched tree. She Who gives birth to the gods, Goddess of the Tree of Life, Goddess of the Grove. She Who gives birth, Wet-nurse of the gods. Ugaritic Mother Goddess. She was the Force of Life, experienced as benevolent and enduring, found in flocks of cattle and groves of trees, evoked in childbirth and planting time. Sometimes appeared as a naked, curly-haired Goddess riding a sacred lion and holding lilies and serpents in up-raised hands.

Ashnan - Sumerian Goddess of Grain.

Atthar - Ancient Arabic Sun Goddess. Torch of the Gods.

Belit-Ilani - Babylonian Mistress of the gods. Evening Star of Desire. Portrayed as a woman Who bears a suckling baby on Her left arm and Who blesses the child with Her right hand.

Chaabou - Semitic Earth Mother.

Deborah - Queen Bee Goddess of early Mycenae and Anatolia. Identified with the Tree of Life.

Derceto - Babylonian Sea Goddess. The Whale of Der. Dike - Goddess of Justice. Aspect of the Triple Goddess with Ananke and Heimarmene. Pre-hellenic Syrian Fish Mother Goddess.

Erua - Babylonian Queen of Heaven. She controlled birth among all creatures in Her land.

Fatima - Arabian Moon Goddess, Creatress, Source of the Sun, Tree of Paradise. She existed from the beginning of the material world.

Gula - Babylonian Great Goddess. Lady of Birth and Mother of Dogs. Fate Goddess. The Great Doctress Who could cure or cause sickness.

Inanna - Sumerian Queen of the Land. Source of the Earth's life blood. She filled the wells, rivers and springs with Her blood. 2,000 B.C.E. Juniper is Her tree.

ishtarIshtar - Babylonian Great Goddess, Star, Light of the World. Righteous judge, Lawgiver, Bestower of Strength, Lady of Victory, Forgiver of Sins. Mother of Harlots, Compassionate Prostitute. Framer of all decrees. Often depicted in breast-offering pose. Mother of the fruitful breast. Juniper sacred to Her.

Kadi - Babylonian Goddess of Der, a Serpent with a Woman's head and breasts.

lilithLilith - totem the owl. Divine Lady. In Jewish mythology, She was Adam's first wife (before Eve) Sumero-Babylonian Goddess. Her flower is the lily.

Manat - Arabic Moon Goddess. Ruler of Fate, Luck and Fortune. She was venerated in a Sacred Stone at Kodaïd in pre-Islamic times and was one of the Trinity of Fates worshipped at Mecca. Moon Mother of Mecca. aka Al-Lat, Al-Uzza. Lapis Niger (Black stone) sacred to Her.

Mari - Mother Sea, Great Fish Who gave birth to the gods, Fruitful Mother. Middle Eastern Sun Goddess.

Shayba - Arabic-Aramaean title of the Great Goddess. Shayba was Old Woman whose spirit dwelt in the Sacred Stone of the Kaaba in Mecca.

Shebat - Mesopotamian Moon Goddess.

shekhinaShekina - Jewish Cabalistic version of Shakti. The Soul of God. God required his Shekina for Wisdom and Creativity.

Tiamat - Serpent Goddess of the Watery Abyss. Sumerian Creatress. Sumero-Babylonian Goddess Mother, from Whose formless body the Universe was born at creation. Personification of The Deep. Mother Sea.

Tirgata - Fish Goddess of Syria.

21 May 2000 - 8 Oct 2024
Jun DEC Nov
08
2004 2005 2007

About this capture
Return to Stormfront White Pride World Wide

ANCIENT LOURDES

by Professor Revilo P. Oliver (September 1990)

It has long been known that the Gallic goddess Sequana (whose name is perpetuated in the Seine that flows through Paris) was as efficient as her Christian counterpart, Mary, in healing maladies and other physical afflictions. As in other places where a supposedly ubiquitous Christian deity has replaced a less vaporous predecessor, (1) the Virgin became, like Sequana, a local goddess, accessible only to visitors to her famous shrine at Lourdes, where a number of evidently genuine cures imposed on some credulous physicians who knew nothing about psychosomatic therapeutics.

(1. Cf. *Liberty Bell*, September 1985, pp. 5-12.)

Excavations by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the direction of Professor McGuire Gibson, have recently uncovered the temple of Gula at Nippur, the ancient Sumerian city on the Euphrates that even after the occupation of Sumer by the Semites, remained the Holy City of the great god Enlil and so flourished until the time of the Persian Empire. The temple of Gula, probably built on the site of an earlier one, dates from before 1600 B.C.

Gula, the wife of Ninurtu (Ningirsu), was the goddess of the therapeutic arts. She may have had other functions earlier, probably a political one, since there are indications that in the very early days of Sumerian civilization, when the position of *lugal* (often roughly translated as 'king') was elective, the elections were held in the temple of Gula.

Gula's symbol was a bitch, and many figurines of dogs are found in connection with her worship. (2) It is, so far as I know, uncertain whether she was imagined as having canine form or the dog was sacred to her, since the antiseptic action of a dog's tongue

in licking wounds was early recognized.

(2. She was sometimes addressed as *Bawa*, which may have been either a name or an epithet, and could have been onomatopoeic ('bow-wow'). If the latter, the word could be one of the Sumerian words for 'bitch,' a feminine variant of 'dog.' But remember that the phonology of many Sumerian words, especially in the Assyrian and Babylonian periods, is less certain than you would suppose from writings addressed to the general public.)

The archaeologists from the University of Chicago also found in the ruins many figurines of human beings, each represented as pointing to an organ of his body, which, presumably, had been healed by the divine power of Gula. These are the counterparts of the many votive offerings to the Virgin at Lourdes (and Guadalupe) by grateful votaries whose maladies she healed or relieved. We may thus be sure that the kind of medical business practiced by the Virgin at Lourdes goes back to at least 1600 B.C. and doubtless much earlier.

This is worthy of note because the pronouncements of Ronnie and Bushy suggest that our rulers intend soon to establish prayer as a rite in the schools, as desiderated by so many holy men, who think it would increase the suckers' susceptibility to the hot air of vaporings about the supernatural.

The promoters of that attempt to instill superstition naturally expect the unfortunate moppets to pray to old Yahweh, the sacred spook of their business, but they try to circumvent the Constitution (to which lip-service is still paid) by hypocritically pretending that a child will be free to pray to the high-voltage ghost of his choice. In that event, an American's offspring could (and probably will) do much worse than pray to Gula, a deity who, as the figurines attest, did help those who had faith in her, and did not, like Yahweh, refuse to be bothered, thus making theologians rack their brains to find excuses for him.

This article originally appeared in Liberty Bell magazine.

Stormfront Home | Return to Revilo Oliver index | Join Discussion Forum | The Truth About Martin Luther King | E-mail Stormfront

<http://www.care2.com/channels/solutions/bms/1365>

15 captures
3 Jun 2004 - 12 Feb 2021
Mar FEB Jun
12
2005 2006 2007

[About this capture](#)

[Home](#)
[Connect](#)

[E-Cards & Fun](#)

[Shopping](#)

[Healthy Living](#)

[News Network](#)

[Petitions](#)

[Click to Donate](#)
[Care2 member? Login](#)

[Home](#) > [Healthy Living](#) > [Body, Mind & Spirit](#) > [Guidance](#) > [Wisdom from Dog](#)

[Wellness Calculators](#)

[Wisdom from Dog](#)
[More Guidance Solutions](#)

Adapted from *Animal Life in Nature, Myth and Dreams*, by Elizabeth Caspari (Chiron Publications, 2003).

Reputedly “man’s best friend,” the domestic Dog comes in a stunning range of sizes, shapes, traits, and personalities, but all are descended from the wolf.

Simple Solution:
[printer friendly version](#)
[Pet Promise](#)

Today, dogs are used in a variety of ways: to sniff for bombs and drugs, to see for the blind, to guard, attack, hunt, and more, but the association of dogs and humans is ancient, going back perhaps fifteen thousand years. Dogs have certainly proven to be

the helpful allies of humans.

Several cultures, however, despise dogs. Find out why, learn why dogs are often associated with healing, and see what wisdom Dog holds for us today, here:

Judaism and Islam do not hold the dog in much esteem. Both consider it an unclean scavenger, ritually taboo. In Islam, “dog” is a term of shame and dishonor for unbelievers. In Christian cultures, the dog represents faithfulness. Fido, a favorite pet name for dogs, means “I am faithful” in Latin.

Aesculapius, the Greek god of medicine, had a dog for a companion; the Sumerian goddess Gula, who as a healer restored life to the dead, was depicted with a dog beside her throne. Like many animals, dogs will lick their wounds when they are hurt, and there is a widespread folk belief that a dog’s tongue (or saliva) has healing qualities. Dogs also attempt to heal themselves by eating certain grasses when they are sick and they have even been credited with an herbalist’s knowledge of just which grasses will do the job.

Given their instinct to guard, dogs have long been associated with guarding real thresholds. So it seems symbolically apt that one be placed at the boundary between the worlds of the living and the dead. In Persian mythology, two four-eyed dogs guard the Chinvot Bridge between those worlds. In Hindu myth, the sun and moon dogs of Indra are guardians, and several Native American peoples incorporate similar notions in their mythologies. Another Greek goddess, Hecate, who had power over heaven, earth, and sea and presided over magic and spells, is associated with dogs; she is identified with the original hellhound, Cerberus, the three-headed dog that guards the gates of Hades. In Norse mythology, a dog, Garm, guards the entrance to Niflheim, the dark realm of the goddess Hel, and bars the entrance of any living soul. Anubis, the Egyptian god of the land of the dead, is pictured with the head of a dog.

Occupying a threshold between the world of the living and the dead, a faithful friend and guardian of Hades, the dog can symbolize a connection between consciousness and the unconscious. Dogs are extremely sensitive to how they are treated, so a person’s abuse of his or her body--a chronic refusal to listen to bodily feelings, symptoms of other forms of the language of the body such as anxieties or energies--can take the dog-image into a negative form. The notion of a dog that “turns” on his master remains particularly potent and disturbing because it underscores how wrong attitude can have a devastating effect on one’s bodily life, something that one expects to be able to rely upon most deeply.

The appearance of a dog in a dream might suggest a need to listen with more attention to personal instincts rather than to take a rational, scientific approach to daily actions and attitudes. Since the dog is closely related to bodily knowledge, dreamers might consider how they need to more aware of the wisdom of their bodies and their physical symptoms and to engage the body’s healing potential, allowing imagination free rein.

Shop for Supplies:

Animal Life in Nature, Myth and Dreams

Links to Resources and Articles:

Chiron Publications - Distributed by Lantern Books, Chiron Publications embraces many areas of thought and discourse.

Copyright: Adapted from Animal Life in Nature, Myth and Dreams, by Elizabeth Caspari (Chiron Publications, 2003). Copyright (c) 2003 by Elizabeth Caspari. Reprinted by permission of Chiron Publications.

Disclaimer: Care2.com does not warrant and shall have no liability for information provided in this newsletter or on Care2.com. Each individual person, fabric, or material may react differently to a particular suggested use. It is recommended that before you begin to use any formula, you read the directions carefully and test it first. Should you have any health care-related questions or concerns, please call or see your physician or other health care provider.

Description: Wisdom from Dog

Key Terms: Wisdom from Dog

Home > Healthy Living > Body, Mind & Spirit > Guidance
More Guidance Solutions

Color Helper - Yellow

Animal Helper - Great Blue Heron

Crystal Helper - Rose Quartz

Tarot Helper - Strength

Rune Helper - Raido

Plant Helper - Dandelion

Chakra Helper - Solar Plexus

Spirit Element Helper - Earth

Sacred Geometry Helper - Circle

Color Helper - Green

Animal Helper - Butterfly

Crystal Helper - Amethyst

Tarot Helper - Wheel of Fortune

Spirit Element Helper - Water
Rune Helper - Sigel/Sol
Plant Helper - Oak
Chakra Helper - Heart
Sacred Geometry Helper - Square
Color Helper - Purple
Animal Helper - Eagle
Spirit Element Helper - Air
Crystal Helper - Tiger Eye
Rune Helper - Ansuz
Plant Helper - Onion
Chakra Helper - Throat
Sacred Geometry Helper - Spiral
Tarot Helper - Ace of Wands
Color Helper - Blue
Spirit Element Helper - Fire
Rune Helper - Wunjo
Chakra Helper - Root
Sacred Geometry Helper - Triangle
Tarot Helper - Queen of Wands
Plant Helper - Birch
Color Helper - Black
Spirit Element Helper - Earth
Rune Helper - Tiwaz
Chakra Helper - Sacral
Animal Helper - Dolphin
Sacred Geometry Helper - Straight Line
Tarot Helper - Page of Pentacles
Crystal Helper - Backyard Stones
A Prayer Formula That Works
The Wisdom of Indian Medicine
Soul Reading – How to Read so Your Heart Hears
The Gaia Hypothesis: Is Earth a Vulnerable Being?
Grounding Relationships in Oneness
Guidance From Lynx In Your Life?
Core Indigenous Beliefs
Celtic Traits - Are You Linked?
Entering the Silence
Your Throat Chakra - What Does it Need?
Turning Baggage into Wisdom
Ancient Guidance from Turtle
Healing for Your Second Chakra
Flowering Meditation
Your Horoscope Helpers
Healing from Your Ancestors

Are You A Gypsy at Heart?
Create a Garden Altar
How to Live Less Stressfully
Dream Poem Game
Tips for Being More Creative
Silent Giving - A Simple Walking Prayer
Create a Garden Goddess
Everything is Connected
Ritual for Healing a Relationship
Antidote for Insecurity
How To Design a Nature Ritual
Wisdom from Dog
What We Can Do: An Inspiring Message
Which Archetype Are You? Quiz
The Best Foods for Your Life Energy Type
Kiss the Earth: A Poem by Thich Nhat Hanh
Energize with the Kali Breath
Journey To the Universal Circle
Vision Quest Game - The Animals Within
Journeying with the Instinct Allies
Evening Serenity Meditation
Decode Your Body Language
Seven Simple Truths from the Cherokee
Your Horoscope's Soul Tasks
The Four Subpersonalities That Shape Our Lives
Imagine Your Dream Garden
Summer Ritual for a Sunny Will
Warm Fuzzies: A Random Act of Kindness
What Soul Sign Are You? Quiz
Your Horoscope Healing Practices
Travel with Daydreams
What Principles Do You Serve?
Feng Shui for Better Relationships
Three Simple Tension-Tamers
Create Your Own Sacred Space
Sound Prayer
Are You an Intuitive Feeler or Empath? Quiz
Eagle's Words of Affirmation
Do a Cleansing Ocean Ritual
The Emotional Effects of Meditation
How Trees Help and Teach Us
Clear Away Bad Vibes
Magical Secrets of Rosemary
Ray of Sunshine Meditation
Improve Your Communications

Be a Good Husband: Five More Guidelines
Gather Omens in Nature
Find the Record of Your Soul's Journey
Find Your Animal Totem
Four Guides to Unite Mind, Body, and Soul
Create a Healing Dream Temple
Receive a Message from Wind
Your Inner Child Quiz
Feeling Down? Look Up!
Play Date for Your Inner Child
Relax with a Seashell - Meditation
Finding Your True Name
Feel More Safe and Protected
A Guided Forgiveness Meditation
Third Chakra Healing
Identify Your Stone Allies - How-To Exercise
The Best Colors for Your Type
Celebrate the Autumn Equinox
Harmonize with the Setting Sun
Find Your Soulmate
Break Free into Peace
Heal the Heart Chakra
Find Therapy in the Kitchen
Wise-Woman Tips for More Serenity
Are Your Beliefs Limiting You? - Quiz
Banish Autumn Depression
Not a Penny Needed to Improve Relationships
Tend Your Heart Garden
Celebrate the Season of the Ancestors
The Power of Orange
The Magic of Costumes
Fascinating Symbols of Death
Carve a Magic Jack-O'-Lantern
Court the Wild: Find Your Secret Spot in Nature
Becoming A Dowser--The First Three Steps
Make Great New Habits
What Triggers You to React? Questionnaire
Take Time For Yourself During the Holidays
Create the Time You Need - Meditation
Make a Q'ero Indian Gratitude Bundle
Quiz: What Fragrance Is Perfect for Your Type?
Raise Your Energy Level
Whale Power Animals: Sound That Heals
Change Your Spending Habits
Overcome a Short Temper

Ritual for a Grateful Heart
Discover Your True Self with Wolf
Spirit-Centered Tree Ornaments
Raise an Angel of Light
Trance Dance Your Way to Healing
Ground with the Earth
Manifest Your Goals with Elephant
Choose Gifts from Your Heart Meditation
What Your Body Knows
How Do You Deal with Anxiety? - Quiz
Discover Your Fierce Radiance with Tiger
Two Steps to Free Your Mind
Your Horoscope New Year's Resolutions
Quiz--Are You a Cultural Creative?
Still the Chattering Mind
Open The Key Energy Center of the Body
A Hearth for the Spirit - How To
Beauty Chant
The Crazy Dog Technique
The Right Exercise for Your Type
Blessing Your Reality
Are You Energy-Sensitive? Quiz
Best Careers for Your Horoscope
Soften Up on Yourself
What Should I Do with My Life?
Discover Your Passion
Who Are You?
How Centered Are You? Quiz
Is the Simple Life Right for You? Quiz
Your Hidden Name Game
Make Your Own Rainstick
Write a Love Letter to Yourself
Love Candles - How To Call Your True Love
Sleep Secrets - How To
Your Place in Nature? - Quiz
See Your Blessings: Fiddler on the Roof Exercise
Hear the Voice of Your Intuition
Use Your Intuition in a Crisis
Your Horoscope Gems and Minerals
Tune-up for the Spirit--Visualization
Find The Numerology of Your Home Address - How-To
Quiz: What Season Are You Now?
House Clearing for Ghosts and Spirits
Self-Healing to Reduce Overload
What Part of You Needs to Relax?

Quiz: What Can Sacred Geometry Offer Your Everyday Life?
Need Answers? Visit the Landscape of Truth
Six Steps To Reentering Dreams
The Synchronicity Game - How To Play
Working With Your Inner Healer - How-To Exercise
Your Native American Horoscope
Five Guidelines for Your Well-Being
Quiz: Which Spirit Keeper do You Need?
Relationship Skills Quiz - Rate Yours
What Is a Power Animal?
Heal Yourself With Your Breath
What is Your Soul-Color?
Begin-Again Spring Ritual
For Those Alone Times: Wisdom of The Hermit
Trust Your Gut's Guidance About Foods
Meet Your Spirit: Candle Light How-To
How to Calm Yourself--Simple, Powerful Help
How to Ease Pain with Imagery
Your Horoscope's Lucky Flowers
Train Your Heart to Listen
Detach from Anxious Thoughts
The Tarot Sun Card's Gift
Change the Vibe of Your Water
Relationship Help: Know Your Triggers
What Fingernails Reveal About Your Personality
Let Go of Your Guilt
Open Yourself to Nature - Five Guides
Find a Spiritual Goldmine At Work
Have More Abundance!
Is It Intuition or Not?
Our Horoscope Trouble Spots
Find Your Soulmate: 21 Guidelines
The Five Healing Colors
My Most Insightful Meditation - What's Yours?
What Colors Reveal About Your Future
How to Feed a Friendship - Five Tips
The Magical Tool for Your Sun-Sign
Restore Harmony to Your Body - Exercise
Making Decisions with Heart
Heal Yourself with the Sun - Visualization
Dramatic Earth Changes
Anger: Keeping Calm in the Center of the Storm
Solstice Ceremony of Healing
African Guidance from Cowrie Shells
Bringing Bad Feng Shui Into Your Home?

Chinese Wisdom for Better Sleep
7 Steps to a Harmonious Life
Feng Shui Lucky Animals
Connect to Your Inner Voice
Is Your Partner Good for You? Quiz
Your Favorite Bird: What It Says About You
The Right Mantra for Your Type
Clear Away Difficult Energies
Cherokee Animal Wisdom for Your Path
Awaken Your Vitality
Your Personal Magic Words
How to Meditate --The Basics
Encourage Happiness and Harmony - 6 Tips
Harness the Power of Color in Your Bathroom
Celebrating the Harvest
Summer Candlelight Magic
Change Your Talk, Change Yourself
Best Gemstones for Your Type
Clear Away Past Pain
Create Your Own Life Song - How-To
Make Moon Water to Benefit Body and Spirit
See a Picture of Your Inner Life
What Mask Do You Wear? Quiz
Help Your Own Healing Process
Get to the Root of Your Power
What Is Your Soul Type? Quiz
Access Your Personal Power
Improve Your Health with Feng Shui
Feng Shui for Wealth-Energy
Ritual for Letting Go and Taking Stock
Your Four Archetypes of Survival
Ten Signs of a Conscious Marriage
Your Horoscope Story
The Parent - Partner Mirror: How to Escape
How to Chant Overtones
Which Bird Are You? Quiz
Exercise for Balance and Harmony
X-Ray Vision of the Spirit
Transformation Through the Body
Color Therapy for Better Health
The Tibetan Healing Goddess Chant
Antidotes to Despair
Tell the Deep Truth
Read Your Body's Symptoms
Romance or Addiction? Quiz

Feed Your Chakras with Color
Positive Power Images for Meditation
Be Open at Work - Four Steps
Befriend Death - Ideas for Halloween
Healthy Conflict or Drama? Quiz
The Four Magical Powers
Power Animals for Energy Centers in Your Body
Bring Your Mind Back to Your Body
Practice True Gratitude
What Your Favorite Holiday Says About You--Quiz
See Each Cell as a Cell of Light - Meditation
Relax and Be Joyful for the Holidays
Spiritual Healing: Golden Light Meditation
Medicine from Our Bodies
Feel Free at Work
Balance Your Energies
Bring Peace to Your Sleep and Day - Meditation
Heal Your Office with Crystals
Feng Shui for the Holidays
Color Keys for Your Happiest Holidays - Quiz
Seven Steps To Slay Self-Destructive Behavior
Be Stress-Free - Five Principles
Understand Your Symptoms
Clear the Past: Releasing the Land from Old Programs
Ask Yourself Ten Mysterious Questions
Balance Yin And Yang Energies in Your Home
Your Life Number for 2006
Quiz: Your Guiding Goddess for 2006
How to Work Well With Others
Hard Questions About Spirituality
What Are You Feeling?
Getting Through Tough Times
The Love Goddess for You
Sun-Sign Love Gifts
Create a Structure for Your Success
Call Dreams of Wisdom
Twelve Self-Defeating Behaviors
My Divine Mate
Be in the Moment With Belly Dancing
Why Do We Avoid Intimacy?

The Healthy Living Series

Healthy Home | Green Kitchen | Personal Care | Healthy Pets | Outdoor Living
Everyday Solutions Newsletters | Consumer Guides | Healthy Living Index

SEARCH

Submit

Web Care2 Healthy Home

Green Kitchen

Personal Care

Healthy Pets

Outdoor Living

Body, Mind & Spirit

Everyday Solutions Newsletters

Consumer Guides

SPONSORS

RealAge 120x60 Healthy Living

MARKETPLACE

What's Your RealAge?

DailyOM Meditations

Inspirational thoughts for a
happy, healthy & fulfilling day!

ECO SHOP

100% Treehugger Merchandise

This gorgeous handpainted apparel and merchandise is truly one-of-a-kind. Give it to your loved ones as a special gift.

GET INVOLVED

- Eco-Action Center
- Race for the Rainforest
- Race for the Big Cats
- Race for the Oceans
- Breastcancer Climb
- Take a Quiz
- Take a Poll
- Meet Members
- Great Clipart
- Create a Photo Album

· Tell A Friend

Questions? Become a Care2 Member! Care2 Home Service Terms

Tell a Friend About Care2 Privacy

Copyright © 2006 Care2.com and its licensors. All Rights Reserved

<http://www.geocities.com/garyweb65/sumgods.html>

6 captures

9 Apr 2006 - 25 Feb 2025

Mar APR Dec

09

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Sumerian Deities

Note: The names in bold are the major gods. The names in italics are other names that certain gods were known by.

Abu-A god created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. He is a god of plants.

Alla-An aspect of Dumuzi. He was an underworld god and either a river god or a god of fishermen.

Allagula-A possible aspect of Dumuzi.

Amashilamma-A cow goddess, the sister of Ningishzida.

Ama-ushumgal-anna-A manifestation of Dumuzi as a god of dates and date palms. He had the sacred marriage rite but not the dying god aspect as dates survive year round.

An-The heaven god. The "father of the gods". Originally he was the supreme deity, but over time (c.3000-2500 BC) he lost that position to his son Enlil. His main temple was in Uruk, as he was co-tutelary deity of that city with his daughter Inanna. He mated with the goddesses Ki and Nammu to give birth to the gods.

Ansud-A grain goddess and the tutelary deity of Shuruppak. A possible aspect of Ninlil. See also: Sud.

Ansuddudu-Possibly a grain goddess. A friend of Geshtinanna's.

Asarluhe-A god of rain and a possible aspect of Dumuzi. His city was Ku'ar near Eridu.

Ashgirbabber-Another name for Nanna.

Ashnan-A grain goddess.

Atu-A goddess.

Azimua-Another name for Ninazimua.

Baba-The wife of Ningirsu.

Belili-A goddess of the Dumuzi myths.

Damu-A manifestation of Dumuzi as the god of sap. He had the dying god aspect, but no marriage rite. He was the tutelary deity of Girsu-on-the-Euphrates (not the larger Girsu from the Lagash area).

Dazimua-A goddess created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. Dazimua may be another name for Ninazimua because she married Ningishzida.

Dududuh-A birth goddess, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Dumuzi-The “shepherd god”, he had one of the oldest and largest followings. He was the “dying god” and god of fertility and vegetation/seasonal abundance. He died each fall to symbolize the changing of the seasons. After spending six months in the underworld, he returned to life in the spring, symbolizing the renewal of vegetation after winter. He was usually the lover/husband of Inanna and their sacred marriage rite (performed by the king and his queen or high priestess) insured fertility and prosperity. He had numerous local aspects and variants, with Dumuzi being his “national” name. His main area of worship was in the south. He had a temple in the Arali desert and was the tutelary deity of Badtibira. See also: Alla, Allagula, Ama-ushumgal-anna, Damu, Lugalirra, Lugalshudi, Lusranna, Malaka and Nimirur.

Enbilulu-God of the rivers, especially the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Enki-The god of water. Also the god of wisdom, incantations and fertility (god of semen and amniotic fluid). He challenged Enlil for the position of supreme deity, but ultimately failed. This may be why his name is Enki (lord of the earth) even though he is not the god of the earth. His priests may have given him this name to help elevate him. He organized the universe after creation, assigning each god to his tasks. He also controlled the me's (the principles of civilization) until Inanna tricked him out of them. He helped in the creation of man and saved Ziusudra from the Great Deluge. He married the goddess Ningikuga and was the tutelary deity of Eridu, the oldest city according to Sumerian tradition. His symbol was a goat-fish. See also: Nudimmud.

Enkimdu-A farmer god.

Enkum-Probably a servant of Enki's.

Enlil-The air/sky god. The son of An and Ki. He usurped the position of supreme deity sometime before c.2500 BC. He was the creator of agricultural tools and caused the Great Deluge because man was becoming too noisy. He was the tutelary deity of Nippur, the religious capital of Sumer. He was also a god of fertility/vegetation. He married the goddess Ninlil after raping her and is the father of Nanna and Ninurta. See also: Kurgal and Nunamnir.

Enshagag-A god created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. The god of Dilmun.

Enten-A farmer god.

Ereshguna-An aspect of Inanna, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Ereshkigal-Goddess and ruler of the underworld, first alone and then later with her husband Nergal. Her first husband may have been Gugalanna, the Bull of Heaven.

Gatumdug-A birth goddess and the goddess of Lagash, although not the tutelary deity.

Geshtinanna-The goddess of the grapevine/wine and the sister of Dumuzi. While he

spent six months in the underworld, she spent the other six so that he could return to the surface and the crops could grow. See also: Gunura

Gibil-God of fire.

Gula-The goddess of medicine and physicians. She may have originally been a goddess of death as her animal, the dog, suggests.

Gunura-Geshtinanna, Dumuzi's sister in the Damu myths.

Haya-God of stores (saving).

Hendursaga-A god appointed by Nanshe to dispense justice in Nina.

Hubishag-An underworld deity.

Imma-en-A birth goddess and a goddess of the female genitalia. She was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Imma-shar-A birth goddess and a goddess of the female genitalia. She was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Inanna-The goddess of love/sex/procreation, as well as war. She was called the "Queen of Heaven and Earth" and the "Morning and Evening Star". She was the daughter of Nanna and shared tutelary deity status of Uruk with An. She was the lover/wife of Dumuzi. Her temples may have had prostitutes/priests of both sexes. See also: Ereshguna, Ninbara, Ninegalla, Ninshara and Ninsianna.

Ishtaran-A warrior god and a god of justice. A possible aspect of Ninurta. He was the tutelary deity of Der but he may have originally been a god of the Turan hills and in this capacity was an aspect of Dumuzi.

Ishkur-A god of the winds.

Isimud-Enki's herald. He is depicted as having two faces.

Kabata-God of mud bricks.

Ki-"Mother goddess". She was the wife of An and the mother of Enlil. She was removed as goddess of the earth by Enlil and became Ninhursag, the "mother goddess".

Kurgal-The "Great Mountain", a title for Enlil.

Lahar-A cattle god.

Lugalirra-A shepherd god and an aspect of Dumuzi. He was the tutelary deity of Shunagia, a village near Ur.

Lugalmarada-The tutelary god of Marad and another possible aspect of Ninurta.

Lugalshudi-An aspect of Dumuzi.

Lulil-A "dying god" and the son of Ninhursag. An aspect of Dumuzi?

Lusiranna-An aspect of Dumuzi as a god of spring rains.

Malaka-The "King of warriors" and an aspect of Dumuzi. He was the tutelary deity of Kushab.

Meslamtaea-A son of Enlil. An underworld god?

Mushdamma-The "great builder of Enlil".

Nab-A goddess from Nippur.

Nammu-Goddess of the watery abyss and the mother of Enki.

Namtar-An underworld deity.

Nanna-The moon god. He was the son of Enlil and the father of Utu and Inanna. His wife was Ningal. He was the tutelary deity of Ur and later also of Haran in Assyria. His symbol was the crescent. See also: Ashgirbabber.

Nanshe-Goddess of fish and birds. Also the goddess of boundaries and boundary markers and a grain goddess. She was the tutelary deity of Nina, a town in the Lagash region.

Nazi-A god created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. Married the goddess Nindar.

Nergal-A plague god and the ruler of the underworld along with his wife Ereshkigal. Cutha was the city dedicated to him.

Neti-Gatekeeper of the underworld.

Nidaba-Another name for Nisaba.

Niminur-The human spouse of the goddess Nanshe and a possible aspect of Dumuzi because of the marriage rite (Niminur-Nanshe).

Ninazimua-A tree goddess and the wife of Ningishzida. See also: Azimua.

Ninazu-A son of Enlil and an underworld deity. Also an aspect of Dumuzi as the god of spring rains. He married Ninsutu and was the tutelary deity of Enegir.

Ninbara-An aspect of Inanna (a version of the Akkadian goddess Telitu), she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Nindar-A goddess. Married the god Nazi.

Ninegalla-The “Queen of the palace”, the name often used for Inanna in the sacred marriage rite.

Ningal-The wife of Nanna.

Ningikuga-The “Lady of pure reeds”, she was the wife of Enki.

Ningirsu-He was a war god and the tutelary deity of the Lagashite city of Girsu. He was probably another aspect of Ninurta. Baba was his wife.

Ningishzida-The god of the dawn and an underworld god. He may have originally been an aspect of Dumuzi as the god of roots and serpents. He married the goddess Ninazimua and was the tutelary deity of Gishbanda.

Ningublaga-A god appointed by Nanshe to dispense justice in Nina and a son of Nanna.

Ninguenna-A goddess from Nippur.

Ninhursag-Probably originally Ki, she became the “mother goddess”. The wife of An. See also: Ki and Ninmah.

Ninibru-A goddess from Nippur.

Ninima-A birth goddess and a goddess of the female genitalia. She was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Ninininsina-A goddess of Isin.

Ninisinna-A “hierodule of An”, she was the tutelary deity of Isin.

Ninkasi-A goddess created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. The “goddess who

sates the heart”.

Ninkum-Probably a servant of Enki's.

Ninkur-Daughter of Enki and Ninsar.

Ninlil-The wife of Enlil and the goddess of Nippur.

Ninmada-A snake charmer in Enlil's household, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Ninmah-Another name for Ninhursag, the “mother goddess”.

Ninmug-A goddess of female genitalia, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Ninnigingarkuga-A goddess of Isin.

Ninsar-The daughter of Enki and Ninhursag.

Ninshara-An aspect of Inanna as the spouse of An, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Ninshubur-Inanna's herald.

Ninsianna-“Heaven's Radiant Queen”, a title of Inanna's.

Ninsuna-Goddess of cows and the mother of Gilgamesh.

Ninsutu-A goddess created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. Married the god Ninazu.

Nintinugga-A goddess of Isin.

Ninti-A goddess created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. The goddess of the month.

Nintu

Nintul-A god created by Ninhursag to elevate a curse on Enki. The god of Magan (a foreign land).

Ninurta-The god of war, but also of vegetation. He was the son of Enlil and was the hero of numerous epics. He did not have a city dedicated to him, although see: Ishtaran, Lugalmara, Ningirsu, Pabilsag and Zababa.

Ninurusaga-A goddess of Isin.

Nisaba-Goddess of scribes and also a grain goddess. See also: Nidaba.

Nudimmud-Another name for Enki.

Nunamnir-Another name for Enlil.

Nunbarshegunu-The mother of Ninlil.

Pabilsag-God of trees and the tutelary deity of Larak. Possibly another aspect of Ninurta, in his vegetation god duties.

Shakan-God of goats, gazelles and wild asses.

Sirara-Goddess of the Persian Gulf.

Sud-Another name for Ansud.

Sumugan-A god of wild animals and cattle.

Shuzidanna-Enlil's concubine, she was one of the goddesses who aided in the creation of man.

Turtur-Goddess of ewes and the mother of Dumuzi.

Usragimina

Utu-The sun god. He was also the god of justice and oracles. The son of Nanna. He spent the nights in the underworld judging the dead. He was the tutelary deity of two

cities, Sippar and Lagash. His symbol was the solar disk.

Uttu-Goddess of clothing. The daughter of Enki and Ninkur.

Zababa-The warrior god of Kish and a possible aspect of Ninurta.

Zarima-A cloud goddess and the twin of Zurma. She was the daughter of Ningirsu and Baba.

Zurma-A cloud goddess and the twin of Zarima. She was the daughter of Ningirsu and Baba.

Demi-gods, monsters, etc.

Akshak-A demon.

Anzu-A lion-headed bird.

Enkidu-The "wild-man" companion of Gilgamesh.

Gilgamesh-The greatest hero of antiquity and an early king of Uruk. He was deified and became an underworld god.

Gugalana-The bull of heaven. The original husband of Ereshkigal. He was sent by An to kill Gilgamesh and Enkidu, and was in turn killed by them.

Humbaba (S)-The protective demon of the Cedar Forest. He was killed by Gilgamesh and Enkidu.

Lilith-A demoness.

Lugalbanda-An early king of Uruk that was deified.

Namtar-A demon.

Deities Mythology Home

1

<http://www.geocities.com/garyweb65/myth.html>

13 captures

3 Oct 2002 - 28 Oct 2009

Mar DEC Jul

31

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

Comparative Mythology

Creation

Creation of Man

Eden

Deities of Mesopotamia

Home

gods

Ishtar (with mace) and Shamash (on right) receiving worshippers

Much has been made of the the supposed similarities between the Bible and ancient Near East myths. The Biblical stories of Creation, the flood, Eden, etc. all seem to have

parallels in other culture's myths. In reality, the differences far out way the similarities as I will show. Still, how does one account for the similarities? There are four possible explanations, two that advocate a process of one culture borrowing from another: 1)The Hebrews borrowed from their neighbors, 2)The Babylonians, etc. borrowed from the Hebrews; and two that advocate an earlier source for the stories: 3)The known myths (i.e. Sumerian, Babylonian, Hebrew, Egyptian, etc.) all sprang from older legends, 4)The various myths are corrupted versions of actual events

Possibility one:

The Hebrews borrowed from their neighbors. This is the idea put forth by most scholars. However, as I will show the differences far out way the similarities. The difference are not trivial but important and many of the similarities are universal (i.e. man made from clay, heaven and earth separated). Chronologically the Hebrews could have known about the Sumerian myths via Abraham, the Babylonian through trade (while in Egypt)¹ and the Egyptian while in Goshen. However, I must once again state that the differences far outweigh the similarities. Just because the Hebrews may have known of the myths it does not automatically follow that they borrowed from them. No one has ever convincingly shown that they are related. The theory made sense originally. An ancient clay tablet is unearthed and sketchily translated. It describes the creation of the universe or man. It and the Bible must be related, right? However we have had 50-100 years to re-translate tablets and in many cases have found more complete copies of the myths. It is obvious to me that upon further review the theory no longer can stand.

Possibility two:

The Sumerians, Babylonians, Egyptians, etc. borrowed from the Hebrews. This explanation is highly unlikely. The Sumerian myths have roots in older tales from c.3500-2500 BC., while most were written down in their known form sometime between c.2150-1750 BC. The Babylonians did borrow from the Sumerians. Their myths were written between c.1850-539 BC, but most, including Enuma Elish, by c.1200 or thereabouts. The Egyptians have numerous contradictory myths. Some originate in ancient times (c.2800-2200 BC), while others, such as the famous "Memphite Account of Creation" may not have been composed until c.1200-1000 BC. I believe that Genesis was written down by Moses c.1400 BC., although it is possible that traditions were much older. Too late to have influenced the Sumerians and probably the Babylonians, at least in any meaningful way. As for the Egyptians, some myths are obviously much older than Genesis while some are definitely newer. The newer are closer to Genesis than some of the older and could have been influenced by the Hebrew sojourn in Goshen (as could have Akhenaten), but it is doubtful. It is entirely possible that it is merely the result of the evolution of native Egyptian religious thought. The Hebrews did not influence their neighbor's religious thought, at least not in any meaningful and lasting way.

Possibility three:

All ancient Near East myths sprang from an older source, in this case older myths. This theory, while almost never put forward by scholars, actually makes a lot more sense than the idea of the Hebrews borrowing from their neighbors. A few scholars do though,

such as Prof. Ira Price who attributes the similarities to "a time when the human race occupied a common home and held a common faith."² Are all of the ancient myths memories from a neolithic past? If so the most ancient myths (Sumerian) should be the most accurate and then subsequent civilization's myths would invariably be corrupted by time and language. An intriguing possibility. Possibility four is a variant of this.

Possibility four:

The various myths are corrupted versions of actual events, instead of older myths. This theory postulates that the events in Genesis actually happened as described. That would mean that the oldest myths (Sumerian) are again more accurate as they were written closest to the time of the events, though they would still be corrupted by polytheism. Like possibility three, memories of the neolithic fueled the myths, however in this case it is actual events as opposed to ideas. For this theory to hold up the Sumerian myths would have to correspond to a certain degree with Genesis. The reason for this is that the myths from Sumer would be the oldest and Genesis was later revealed to Moses by God. However there should still be significant differences between them as the Sumerian tales are diluted by the time between the events and their being written down, and by paganism.

1) I reject the idea that Genesis was written during the Babylonian Captivity.

2) The Monuments and the Old Testament (Philadelphia, 1925), pp.129f. as quoted in The Babylonian Genesis, Alexander Heidel (Chicago, 1951), p.139

Home

1

<http://www.geocities.com/garyweb65/mesopotamia.html>

24 captures

17 Aug 2001 - 18 Jan 2024

Feb FEB Nov

20

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Ancient Mesopotamia and the Near East

History

Mythology

Bibliography

raminthicket

Ram in Thicket, from Ur

last updated 02/13/04

Welcome to my ancient Near East site. There is a political history of Mesopotamia,

which covers the time from creation to the Persian conquest. The history lists all of the kings to rule in Mesopotamia as well as text entries about them and their cities or empires. There are also maps showing the extent of the empires.

The mytholgy section currently has some essays comparing Genesis with the Mesopotamian myths, as well as lists of the Mesopotamian gods. More essays will follow.

If you have comments, questions, etc. email me
Please sign my Guestbook

Number of visitors since February 2002:

Counter

Home

1

<http://www.godchecker.com/pantheon/mesopotamian-mythology.php?deity=GULA>

17 captures

27 Aug 2009 - 9 Jun 2021

Jul AUG Jan

27

2008 2009 2011

About this capture

HOME

Godchecker Home

Add to favorites

Official Twitter site

Visit PUBOLOGY

NEWS

Latest news

TOP GODS

Holy Hit Parade

Deity of the Day

GodFeeds

THE PANTHEONS

Pantheons Intro

AFRICAN GODS

AUSTR ABORIGINE GODS

AZTEC GODS

CARIBBEAN GODS

CELTIC GODS

CHINESE GODS

EGYPTIAN GODS

FINNISH GODS
GREEK GODS
INCAN GODS
INDIAN GODS
JAPANESE GODS
MAYAN GODS
MESOPOTAMIAN GODS
MIDDLE-EAST GODS
NATIVE AMERICAN GODS
NORSE GODS
OCEANIC GODS
ROMAN GODS
SLAVIC and BALTIC GODS
SOUTH AMERICAN GODS
SOUTH-EAST ASIAN GODS
TIBETAN GODS
FIND A GOD

Search the Holy Database

GOD SHOP

Visit the God Shop

Weird Wearables

Clocks of Chaos

Mythic Mousepads

Button Badges

OVERHEARD!

WORMEYE Fine Art

CHRONIC: THE NOVEL

THE INVERSE CHAS

The Secret Designers

Support Godchecker

FEATURES

Features and articles

SAINTS ALIVE!

Mythical Numerology!

Aztec Exhibition 2003

Beetroot Legends

The Burnt Crumpet

Anti-Slug Campaign

LEGO Gods

RESOURCES

Mythology Resources

Mythology Encyclopedias

Archeology

Greek Mythology

Egyptian Mythology

[World Mythology](#)

[Folklore](#)

[Ancient Texts](#)

[Biblical Religion](#)

[Pagan and Wiccan](#)

[Spirituality](#)

[Secondhand Books](#)

[Art Catalogs](#)

[Links](#)

[Discover Pubology...](#)

[HELP!!!](#)

[Help and FAQ](#)

[Popular questions](#)

[About us](#)

[Privacy policy](#)

[Copyright info](#)

[Contact us](#)

[INTRODUCTION TO
MESOPOTAMIAN MYTHOLOGY](#)

[COMPLETE A-Z LIST
OF MESOPOTAMIAN GODS](#)

[VIEW GODS BY NAME](#)
76 Gods (plus 42 alternative names)

[A](#)

[B](#)

[C](#)

[D](#)

[E](#)

[F](#)

[G](#)

[H](#)

[I](#)

[J](#)

[K](#)

[L](#)

[M](#)

[N](#)

[O](#)

[P](#)

[Q](#)

[R](#)

[S](#)

[T](#)

U
V
W
X
Y
Z
x

[CLICK TO VIEW...](#)

Advanced search
JUMP TO A GOD
Enter first few letters
of name:

[CONTACT US](#)
[LINK TO US](#)
[Mythology Gifts](#)

Valid HTML 4.01!

Gods from Mesopotamian Mythology...
GULA

GULA: Known in Sumeria as 'The Great Doctress' or possibly the Great Dogdoress.

Because as a Goddess of healing she never went anywhere without her faithful hound. She was a firm believer, as were many, that dog's tongues were all you needed in the way of antiseptic. Where do you think the phrase 'Licking your wounds' comes from?

Entry last modified on 30 January 2005

[Delicious](#) [Stumbleupon](#) [Facebook](#)
VITAL STATISTIX
Area or people: Sumer
Location : Mesopotamia
Gender : Female
Category : Deity
Pronunciation : Coming soon
Alternative names : None known
Attributes : Coming soon
Mystic Number : 3076

[Support the Gods!](#) : [Report a mistake](#) : [Link to us](#)

Students! Journalists! Writers! Want to use this information in your work? No problem. Go here for help. We can also provide quality research, opinion and images for press or media use. Contact us for info.

Data compiled by Chas Saunders & Peter A
Copyright © 1999-2009 Godchecker, Inc. All rights reserved.
The Gods told us to do it.

Copyright © 1999-2009 Godchecker Inc : Host: Tera-Byte : Design: Secret Designers :
Site: Peter A
StatCounter - Free Web Tracker and Counter
<http://www.nmrising.com/days/MD09.htm>
12 captures
4 May 2003 - 27 Aug 2009
Feb MAY May
06
2005 2006 2008

About this capture
NMR Web.gif (3823 bytes)

Black Cat Shop.gif (10943 bytes)

A Magickal Pagan Journal
[Home](#) · [Archives](#) · [Subscribe](#) · [Resources](#) · [Opportunity](#) · [Search](#) · [Feedback](#) · [Contact](#)
Magickal Days
[January](#)
[February](#)
[March](#)
[April](#)
[May](#)
[June](#)
[July](#)
[August](#)
[September](#)
[October](#)
[November](#)
[December](#)

[Magickal Days](#)
[Groups](#)
[Publications](#)

Links
Unclassifieds
Shoplist
Who's Who

September Magickal Days

12

Day of Bel and Beltis, Babylonian Sun God and Love Goddess.

13

Lighting the Fire, Egyptian All Souls' Day for Nephthys and spirits of the dead. Banquet of Venus in Rome.

17

Festival of Sobek, honors Egyptian crocodile god. Holy Day of St. Sophia, Byzantines honor Sophia (Wisdom) and Her three daughters, Faith, Hope and Charity.

19

Asormos (first day of the quinquennial Greater Eleusinian Mysteries of Demeter and Persephone), the gathering of initiates. Day of Gula, Babylonian Birth Goddess.

20

Holade Mystai (second day of EM), bathing in the sea, purification of initiates.

21

Eleusinian Mysteries (third day), offering grain.

22

Eleusinian Mysteries (fourth day), the holy basket of Demeter; Persephone's abduction and Demeter's search., Death of Tiamat, in Sumeria., Winter-Finding, Norse.

23

Sun enters Libra. Mabon. Alban Elfed, Fall Equinox. Winter Finding.

23

He'ton Lampadon Hemaera (fifth day of EM), torch procession of Demeter's search. Day of Meilikki, Finnish protector of animals.

24

Iacchos and Epopteia (sixth day of EM), holy night, the initiation.

25

Eleusinian Mysteries (seventh day), sports and games, feast of Divine Life, dedicated to Triple Goddess as Kore/Demeter/Persephone.

26

Epidaurion Hamaera, eighth day of EM.

27

Plemo Choat, (ninth day of EM), the return, earthen jars represent Demeter's womb., Day of Willows, Mesopotamian festival for Belili, Astarte or Aeea (origin of Hebrew Succoth).

29

Sumerian New Year, dedicated to Sky Goddess Bau.

30

Meditrinalia, for Roman Goddess of medicines and healing.

[Home](#) · [Archives](#) · [Subscribe](#) · [Resources](#) · [Opportunity](#) · [Search](#) · [Feedback](#) · [Contact](#)

Search Now:

GoGo

In Association with Amazon.com

Join ESOTERISM.com Banner Exchange: The banner exchange program aimed at targeting people really interested in ESOTERIC matters and bring them to your website.

Keyword?

New Moon Rising, A Magickal Pagan Journal

NMR USA · 1630 Williams Hwy., PMB 148 · Grants Pass, OR 97527-5660 · USA
NMR UK · BCM Box 2618 · London WC1N 3XX · UK

Last modified: August 01, 2003 Copyright © 1997-2002 New Moon Rising

http://www.stratsplace.com/rogov/scarborough_fair.html

36 captures

16 Aug 2000 - 23 Mar 2021

Oct APR Sep

05

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

Rogov's Ramblings

Are You Going to Scarborough Fair?

A More-or-Less Intensive Guide to Herbs

For at least five thousand years, people have been enamoured by the aromatic plants now known as herbs. The Egyptians, Babylonians, Sumerians and Assyrians all had extensive knowledge about herbs and, in addition to their use in seasoning foods and as medicines, these delicate plants have also played a large factor in legend, fable and witchcraft.

Egyptians once considered basil so godlike a plant that only the Pharaohs were allowed to cut it, and then only with a golden sickle. So important were tarragon and bay to the Sumerians that somewhere about 4,500 BCE they appointed Gula, the goddess of sorcery, as guardian of them. In ancient Greece and Rome, Hecate, the mother of the enchantresses Medea and Circe, found hundreds of ways of using herbs to bewitch or poison her enemies.

Of all the known herbs, none has more tales or superstitions associated with it than basil. In parts of Italy, young men still wear a sprig of basil when ways of using herbs they go courting. It is believed that if their intentions are less than serious, the sprig will wilt. In Korea, basil leaves worn around the neck are thought to protect one from magical spells, and in Mexico it is traditional to bury the dead with several sprigs of basil to placate the demigods that inhabit graveyards. Basil is also a popular herb in which to keep the heads of murdered men. It is said that Salome hid the head of John the Baptist in a pot of basil, and in Keats' poem, the young Isabelle keeps the head of her murdered lover in a pot of basil and waters it with her tears. Even today, self professed witches rely heavily on herbs for their armory of magic and potions.

Even though herbs continue to have medicinal, and some say magical applications, they are most commonly thought of in terms of good dining. It is no less true today than in the time of the Pharaohs that the discrete use of herbs can add a great deal of zest and

flavor to even the most simple of dishes.

Herbs always have more flavor when they are fresh. Because it is often difficult to find them fresh in local markets, many find it pleasing and challenging to raise herbs at home. There is nothing daunting about raising herbs and many can be grown in window boxes or pots. My own favorites for growing at home are parsley, thyme, oregano, savory, tarragon, mint, chervil and sage. In addition to the satisfaction of using them in many dishes, the scent of even a small herb garden adds enormous charm to any balmy evening.

Certain herbs seem "made" to complement certain foods. The following glossary lists many of the herbs in common use.

Basil: This versatile, aromatic herb is especially important in French, Greek, Italian and Arabic cookery. The chopped leaves may be used in soups; fish and egg dishes; meat and poultry stews; in making sausages; and in potato, rice and bean salads. Especially good with vegetables such as zucchini, onions and eggplant. Ideal for use in tomato and green sauces, in particular the renowned Italian pesto. Often used together with garlic.

An excellent choice for planting in pots or window boxes, the leaves dry and freeze well. Seeds should be sown in the spring and once the plants have established themselves it is best to nip the tops to make them bush out.

Bay: An important ingredient in cooking sweet or savory dishes, strong and spicy bay leaves should be used moderately in soups, fish dishes, meat stews, pot roast, boiled beef, tongue and poultry dishes. The leaves are good with lentil and bean dishes, and are excellent for making poultry stuffings. Bay leaves are also often used as ingredients in marinades and sauces.

Untrimmed, bay trees which are members of the laurel family, grow to 15 - 18 meters in height. Despite this, this evergreen can be trimmed and grown in a tub so long as it is pruned early in the spring and at least twice each summer. The leaves can be picked at any time and the tree may be propagated by cuttings taken in late summer. The leaves dry well.

Chervil: With its mild anise flavour, this herb serves as an ideal garnish for salads, chicken and vegetable soups, fish dishes, omelets, all meats, poultry, and game. Good with vegetables such as asparagus and new potatoes, chervil is also used in herb butters and many sauces, especially Bearnaise, remoulade and ravigote. Frequently used together with chives and parsley, the leaves should be added to recipes only when cooking is completed.

An ideal plant for window boxes and pots, chervil seeds should be sown in late summer and leaves may be picked throughout the year. The leaves freeze and dry well.

Coriander: Sometimes known as Japanese parsley, coriander is an important component of mixed pickling spices and in chutneys. North African, Greek and Middle-Eastern cooks often use this herb uncooked in salads. Despite a rather pungent odor, the taste is delicate and the leaves add a marvelous touch to beef stews and soups.

Coriander may be grown in pots and seeds should be sown in the spring. Leaves may be picked at any time but the plants should be cut down as soon as any sign of flowering begins. The stems should then be hung to dry so that the seeds can be collected. Best when used fresh, the leaves can be frozen but do not dry well. The seeds, used in pickling spices, dry well.

Dill: Famous for pickling, the mild anise taste of dill goes well with soups, fish dishes, salads and egg dishes. The chopped leaves (which should always be added at the end of cooking) are equally good with lamb and veal, in creamed chicken and with vegetables such as tomatoes, cabbage and mushrooms. Invaluable in making fresh sauerkraut or pickled cauliflower, dill is also very popular in making cucumber and potato salads and in sour cream sauces.

Native to the Mediterranean, dill can be grown in pots or window boxes if the plants are cut down when they reach about 20 cm. in height. The seeds and leaves can both be dried but do not freeze well.

Horseradish: Although not strictly an herb, horseradish has a strong, hot, pungent flavor and the roots are used in sauces with smoked fish, roast and boiled beef, tongue, poultry shellfish and tomato dishes. The roots should always be scraped and then grated, minced or ground before use.

Because this perennial plant, which looks like a parsnip, has deep growing roots, it is not appropriate for home growth. The one rule to keep in mind is that fresh horseradish is always better than that which is tinned, jarred or otherwise pre-packaged.

Hyssop: One of the herbs mentioned in the Bible, this slightly bitter, somewhat minty plant is frequently used in Middle Eastern cookery. The dried leaves go well with stews, salads, and fruit pies and are particularly appropriate for use with oily fish. The dried flowers of the plant are valued for use in soups.

Hyssop grows well in pots and thrives in partial shade. The seeds should be sown in April or May or the plant may be propagated by root division in spring or autumn. One should take care in growing hyssop however, as bees are especially attracted to the flowers.

Mint: There are about 20 varieties of mint and the chopped leaves of nearly all go well with grilled lamb and veal, in making mint jelly, and to garnish fruit cups. Mint sprigs are especially good to complement new potatoes and nearly any dish with carrots, eggplant or peas. Mint is also a favorite for making teas and tisanes.

All versions of mint like rich soil and the roots run under- ground to send up numerous shoots. The best way to contain a mint plant from spreading too far and choking the roots of neighboring plants is to place it in a pot and sink this either into the ground or a window box. Mint should be cut back every time fresh shoots appear, and if the plant becomes too dense new plants may be started from shoots. Even though mint is always at its best when used fresh, the leaves may be dried or frozen.

Oregano: The chopped leaves of oregano are used with nearly all pasta and Italian dishes, with beef, veal and poultry stews and in chili con carne. The flavor of oregano is also considered indispensable to many tomato and barbecue sauces and many Middle Eastern recipes call for its use in meatballs, sausages and stuffings.

Oregano may be grown from seed but is far more easily propagated by division in spring or autumn. A relatively easy herb to grow in window boxes or pots, the leaves freeze and dry well.

Parsley: There are several varieties of parsley but the Italian variety, with flat leaves is most popular. Probably the most often used of herbs, parsley is not only an attractive garnish but also serves as a subtle addition to soups, stews, salads, sauces and stuffings. It goes with all meats, fish and poultry, and is ideal for use in omelets and scrambled eggs.

Despite its popularity it is not easy to grow parsley. Slow to germinate, the plant will sometimes not come up at all. Ideally planted in April or May, one should make shallow holes in well worked moisture-retaining soil. The holes should then be lined with peat, the parsley seeds sprinkled in and then covered with about 5 mm. of soil. One should then wait 5 - 8 weeks before despairing, keeping the soil well watered. If by that time the plant has not germinated, it is worth trying again. Although dried parsley may be found virtually everywhere, it will never prove as rewarding as fresh leaves.

Rosemary: The sprigs of this Mediterranean herb are used to good advantage in cooking roast lamb, veal and chicken as well as in making pot roasts and marinades. The chopped leaves are often used in soups, fish dishes, meat stews and dishes based on potatoes, peas and sweet peppers. Spaniards and Italians use rosemary in fruit compotes, with salmon, in fish stuffings and with chicken and pea soups. Because rosemary has a strong distinctive flavour it overpowers the natural taste of other herbs if not used sparingly.

These fragrant little bushes have attractive evergreen leaves, green on the top, gray underneath. They are beautiful to look at and have a delightful aroma. Best grown from cuttings made in late summer or early autumn, rosemary is partial to sunny spots sheltered from the wind and cold. The herb grows well in pots but should be pruned carefully to keep the bush compact. The leaves dry well.

Sage: With its strong flavor and mildly bitter taste, sage should always be used sparingly and goes particularly well with fatty foods such as goose, duck, sausages and meat stews. It is indispensable to the famous Italian dish, saltimbocca, and many Mediterranean people use it with salads.

Sage is best grown in pots and should be propagated by cuttings in the late spring. As the plant matures, the stalks should be cut back after flowering to encourage the bush to grow in a compact shape. Sprigs are best when picked just before the bush flowers. The leaves dry and freeze well.

Savory: The light peppery taste of both winter and summer savory makes the chopped leaves of this herb good for soups, with egg dishes, beans, fish, beef and poultry. Also popular in salads and omelets, savory should be used in moderation as it tends to drown out the flavor of other herbs.

Savory is easily raised in pots and grows to about 30 cm in height. Sprigs may be propagated at any time and fresh leaves can be enjoyed throughout the year.

Tarragon: With its mildly licorice and slightly bitter flavor, tarragon is considered the prince of herbs. The chopped leaves are used in salads and sauces, with mushrooms, in many egg dishes and with fish, veal, chicken and turkey. Tarragon vinegar is excellent for salads and the herb is an excellent accompaniment with potato, mushroom, spinach and artichoke dishes. Tarragon is also one of the ingredients of fines herbes.

It is easy to grow tarragon in window boxes or pots, but one should be careful of creeping roots. Grown indoors it can be used throughout the year and the leaves may be dried or frozen.

Thyme: There are more than 50 varieties of thyme, all native to the Mediterranean region. The sprigs are used for making stocks and marinades. The chopped leaves are frequently used in soups, fish, meat, poultry, cheese and egg dishes. The leaves may also be used in stews, stuffings and a wide variety of sauces.

All of the varieties are attractive and aromatic and give beautiful flowers and all grow easily in window boxes or pots. Thyme may be grown from seeds or small sprigs and may be planted at any time of the year.

© Daniel Rogov

[[BACK](#)]

[Home](#) | [What's New](#) | [Tasting Notes](#) | [Wine Articles](#) | [Wine & Food](#) | [Dishes I Adore](#) | [Without Alcohol](#)

[Mostly for Pros](#) | [Issues and Arguments](#) | [Travel & Dining](#) | [Spirits](#) | [Cigars](#) | [Ramblings](#) |

The Discussion Forum | The Recipe Index

Israeli Wining and Dining

This site has been provided with FREE webspace by Strat's Place
To Return to Strat's Place - Please click on the banner below

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/hestia.html>

30 captures

24 Mar 2006 - 25 Jan 2021

Feb MAR May

24

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Hestia, Forgotten Goddess

by valerie walker

©2005

Previously published in Witch Eye magazine

Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honor: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet, where one does not duly pour sweet wine in offering to Hestia both first and last. --Homeric Hymn to Hestia

In my life I have gravitated toward the goddess Hestia, who is not one of the Feri gods, and not even one of the more storied or famous Greek gods, at least in the modern world. Scholars often refer to Hestia as "the forgotten goddess." She was, and is, the goddess of the hearth fire; in fact, she is envisioned as the fire itself. Her name, , means "the essence," the true nature of things.

Hestia's legend is simple: she was the first-born of the Olympians, children of Cronos and Rhea, and the first to be swallowed up again when Cronos realized he would be overthrown by one of his offspring the way he had overthrown his own father, Ouranos. When Zeus conspired with his mother Rhea to set his siblings free, Hestia was the last one to be released. So she is both the first- and last-born.

Aside from the circumstances of her birth, there are remarkably few stories about Hestia other than her refusal of marriage to either Apollo or Poseidon, who both wanted her. She swore before Zeus that she was determined to remain single. Zeus not only supported Hestia's decision (probably relieved that he wouldn't have to oversee a contest between the two gods), but also decreed that Hestia's name should come first in any prayer and that she should receive the first portion of any sacrifice and be honored in the temples of each of the Olympian deities. From this point, Hestia is not associated with deeds, but with simple existence. This is so foreign to contemporary thought in the Western world that she has been virtually forgotten, even though she was vital to the Greeks, and, as Vesta, to the Romans. She was offered tribute first and last among the Greeks; in fact, there is a saying, "first, start with Hestia."

When Zeus wished to give a place among the Olympians to Dionysus, the accommodating Hestia gave him hers, so that the Olympians would still number twelve.

Thus she had no throne--but she didn't need one, as every hearth-fire was hers, and indeed, was her. She was welcome in all the other gods' temples, and her sacred fire was kept burning in every home and in every city. The source of Hestia's sacred fire is the interior heat at the center of the earth. Her fire was tended constantly and never allowed to die out, for it represented the energy of all life. When a woman married, she brought Hestia's flame from her mother's home to begin the creation of a new family with a new hearth lit from the old. "The Olympic Torch is just one example of the living flame that has survived to modern times, though it is seldom recalled that it originally honored ... Hestia."

In a fascinating online article about Hestia in which she compares the goddess to the Tarot trump the Chariot, Iona Miller says:

The goddess of [the] deep center or introversion is Hestia. She helps us find that quiet state of consciousness which characterizes contemplation and meditation. ...Hestia helps us lead a balanced life by providing a sense of center. The holy precinct makes communication with the divine forces possible. Thus we can harmonize inner and outer reality through her power.... A modern phenomenon, the househusband is coming to know Hestia in himself through the endless repetition of archetypal household chores. But they can be healing like the Zen prescription to "Chop wood; carry water."

Hestia symbolizes to me the fire of mana, originating in the center of the earth, and traveling upward through the chakras to meet the fire of the Gods and blend with it. There is a wonderful description of this power in a book on Celtic shamanism, *Fire In The Head*:

The net of divine power...is similar to the divine power the Polynesians call mana, the Algonquin manitou, the Lakota wakanda, the Iroquois ornedá, the Pawnee tirawa, and the !Kung ntum. It is very much the same idea expressed as brahman in India and the tao in China and Japan. In the European esoteric tradition, it is often called magick. It is the God-without Form, the great spirit or wondrous mystery behind all that is and, in fact, it is All-that-Is.

In the Feri Tradition, Hestia's closest counterpart would be the Guardian of Below, Fire in the Earth; but I see her as also representing the power of the Guardian of Above, the Heaven Shiner. Hestia thus represents the power of the vertical, a concept which is recognized in Feri in that we cast a sphere rather than a circle, calling on seven, not four, directions; the horizontal four, Above, Below, and the Center, which is each one of us.

Chop Wood...

Hestia is the Goddess of the sacredness of the ordinary, Our Lady of Everyday Things. Her relevance to people in the 21st century CE is beginning to be better understood. After the feminist movement of the 1970's brought many women out of the kitchen and into the boardroom, the lack of Hestia's hearthfire at the center was felt in the dislocation of the family, and the longing for something missing which nobody could define.

American women in the 1980's and '90's began to realize that "having it all" merely meant doing it all, as they had to cope with both the stresses and demands of the business world, and the same old unmade beds and dirty dishes when they got home at night; and somehow the concept of the househusband didn't become as popular as the feminists had hoped. Social conservatives found their solution in trying to push women back into the old pre-feminist roles; but a profound and thoughtful view of the sacredness of holding house was still lacking.

...Carry Water

It was out of the psychologically aware and transformation-minded end of the Pagan movement that a return to Hestian values began to creep back into post-feminist sensibilities. Books such as Ginette Paris' *Pagan Meditations* and Jerilee Cain's *Hestia Come Home*, which are directly concerned with Hestia; and Kay Turner's *Beautiful Necessity* and Kathryn Robyn's *Spiritual Housecleaning*, which are more about the effects of the Hestian spirit in the home while not mentioning her specifically, are only a few examples of the rebirth of the Hestian sensibility today.

A Daily Salute To Hestia

Put on a pot of coffee (Tea is an acceptable substitute.)
Put the dirty dishes in the sink or dishwasher and wash them.
Do a load of laundry. Make the bed(s).
Dust, mop, vacuum. Tidy up.
When finished, pour yourself a cup of coffee and enjoy your home.

Have you ever noticed that at parties people generally end up in the kitchen much of the time? I think it's an unconscious desire to be near the hearth, the center of the home, the source of nourishment. In our house, the kitchen is not my domain as much as it is my husband Ron Miller's. Ron was a professional chef for some years, and still enjoys cooking nightly; and the kitchen is definitely his turf. He has his own style of Hestian order, with his many knives, spatulas, strainers, and other tools either stowed neatly, or hanging from the ceiling rack or the magnetic strip on the wall. He keeps it orderly, and I keep it clean. We agreed informally years ago that we each have things we prefer to do, and for the most part neither of us infringes on the other's territory. The line isn't drawn along strictly gender-stereotype roles, however; I'm the one who empties the garbage, and Ron takes care of the garden. We each approach and honor Hestia in our individual ways.

Altar-Building

My natural proclivities are toward making altars. As Ron has joked on more than one occasion, "No horizontal surface is safe." Well, talents differ, and it's probably just as well that we aren't both into the art of altar-making, or the house would be unlivable in short order. In any case, the feelings I have when building an altar, even a little portable one in an Altoids tin, are that this microcosmic space must express the macrocosm of our life together, of my life as an individual, and of home as the center whose circumference is everywhere. All altars are to Hestia, in some part, just as among the

ancient Greeks. Other gods are happy to share with her.

An altar can be as simple as a few family pictures on a shelf, or a shell and a bowl of flowers on a table. For an unreconstructed Hardwarian like myself, these gatherings of objects have come to include god and goddess statuettes, pictures, stones, plants, shells, ritual tools, beautiful pieces of fabric, crystals, candles, Tibetan singing bowls and prayer wheels, feathers, plastic toys, stuffed dolls, decks of cards, boxes of runestones, dishes of salt, cups, beads, dried flowers, bottles of scented oils, incense burners, tiny little constructions of my own, bits of jewelry, masks... well, you get the picture. I have altars for all the directions, and several specifically for love, the ancestors, and gathering psychic power. An altar to Hestia can be made with things which symbolize her: over our kitchen stove we have a clock with its hands stopped at a quarter to eleven ("time for a little something," according to Winnie-the-Pooh) and a magnetic wall strip holding Ron's kitchen knives. There are also several pictures of pigs nearby. Simple, but Hestian. Depending on your personal aesthetic, you may wish to choose among the symbols in Table 1 for a Hestia altar of your own; but a simple candle will do, or even the kitchen stove itself, unadorned with anything except cooking pots.

I have found that a very inexpensive way of making a small altar is to start with a bamboo drawer insert, divided into three parts. (You can get these at the Container Store. Similar drawer inserts are also available at Bed Bath and Beyond.) Stand the drawer insert either horizontally or vertically, and find small objects to put into the compartments and on top. Small toys, mementoes, statues, beads, tiny bottles, pictures, a little vase for flowers, a bowl of water, playing or Tarot cards, personal mementoes... your imagination is the limit. Your altar can be mounted on the wall by attaching a picture-hanger to the back, or simply stood up on a shelf. And it's nice to find a piece of material which you like and fasten it to the wall behind the altar, either flat or draped. You can either glue the objects into place or simply place them for rearrangement at will. If you live in earthquake country, a little museum wax under the more delicate objects would be prudent. One advantage of shelf-mounting rather than wall-mounting is that you will have room for a votive candle at the front. Hestia likes fire...she is fire.

Small box altar (6" across): part of a larger altar. Multimedia (brass, stones, plastic and fabric toy figure, printed transparency, porcelain vial, glass cube, rubber snake, brass and glass spider, clay disk, bamboo box)

Symbols of Hestia

General: Hearth, home, living flame, architecture, bowl, veils, pantry, and keys

Animals: Donkey (ass) and pigs

Plants: Angel's trumpet (Datura), California poppy, goldenrod, hollyhock, purple coneflower, and yarrow

Perfumes / Scents: Angelica, iris, lavender, and peony

Gems and Metals: Amethyst, garnet, gold, silver, and brass

Colors: Gold, dark rose, lavender, silver, and black

from Goddess Gift website,

http://www.goddessgift.com/goddess-myths/goddess_symbols_Hestia.htm

Sources:

"Hestia, Greek Goddess Of Hearth And Home," anonymous online article at Goddess Gift website

Miller, Iona, "Synergetic Qabala" 2002, online article at

<http://ZeroPoint.tripod.com/pantheon/Hestia.html>

Cowan, Tom, Fire In The Head: Shamanism And The Celtic Spirit, 1993, San Francisco, HarperSan Francisco

Paris, Ginette, Pagan Meditations: The Worlds Of Aphrodite, Artemis, And Hestia, 1991, Putnam CT, Spring Publications

Cain, Jerilee, Hestia Come Home, 2001, Danbury, CT, Rutledge Books, Inc.

Turner, Kay, Beautiful Necessity: The Art And Meaning Of Women's Altars, 1999, New York, NY, Thames & Hudson. The seed of the book was originally planted in a feminist publication, Lady-unique-inclination-of-the-night, each issue of which appeared yearly with a different theme. One of the last, sometime in the early 1970's, was all about altars and altar-making, a very Hestian occupation, to my mind.

Robyn, Kathryn L. Spiritual Housecleaning: Healing The Space Within By Beautifying The Space Around You, 2001, Oakland, CA, New Harbinger Publications, Inc.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/dailypractice1.html>

38 captures

22 Mar 2006 - 15 May 2025

Feb MAR Feb

22

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Beginning A Daily Practice:

a practical prescription for those new to Feri

by valerie walker

Part 1, © 2005

How I Use The Practice

My overall purpose in daily practice is to take the energy of the earth and run it through each of the chakras, each doing its own particular job as it flows through, then going to the crown and adding energy from God Herself and the gods, mixing the energies and letting them flow downward again, filling me and clearing out all the pipes, (so to speak.) I think of the element of fire throughout the exercise, because I feel the individual goddesses at each chakra burning away what I want to get rid of, and replacing it with their individual qualities of healing, creative force, courage, love, clear communication, mental clarity, and grace. If you will take these exercises, do them daily, and make them your own (rewriting them if you feel called to do so), you will learn the inner alchemy

from the inside out, which is really the only way to make it anything but another academic subject. I recommend keeping a journal in which you write your experiences with and reactions to doing this work regularly. To begin, here is the first exercise.

Exercise: The Flower Prayer

Who is this flower above me?

And what is the work of this God?

I would know myself in all my parts.

The Flower Prayer is specifically aimed at aligning the three souls. By itself it does little, but combined with the Ha Prayer technique it becomes a powerful spell to create a clear, open connection between the souls...I don't know the Flower Prayer's origin, but have learned several Hawaiian-language versions of it -- so perhaps it was originally Hawaiian.-- Phoenix Willow[1]

This is the first prayer to do in any daily practice. According to Victor Anderson, it is derived from Huna, and it is the first step in defining what we wish to accomplish, and to what end. If you look at it closely, it is a paraphrase of the Grail question which Perceval failed to ask, and which delayed his finding of the Grail for so long: "What do these things mean? And who do they serve?" This is significant because it means that every daily practice is a microcosm of the Vision Quest, the search for our own personal Holy Grail, (as above, so below) and that only continued attention to our own self-work will keep us on the path of our True Will.

The "flower above me" is the beautiful vision of your own Godself. If you can truly see that there is a part of you which is also a part of the Goddess, that you are partly divine, it will lead you to live a life which is respectful of yourself--and others, because you aren't the only god in the room. And knowing that you are also partly human and mortal, you will not be carried away with your own wonderfulness and begin believing your own PR, as has happened to all too many on the spiritual path.

"What is the work of this God?" Well, that's the question, isn't it? Constant self-examination, constant attention, constant nurturing of yourself in the physical, mental, and spiritual realms, leads to... what? Not merely a healthy, well-fed, well-exercised, happily-sexed body, an interested and interesting mind, and finely-honed talents (though these are good things), but a means by which the Goddess can do her work on earth. This phrase reminds me of Victor's saying that "God is Self and Self is God and God is a person like myself." The work of this God is the work of this human being, whatever that might be, yet another reminder of the transcendent nature of the ordinary. If I clean a floor, and do it for Hestia, more than the floor gets cleaned in the process. As Cora once said when someone saw her chopping vegetables with the same knife used in ritual, "I'm not deconsecrating the knife; I'm consecrating the vegetables."

The Black Heart Of Innocence

In Fifty Years in the Feri Tradition, Cora Anderson says about the Black Heart of

Innocence:

This sign was worn by young men and women during religious festivals in Dahomey in the days of the Songhe empire. It is defined by this saying which comes from Africa. "How beautiful is the black lascivious purity in the hearts of children and wild animals." The meaning of this symbol has been misinterpreted to mean other things than its real significance, which is purely sexual. As an ornamental sacred object, this may have been the first ornament shaped like the Valentine day heart. We are all born sexual beings and unless your heart is still black and innocent do not look too deeply into the meaning of this most holy symbol.[2]

The emphasis on the sexual as sacred is all-important to Feri. The gods are sexual beings, and the initial creation of the Universe was due to the orgasm of the Star Goddess. It is due to the filter of the patristic religions which have infested the world for the last several thousand years that sex is seen as dirty, and the color black is seen as unclean. Black is the color of night, and the night is beautiful and pure. To have the purity of the black night in one's heart is to accept oneself as a sexual being -- in fact, to rejoice in it. Sexual purity has almost disappeared from conscious thought in the modern world under subjection to the gynophobic longing for sexless, colorless angelic purity.

But what is subjugated still lives, and rises to the surface, willy-nilly, in the transgressive, the Left-Hand Path, the satanic. Only when the Left-Hand Path and the transgressive urge are looked at in the clear light of self-knowledge can they be seen as the frustrated impulse of the living Black Heart. Is Feri a Left- or a Right-Hand Path? Truly, I believe, if we are pure in our intent, such terms become meaningless. The impulses toward transgressive rule-breaking and toward obsessive obedience to rules become equally meaningless, and are seen as mere human impulses. Feri is ambidextrous, heading off on a Path all its own which is the path of one's own Truth. "I would know myself in all my parts."

This brings us to the next stage of inquiry: looking at our three souls. We are not single beings, but triple, like the Triple Goddess. In most religious traditions, the ultimate reality, the ground of our being, the Ain Soph, what Feri know as the Star Goddess, is unmeasurable and unknowable to the intellect. But this reality can be sensed by the intuition as energy, manifesting in galaxies, nebulae, stars, planets, and in living beings across the multiverse, including every one of us. Read on.

The Three Souls[3]

In many traditions worldwide as well as in several schools of psychological thought (notably those following the thinking of C. G. Jung), the universal energy previously mentioned is seen as being embodied in human beings as three individual yet interdependent selves or souls, together within one individual body. These Three Souls have different functions and different points of view, and work individually within and around the physical body (all too often at cross-purposes, producing what Victor called "complexes" and others designate as sin, weakness, imbalance, or neurosis, depending

on how judgmental you want to get.) Only when all four are working together in alignment, which state is referred to in Feri as being kala[4] or having all three souls straight within one (body), can we experience the Self entire. The main object of Feri thought and practice is to attain and maintain this state of kala.

Vivi, The Fetch: Claiming Those Things That Trouble You

A person pointing his finger at the moon... should see the moon. If he looks at the finger instead and mistakes it for the moon, he loses not only the moon but the finger also. -- Buddha, Shurangama Sutra

The lower torso below the diaphragm is seen among Feri to be filled with a force known both in Huna and Feri as mana. Victor Anderson said about mana:

This is the life force. It comes from us as living creatures. Just to call it energy is not enough. It's got to be understood as a definite thing, a definite substance[5]

Mana, present in everything from galaxies to microbes, is collected as basic energy from the Earth during the process of meeting the body's needs, and transmuted into our own particular flavor of life force by the Fetch. According to Victor Anderson, it forms an envelope that clings to the body like a force-field to a distance of from two to 2.54 centimeters [one inch] out from the body. Different Feri practitioners see this energy as different colors. Victor always envisioned it as red, others as blue. In my particular practice, I use a combination of blood-red shading through orange into yellow.

Also called the Fetch, Child Self, Nephesh, Younger Self, Unihipili, or Sticky One, Vivi is concerned with the functions of the physical body. Vivi's energy is sticky, adhering to everything with which we come in contact, and leaving traces wherever we go. These energy traces form a network of psychic (aka in Huna) threads, which connect us with everything we have ever experienced, and which carry all our physical memories. Victor Anderson said about this:

...Unihipili ...means the sticky one. It is called that because it imparts mana to everything you touch. For example when you shake hands with a person the mana from the Unihipili forms fine etheric threads connecting you with that person.[6]

I think it is interesting to see that Vivi is the active agent in giving mana to other people or objects, not merely receiving mana from them. When it comes to other people, of course, this implies that there is a mutual exchange of mana. This is why it is important that the aka threads formed in this way should never be cut forcibly; undesired connections should simply have the energy removed from them little by little until the aka threads wither away on their own.

The problem in letting aka threads wither away is that these threads are bi-directional. Mana has been given, and this giving may be stopped; but the mana received from another may keep on coming due to that other's reluctance to end the relationship. Only

when two people agree to part can these aka threads wither away. At this point, if you are the person who wants to part, and your partner in this aka thread is reluctant, your Vivi will need to have the help of both your Emi and your Ori to deal with the situation. We see horrible examples every day of one-sided relationships, obsession, domestic violence, and even multiple murders, due to the failure to deal with leftover etheric connections in a healthy, adult, and kala way.

Vivi experiences the world through sensations, emotions, and wordless images, as does a very young child. This Child Self acts as the liaison between Emi/the Talker and Ori/the Godself, and feels emotions directly in various parts of the body. This is scientific fact: there is a bi-directional communication between the immune and neuro-endocrine systems which is well known to the practitioners of psychoneuroimmunology and which makes the expression "gut feelings" more than symbolic:

Neurotransmitters send signals throughout the nervous system. We used to think these chemicals, such as dopamine and serotonin, resided in the brain at the end of nerve cells. We now know that they can be found in many other organs -- the heart, the gut, the immune system -- and that they can diffuse out into the tissues and the blood. This is why so much of what happens to us shows up in many different parts of the body; why depression, associated with low serotonin levels in the brain, also causes decreased immune function and decreased bowel function, and why anti-depressants can have gastrointestinal side effects. Why do we have a "gut feeling" about something? Because the neurotransmitters in our gut can be a mirror reflection of what's going on in our head. Every day more neurotransmitters, cytokines, lymphokines, peptides and hormones and their interrelationships are being discovered, as well as how these factors are affected by events in our lives, and how we choose to respond to those events. [7] [emphases mine]

The points of the Iron Pentacle, Sex, Self, Passion, Pride, and Power, all have their home in Vivi and are expressed through her. The expression most characteristic of Vivi is "I feel," and its primary impulse is the creative -- physical creation, as in making art or having children, expressing itself as being, surviving through its creations. This is the realm of Nimue and the Blue God in Feri, as it is the realm of childhood. Vivi holds our creative impulse.

It is also the dwelling-place of those things which are problematic in every human society, no matter how enlightened, those things which are closest to the Shadow in ourselves. I use the term in the Jungian sense quite deliberately. Although most Feris like to believe that they are able to live free of the preconceptions, habits, taboos, fears, and all the other baggage with which Sex, Pride, Self, Power and Passion have been loaded by human society, there is always something which each person is unwilling to face. The work, then, is to own these things in ourselves in both their bright and dark aspects; not only proudly parading our sexuality or pride, but also being willing to admit how these things drive or distort our actions and ways of being in the world.

The first three chakras are under the purview of the Fetch: the root chakra (the Vivi of Vivi) being concerned with basic physical survival, the navel chakra (the Emi of Vivi) with creative and sexual expression, and the solar plexus chakra (the Ori of Vivi) with courage and the ability to begin looking beyond individual concerns. (I'll talk more about these subdivisions in another article; for now, simply be aware that the Three Souls each have their own divisions.)

Exercise: Making Kala

This is a practice which is common to almost all lines of Feri. Different practitioners have varied it in the details, making it more or less complicated, but this is the basic method. To begin with, center yourself, using the Ha Prayer or any other simple method of your choice.

Take a small cup or goblet and fill it with fresh cold water, the colder the better. Put the cup where you can easily reach it. (If you are doing this as part of a group, each person should have her own individual cup.) Breathe your intention for purification into an egg shape[8] between the palms of your hands, breathing four breaths into the "egg" and visualizing it turning darker and more muddy with each breath. One chant I use while doing this is:

Hekate, Kali Ma, Lady of the Three Roads and of the Spaces Between,
Take my sorrows and turn them into coals for Hestia's fire.

Drop the "egg" into the cup when you feel that it is full of the things you need purified. See the "egg" dissolve into the water, turning it dark and muddy; then visualize that the water becomes filled with rainbow light, which dissolves the impurities.

Empty the lungs completely of all air, and then breathe in deeply, completely filling them. Hold your breath. While holding your breath, drink the rainbow water, making sure to drain your cup completely. Swallow the water down in one gulp. Now, exhale.

Feel the water going down your throat and accept its blessing. Rub your belly while saying positive things about yourself, praising yourself, comforting yourself, giving yourself strokes. Be kind to yourself. Treat yourself as you would your own child, gently and with love.

At the first urination after doing the rite, remember that this is also part of the rite. Your body is releasing the impurities cleansed by doing the kala rite. Thus every act of excretion is also a sacred act, as is eating or sex. Your body is sacred.

Shower Kala

Cleansing Kala in the shower; this is my own variation on the regular Kala rite, and one I use daily. You may combine it with any other shower cleansing rite you like.

In the shower, after your entire body and your hair is cleansed, and before turning off the

water, turn and face the water.

From hands crossed over your chest, open them into the shape of a heart, letting the water pour through the heart while breathing your intention for purification into the water. Form an egg shape between the palms of your hands, cupping them horizontally under the shower spray, breathing four breaths into the "egg," and visualizing it turning darker and more muddy with each breath. The chant I use while doing this is:

Hekate, Kali Ma, Lady of the Three Roads and of the Spaces Between,
Purify me in spirit.
Purify me in thought.
Purify me in feeling.
Purify me in action.

As you chant, see the water in your hands being cleansed and filled with rainbow light as the fresh water flows through and lets the "muddy" water fall to the floor and go down the drain, along with whatever is troubling or blocking you. Envision the water proceeding down through the sewers and eventually being cleansed, with the impurities returned to the Earth and the water being returned to the Sea. Empty the lungs completely of all air, and then breathe in deeply, completely filling them. Hold your breath. While holding your breath, open your mouth and fill it with the rainbow water from your cupped hands. Swallow the water (rainbow light) down. Now, exhale.

Let the water pour all over you and accept its blessing. Rub your belly, while saying positive things about yourself, praising yourself, comforting yourself, giving yourself strokes. Be kind to yourself. After your shower, dry yourself off as if you were drying the body of your own child, gently and with love.

As in the version above, at the first urination after doing the rite, remember that this is also part of the rite. Your body is releasing the impurities cleansed by doing the kala rite. Thus every act of excretion is also a sacred act, as is eating or sex. Your body is sacred.

Emi, The Talker: Becoming Those Things To Which You Aspire
"Now I a fourfold vision see
And a fourfold vision is given to me
Tis fourfold in my supreme delight
And three fold in soft Beulahs night
And twofold Always. May God us keep
From Single vision & Newtons sleep"
-- William Blake[9]

The energy of the conscious mind fills the body from just above the diaphragm all the way up to the third eye. This energy is called mana-mana in Huna. Produced by Emi's bringing Vivi's mana up into Emi's realm and amplifying it, and surrounding each individual as an egg of light, it is the medium through which we communicate with the

rest of the world. Also known as Talker, Talking Self, Ruach, Uhane, or Shining Body, Emi is colored by momentary moods and emotions, and appears multicolored; Victor Anderson saw it as yellow, other practitioners as red. In my practice I focus on it as green shading into blue.

Victor said about the word Uhane that U means a conscious entity and hane means to make yourself known.[10] This is the part that we tend to think of as "me." Emi is most concerned with keeping in touch with consensus reality and communicating with -- making itself known to -- the world of other conscious entities. Its habits of linear thought and reasoning with cause and effect, like Blake's "single vision," help us understand the world, but can also limit us to only understanding it in one dimension while ignoring others as irrelevant or too disturbing to deal with. The paradox which Emi faces is that the more defined the information, the less likely Emi will be to know where it's going or what to do with it, so that an over-reliance on Talker alone can mislead even the deepest thinkers. Where Vivi's weakness is being easily overwhelmed by emotion, Emi's is getting so hung up in details that its overall purpose disappears. Emi relates to the world with words, and defines the sensory impressions of Vivi. It contains our verbal memory, analytical mind, and the social instinct to identify with and relate to the Other. The points of the Pearl Pentacle, Love, Knowledge, Wisdom, Law, and Liberty, have their home and finest expression in Emi. The most characteristic phrase of Emi is "I am," and its primary impulse is to preserve -- to preserve the status quo, to objectify it, to organize it, to make it easy to search, and to keep it consistent with the way it has always been. Mari and Krom are the Feri gods we associate with this life-stage, that of the adult. Emi is concerned with maintaining that which Vivi has created.

The second three chakras belong to Emi: the heart chakra (the Vivi of Emi) concerned with the heart-energy of relating to other people; the throat chakra (the Emi of Emi) with the expression of this energy in communication, and the third eye chakra (the Ori of Emi) with the intellectual courage to know and face one's own Truth and to go beyond the everyday "me" (or even "us") to the realm of the spirit, Godself.

Just as the points of the Iron Pentacle can be sources of either strength or trouble to us, so the Points of the Pearl are those things to which we aspire -- but don't always manage to reach. The work here is to keep from beating ourselves up for our inadequacies as we follow our path, and also to have compassion for other striving human beings, because we're all equally bad at it in the beginning. In order to become that which we admire, we must keep disciplined while being merciful to ourselves. Merciful discipline is a delicate balance to walk. The challenge of dealing with our Talker is to be able to rein it in without trying to get rid of it altogether. It's there for a reason.

Emi is dismissed by Feris much of the time as "mere ego," because everyone is trying to get down-to-earth and "real" with Vivi and/or be exalted by Ori. This is, I believe, a misreading of the Buddhist search for an end to the cycle of existence via discarding the ego. Feris are not trying to "get off the Wheel." If Vivi is "I feel" and Ori "I know", I think (and feel, and know) that Emi's "I am" is the instrument with which I feel and know, and

it's one of my most important life-tasks to learn how to play it as well as I can.

Exercise: KA-BA-ZA[11]

This is a short form of calling on the Three Souls, using the "Egyptian" monosyllabic names, which can be used in daily practice.

Assume a comfortable position, either standing or seated. Breathe deeply from the solar plexus, filling and emptying your lungs completely at least three times. Take a deep breath from your belly, breathing in a feeling of pleasure. Breathe out with hands on your belly, breathing out a feeling of safety. Think, or say aloud if you wish, "Thus I awaken the Fetch." Feel your pelvic bones vibrate as you chant KA to bring energy up from the Earth to waken and stir Vivi (the Child Self), in the region of the pelvis. Envision the colors from deep red shading through orange to yellow glowing and circulating around your spine from your root chakra through your navel chakra up to your solar plexus chakra. Feel that you are touching everything in your environment, extending a net of shadow-threads, fine and sticky, like a spider web. Know that you are at home and in touch with yourself wherever you are, at the center of your web.

Take another deep breath, breathing in a feeling of clarity. Breathe out with hands on your heart, breathing out a feeling of mental calm. Think, or say aloud if you wish, "Thus I focus the Talker." Feel your ribcage vibrate as you chant BA, bringing the Vivi energy up to stir Emi, in the region of the ribcage. Envision the colors from green through turquoise to indigo blue glowing and circulating around your spine up from your heart chakra through your throat chakra to your third eye chakra. Feel that you are touching all living beings in your environment, extending a net of calm. Know that you are the being you need to be, communicating peacefully with all other beings.

Take a third deep breath, breathing in a feeling of divine blessing. Breathe out with hands on the top of your head, breathing out a feeling of connection with the Sacred. Think, or say aloud if you wish, "Thus I enlist the aid of the Godself." Feel your skull vibrate as you chant ZA, extending the Emi energy up from the skull to a violet-colored star above your head, and opening up to receive the blessings of your God-self in an exchange of energies. Feel that you are touching the Gods and Spirits in your environment, extending a net of connection. Know that you are a child of the Goddess, connected to the entire universe.

See yourself surrounded in this light from the star above your head. Imagine that all doubts and fears are held away by the light radiating from this star.

The KA-BA-ZA chant may be performed once, three times, six times, or nine times. If you are doing it only once, then at this point the Ladder of Hestia may be performed. Or if you are short on time, do the KA-BA-ZA instead of the Ladder of Hestia. This chant is not used by many initiatory lines of Feri, but I have found it extremely helpful as a warm-up exercise for the Ladder. It is advisable to do some kind of preface to the Ladder rather than simply jumping into it cold, and this particular practice seems to clear the

channels which will be needed for the Ladder.

Ori, The Godself: Accepting The Gifts of The Gods

The skull is filled with an exponentially more powerful form of energy known as mana-loa, the blue "fire of the Gods." This energy is extremely dangerous, and Victor Anderson warned against working with it directly. During a talk at Pantheacon several years ago, he declared:

The blue fire is within us at all times. Use it to heal. Blue fire is sacred. It can heal or it can kill. Naive people think that they can sustain eating this fire, but it will harm them. You cannot store the Blue Fire within you. It comes from the Great Deity and returns to it. It is not ours to keep. It is tremendously powerful.[12]

People have always had a fondness for sticking their metaphorical fingers in power outlets and getting themselves shocked. But these days the population who is aware of where those power outlets are located is much larger, because of the vast proliferation of do-it-yourself literature, the Internet, and the wider availability of Magickal information. So there is that much more need for caution in dealing with this energy.

Of course, the whole question of what to do with excess energy depends on the individual's idea of excess. Some people have much larger capacities and can carry a huge charge, to continue the metaphor. But others are more sensitively tuned and need to send it out or put it back for recycling at much lower levels. And if you are in a group that habitually hangs on to however much energy is raised, there will be some people who can handle it and others who can't. It has nothing to do with their fitness for doing sacred self-work or being in the Feri Tradition, but it seems almost to have become a macho game of psychic "chicken" among some Feri to see how much one can take and not be driven crazy. It is both simpler and more considerate to use some common sense and have some concern for the people around you, especially those in circle. If you are going to spend the next six hours drooling and gazing at the linoleum or bouncing off walls like a kid who's eaten too much sugar, do it where it won't bother anyone, and do it on your own turf rather than messing up someone else's home. This is simply good manners.

Rather than keeping it for yourself, a healthy and useful thing to do with excess energy is to send it up to the gods using the "HA" prayer (below). And if there is still too much for you to handle, you can always give it back to the Earth, not in the spirit of disposing of waste, but in the spirit of reverence and a sense of connection between Above and Below. Above is holy; Below is equally holy. The Gods live under our feet as well as over our heads. Don't be fooled by the directional metaphor into seeing any direction as unequal.

Some see the energy of the Godself as pearly-white in color with rainbow hues, much like mother-of-pearl. Victor always declared that blue was the God-color. In my own practice I envision it as violet shading into ultra-violet and the unseen frequencies

beyond.

According to Victor's model of etheric anatomy[13], the physical support of the Godself, also called the Sacred Dove, Aumakua, or Neshamah, dwells in a "body of light" at the top of the aura, often seen during meditation as a silvery, blue, or violet star over the head. It is the part of us that is most intimately linked to the outer universe, and represents our connection to the Divine, or what most people call the Soul or the Holy Guardian Angel. According to Thelemic writer Bill Heidreck,

The Nephesh and the Ruach can be kept alive, but they will pass away if not deliberately kept alive. They depend on physical things or people still living. The Neshamah doesn't. The Neshamah is immortal by itself. It always existed. It always will exist. In a sense it is divine. That's where the idea of a Holy Guardian Angel comes in.[14]

The points of the Blessing Pentacle, Devotion, Radiance, Blessing, Truth, and Grace, are expressions of Ori. The most characteristic phrase of Ori is "I know." The Godself is that part of us which destroys the status quo, which dissolves the old in order that the new may exist. This is a key to understanding why the Ori does not communicate directly with the Emi (which maintains), but only through the Vivi (which creates). The Feri gods here are the Anna and the Arddhu, the old, wise gods who lead us on into whatever awaits us beyond this life. This is the realm of those who have attained the wisdom of age.

The work here is to accept the gifts of the gods with thanks and without undue humility. We are all children of the Goddess, and her gifts of Devotion, Truth, Radiance, Grace, and Blessing are our birthright.

The three chakras belonging to Ori are partly our own, and partly transpersonal: the crown chakra (the Vivi of Ori) is that in us which listens to the voice of the gods (the "flower above me" of the Flower Prayer); the auric transpersonal chakra (the Emi of Ori) is the gods speaking to us as we envision them, giving us our missions in life; and the surrounding transpersonal chakra (the Ori of Ori) is the ground of our being, God Herself, the center which is the circumference of all, the ineffable, that which cannot be described and yet which holds us in Her mighty arms. "One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so."

Exercise: The HA Prayer

(Cora says that this is the essential exercise to do as daily practice, even if you do nothing else.) Directing the attention to the Godself, say:

I affirm in the here and now

That we are three souls in one body,

And that you are the highest, best, and most perfect part of me.

Give me each day that which I need:

Keep me from evil, though it be the very thing I pray for,

And bring me to the good, even though from ignorance I don't know enough to ask for it.

Chant: ALL THREE SOULS ARE STRAIGHT WITHIN ME!

Breathe from the centers of the pelvis, the ribcage, and the skull in turn, breathing in mana from the Earth below you and breathing out HA. Then breathe in from your entire body, and breathe out HA, sending the energy as an offering to the Gods above you.

Notes On The HA Prayer

Phoenix Willow states:

The Ha Prayer actually originates in Huna, where it (in several variations) is known as the "Ha Rite." "Ha" is Hawaiian for "four" and also for "breath." Breathing in sets of four is a traditional technique in Huna. The breath is not the whole of the prayer, however. It's a method for gathering a surplus of mana that is offered to the Aumakua (Godself) along with a prayer-request. This technique can be used to pray for anything. In Huna it is said that the kahunas could instantly heal major injuries and perform other miraculous feats through the power of mana-loa. The Godself converts the mana into mana-loa and uses it to create/heal/etc. on our behalf. There's a very strong thread of Hawaiian magic woven through Feri. Victor studied Huna, where the concept of the three souls can also be found. He was a member of Huna Research Associates, and knew Max Freedom Long -- the "inventor" of Huna. Victor also had Hawaiian friends and correspondents, and many past-life memories of being Hawaiian.[15]

Cora says, very wisely, that it's the simple things that matter the most; this is especially true when first developing a daily practice. Of course, people do tend to over-analyze, especially in the beginning. But once Talker has become satisfied with the logical explanation each person thinks up (which is totally individual), they can begin to approach Fetch, and through Fetch Godself, and develop their own position on the Three Souls material, their own ways of relating to it, the creative solutions they have had to come up with to make it acceptable, and all the other idiosyncratic things which make a practice personal.

Some Names for the Three Souls

Feri

Vivi

Emi

Ori

Vicia

Fetch

Talker

Godself, Self-parent

50 Years (Cora Anderson)

alpha

beta

gamma

Starhawk

Younger Self

Talking Self

Deep Self

Thorn Coyle

Sticky One

Shining Body

Sacred Dove

Hawaiian

Unihipili

Uhane

Aumakua

Qabalah

Nephesh

Ruach

Neshamah

Haitian Voudoun

N'ame (spirit of the flesh)

Ti Bon Angel (little good angel)

Gros Bon Ange (big good angel)

Egyptian

KA

BA

ZA

Notes On The Names Of The Three Souls

The "Vivi, Emi, Ori" names are African, according to Victor Anderson. However, there does not seem to be an exact correspondence of the meanings of the African terms with the way they are used in Feri. "Vivi," for instance, is Ewe for "delicious." [16] According to an anonymous article at <http://www.agallery.de/docs/mythology.htm>:

The Yoruba believe that there is a god, Ori, who supervises people's choices in heaven. Literally, ori means 'head' or 'mind', because that is what one chooses before birth. If someone chooses a wise head, i.e. intelligence, wisdom, he will walk easily through life, but if someone chooses a fool's head, he will never succeed anywhere. Ori could be considered as a personal god, a sort of guardian angel who will accompany each of us for life, once chosen. Even the gods have their Ori which directs their personal lives.

...The Yoruba (Nigeria) believe that each person has at least three spiritual beings. Firstly there is the spirit, emi, literally 'breath', which resides in the lungs and heart and is fed by the wind through the nostrils, just as the fire is fed through the twin openings in the blacksmith's bellows. This emi is the vital force which makes a man live, that is, breathe, rise up, walk, be aware, be active, work, speak, see, hear and make love. There is also the shadow or shade, ojiji, which follows its owner like a dog. When he dies, it awaits his return in heaven. The third is the eleda 'spirit' or ori 'head', also translated as 'guardian soul'; from time to time it has to be 'fed' by sacrifices. At death these spiritual aspects of a person leave the body and wait for him or her in heaven. An individual is expected to return to his clan as a newborn baby. [17]

The terms KA, BA, and ZA were taught to me by my later initiators, who received them from Victor. I have also been told that Victor gave Ka, Ba, and Sa as a possible interpretation for the parts of the self in Egyptian. He also said it was a simplification of a more complex system. According to Victor, "Sa" could also be pronounced "Za," and

that is how he sometimes pronounced it.[18]

....the spirits of the ...Ka, the astral body; principle of the body and protective genius... Higher up, the Ba, soul, sublime, and multi-leveled. Next comes the Sahu, part of the spiritual self and is the spiritual body otherwise called the spiritual body. ... There is also the Sa, the higher force, essential energy of all.[19]

The KA-BA-ZA sequence, which is not in universal use among Feris, does have the advantage of being easier to chant. My personal preference for writing or talking about the Three Souls is to alternate the Vivi-Emi-Ori sequence with the English phrases, but when chanting, I use the KA-BA-ZA.

Footnotes

[1] Personal communication from Phoenix Willow of the Vicia line of Feri

[2] Anderson, Cora, *Fifty Years In The Feri Tradition*, 1994, privately printed; reprinted Albany, CA, 2004, Acorn Guild Press and available at <http://www.lilithslantern.com>

[3] Portions of this section are inspired by "The Three Souls Of Night Hares," an article by Willow Moon based on written and oral material from many sources, in *Witch Eye: A Zine Of Feri Uprising* #3, 2000.

[4] Kala: from a Huna term. The way this word is used in Feri encompasses the concepts of purification, reclaiming energy that is bound up in obsessions, getting clear of spiritual obstacles, getting all three souls aligned and open to each other, and so on. I will be writing more on this subject.

[5] In Baruch, Inni, "Speaking With Victor Anderson," *Connections* magazine, Winter 2001, vol. 9, no. 4, p. 6

[6] Ibid.

[7] "Neurotransmitters," in *Women's Center for Mind-Body Health, Mind-Body Science* online at <http://womensmindbodyhealth.info/science32.htm>. The work of Candace Pert on neuropeptides as free-floating physical bases for emotions is seminal in this field. An excellent interview with her can be found online at <http://www.nyu.edu/classes/neimark/pert.html>

[8] In the early years of Faery, an actual raw egg was used, but since the health risks of eating raw eggs have since been established, an imaginal egg works just as well.

[9] Blake, William, in a letter to Thomas Butts, Nov. 22, 1802

[10] Baruch, op.cit., p. 45

[11] Adapted from material passed to me by Willow Moon and others.

[12] Anderson, Victor, unpublished manuscript.

[13] Anderson, Victor and Cora, Etheric Anatomy: The Three Selves And Astral Travel, Albany, CA, 2004, Acorn Guild Press

[14] Heidreck, Bill, "An Abramelin Ramble," online article at <http://www.digital-brilliance.com/kab/abramel.htm>

[15] Personal communication from Phoenix Willow.

[16] According to Phoenix Willow: Vivi is also an infrequently used Creole word for "child," with the possible additional meaning of "life." Also in Creole, we find vi, meaning "life, child," vivan, meaning "alive, living," and viv, meaning "live." They are all probably in the same constellation of meaning with vivi -- and all seem to be derived from the French vie, "life," and/or vivre, "to live." In modern Fon, we also find vi, meaning "child," and vivi, meaning "sweet, pleasant, to one's liking." Fon is the native tongue of Benin, a west African nation formerly known as Dahomey. As with Creole, modern Fon has been significantly influenced by the French language

[17] "Every human being has been given a 'head,' or destiny, prior to birth that can only be foreseen and arbitrated through divination. However, each person also has the ability to tap the power of this 'inner head' (ori inu) to achieve their full potential in life. One's character and personality are said to emanate from this inner head." --
http://www.africans-art.com/index.php3?action=page&id_art=628

[18] Personal communication from Phoenix Willow.

[19] http://www.sibyllinewicca.org/history/hist_egypt6.htm. Reference thanks to Phoenix Willow.

Part Two

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/feriladder.html>

33 captures

28 Mar 2006 - 10 Feb 2025

Feb MAR May

28

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Beginning A Daily Practice:

a practical prescription for those new to Feri

by valerie walker

Part 2, © 2005

The Ladder of Hestia, a meditation

As I said in Part One of these practices, my overall purpose in daily practice is to take the energy of the earth and run it through each of the chakras, each doing its own particular job as it flows through, then going to the crown and adding energy from God Herself and the gods, mixing the energies and letting them flow downward again, filling

me and clearing out all the pipes, (so to speak.) I think of the element of fire throughout the exercise, because I feel the individual goddesses at each chakra burning away what I want to get rid of, and replacing it with their individual qualities of healing, creative force, courage, love, clear communication, mental clarity, and grace. If you will take these exercises, do them daily, and make them your own (rewriting them if you feel called to do so), you will learn the inner alchemy from the inside out, which is really the only way to make it anything but another academic subject. For this particular exercise, if you will attempt to place your hands in the appropriate mudras shown in the illustration below, it will help your body remember what you are doing; repeated performances of this meditation will help it become a dance, even while you sit.

Assume a comfortable position, either standing or seated. Breathe deeply from the solar plexus, filling and emptying your lungs completely at least three times. Feel the energy in your body, and pull it in from your extremities into the center of your body.

Let all the tension, aches and pains, and other distractions both positive and negative coalesce into a ball of energy. Locate that ball of energy a little below your navel, at the point called in tai chi the dan tien. Bring in as much of your energy into this ball as you can, and then send the ball down your spine, dividing at the base of the spine and sending the energy down each of your legs to the floor.

Feel the energy reaching out, sending tendrils, roots, into the floor, down through the structure of the house. Feel the energy roots tunnel into the earth, go down past the layer of earth and into the rocks beneath. Send the energy down through the rocks, deep into the center of the planet, deep into the place where the rocks are molten, where the hearth-fire of Hestia plays at the center.

Join your energy with that fire in the earth. Let it become one with the fire at the heart of the earth, let it become purified by that fire.

[Pause as long as you need to.]

Now begin to take back your individual energy, burnt clean and purified by Hestia's fire. Bring the energy back up the roots you put down, pulling the roots after you as you let the energy rise up through the cooled rocks, up through the layers of rock, earth, floor, and back into your body again.

Pull the energy up into the base of your spine, and join it with any lingering distractions left in your body. Bring it into the root chakra, envisioning it as deep red, the color of blood, of the interior of your body. Spiral the energy around your spine from front to right, back, left, then center and up to the next chakra, chanting with each direction: GULA (pronounced "goo-lah"). Feel the power of Gula, the Queen of Physicians, to heal you of physical blockages and help you to survive and meet your bodily needs.

Send it up to the navel chakra, changing its color as you move up from deep red to

orange, the color of fire, of anger and of creativity. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: ANAT ("ah-naht"). Feel the power of the Warrior Queen Anat to take your anger and turn it into creative force, innocent sexuality, and pleasurable fruitfulness.

Continue upward to the solar plexus chakra, changing the color of the energy to yellow, and dissolving all your doubts, fears, anxiety, guilt, and shame in the pure light of courage. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: TANIT ("tah-neet"). Feel the power of Tanit, Serpent of Wisdom, to give you courage: courage to be who you are, and courage to take the leap to the next stage.

Send the energy up yet again to the heart chakra, changing the color to green. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: ISIS ("ee-sees"). Feel the power of Isis, Queen of Heaven, to melt your heart and take away mental blockages which get in the way of your ability to give and receive love.

Continue to the throat chakra, changing the color to turquoise. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: NEITH ("neeth"), and feel the power of Neith, the Goddess of the unseen and limitless sky, to bring you clarity and freedom in telling your own Truth, whether in speech or writing or whatever medium She inspires you to use, and banishing misunderstanding and confusion.

Let your consciousness rise yet again to the third eye chakra, changing the energy's color to indigo. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: PSYCHE ("sigh-key"), and feel the clean clear power of the concentrated mind which lets you know your own Truth. Banish ignorance and welcome knowledge, and welcome, also, the mental courage to take the leap from being human to being part of the divine.

Keep the energy flowing up to the crown chakra, changing its color to violet. Spiral the energy front, right, back, left, up, chanting with each direction: KORE ("kor-ay"), letting the violet light spiral around your head and up out the top. Let the goddess Kore, the Nameless Maiden, serve as the link between that which is below and that which is above. Let her breathe the violet energy up to the gods in devotion and receive it back from them, circulating it throughout your body. Allow her to dissolve and banish all obsessions and bring you blessing.

As you do this, sense that Kore is sending the energy up to Hestia, she who represents the voice of the gods as you envision them. Feel the energy go up to the outer confines of your aura, and chant HESTIA. Hestia will give you your mission; all you need to do is listen.

Finally, ask Hestia to send the energy up and out to the Star Goddess, the Lady of the Three Roads and the Spaces Between, the Circumference which is the Center of all, the unknowable, illimitable Ground of Being. Chant: HECATE ("heck-ah-tay"), and feel your offering raining back down through you as divine grace. Feel yourself at this particular

place, at this particular instant of time. Rest in this knowledge: be here now.

Exercise: The Descent Of Inanna

Energy sent upward along the Ladder of Hestia in order to evoke the positive qualities of the Goddess and chakras may also be used in a downward direction to dispel blockages and bindings. The image I like to use is the descent of Inanna into the underworld, where she has to give something up at each stage: her crown, her robes, her jewels, and so on, and enter into the Underworld naked and suppliant.

To work the Ladder downways, first work upward and become energized with a short KA-BA-ZA and HA Prayer. Then beginning with Kore, work down, saying five times each:

In Kore's name, I release myself of all obsession

In Psyche's name, I release myself of all confusion

In Neith's name, I release myself of all misunderstanding

In Isis' name, I release myself of all apathy

In Tanit's name, I release myself of all guilt and shame

In Anat's name, I release myself of all fear

In Gula's name, I release myself of all those things which bind me

Then take the things you have released and send them into the fire of Hestia at the center of the earth. Say:

May my feet find the path,

May the path find my feet,

And may I always follow the golden thread.

In Hestia's name, so mote it be.

Then bring the purified energy back up into your body and do the Ladder as described previously, make kala, or both. chart of the Ladder: colors, chakras mudras, and soul connections

The Ladder of Hestia, showing colors, mudras. chakras, and soul connections.

Goddesses Of The Ladder

Gula , Queen of Physicians

Anat, Light of the Creative

Tanit, Crossing the Gap

Isis, Queen of Heaven

Neith, Speaker of Truth

Psyche, The Keen Blade of Discrimination

Kore, Shamanic Connection

Hestia, Lost Goddess

Hekate, Lady of the Three Roads

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/dailyScript.html>

17 captures

21 Mar 2006 - 23 Sep 2018
Feb MAR May
21
2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Script for the Complete Daily Practice

by valerie walker

©2005-06.

Some parts of this rite draw from other sources,
including R.J. Stewart, Victor Anderson, and others.

See the full discussion of this practice in Daily Practice I and II.

Sit on a cushion on the floor. Take a deep breath and let it out. Look upward and say:

Who is this flower above me?

And what is the work of this God?

I would know myself in all my parts.

Touch the floor, taking a breath and letting it out.

Touch your genital area, saying:

KA -- thus I awaken the Fetch.

Touch your heart, saying:

BA -- thus I focus the Talker.

Touch your forehead, saying:

ZA -- thus I entreat the aid of the Godself.

Touch the floor again, breathing in and then out.

Assume the mudra and visualize the color for the appropriate goddess as you progress through this series. Chant:

[Mudra at genital area]

Gula before me,

Gula at my right hand,

Gula behind me,

Gula at my left hand.

Gula within me,

Gula heal me.

[Mudra at dan tien area,three finger-widths below navel]

Anat before me,

Anat at my right hand,

Anat behind me,

Anat at my left hand.

Anat within me,

Anat bring me creative force.

[Mudra at solar plexus]

Tanit before me,

Tanit at my right hand,

Tanit behind me,

Tanit at my left hand.

Tanit within me,

Tanit give me courage.

[Mudra at heart, left hand on left knee]

Isis before me,
Isis at my right hand,
Isis behind me,
Isis at my left hand.
Isis within me,
Isis open my heart.

[Mudra at throat]

Neith before me,
Neith at my right hand,
Neith behind me,
Neith at my left hand.
Neith within me,
Neith help me speak my truth.

[Mudra at forehead]

Psyche before me,
Psyche at my right hand,
Psyche behind me,
Psyche at my left hand.
Psyche within me,
Psyche give me clear sight.

[Mudra at top of head]

Kore before me,
Kore at my right hand,
Kore behind me,
Kore at my left hand.
Kore within me,
Kore let me understand.

[Mudra at heart level; whisper]

Hestia before me,
Hestia at my right hand,
Hestia behind me,
Hestia at my left hand.
Hestia within me,
Hestia center and still me.

[Mudra: reach hands and look upward]

Hekate, Kali-Ma, Holy Mother,

Lady of the Three Roads and of all the spaces between,

Before me,
At my right hand,
Behind me,
At my left hand,
Above me,
Below me,
Within me,

Holy Mother,
in you we live and move and have our being,
From you all things emerge, and unto you all things return,

Mother of all the gods and mortals,
I am your child,
I am your self.

I affirm in the here and now
That we are three souls in one body,
And that you are the highest, best, and most perfect part of me.
Give me each day that which I need:
Keep me from evil, though it be the very thing I pray for,
And bring me to the good, even though from ignorance I don't know enough to ask for it.

Take a deep breath and exhale sharply, touching the floor and saying:
HA! from the root: my feet are on the Earth.
Take a second deep breath and exhale sharply, touching your genital area and saying:
HA! from the stem: my loins are in the Moon.
Take a third deep breath and exhale sharply, touching your heart and saying:
HA! from the leaves: my heart is in the Sun.
Take a fourth deep breath and exhale sharply toward your Godself, looking upward,
raising your arms up and saying:
HA! to the flower: my head is in the Stars.

Intone the following, holding one fist stacked on the other. When you say the syllable
TET! pull your fists sharply apart, one up and one down, as if stretching something out
vertically.

All three souls are straight within me.....TET!

Take a cup of clear water and breathe into it four times, saying the following:
Mother, purify me in spirit,
Mother, purify me in thought.

Mother, purify me in feeling.
Mother, purify me in action.
Drink it down in one continuous draught.

Say or chant, concentrating the energy at the body part indicated:

In the names of those things which trouble me:

In the name of Sex [head]

In the name of Pride [right foot]

In the name of Self [left hand]

In the name of Power [right hand]

In the name of Passion [left foot]

In the names of those things which trouble me:

I claim them,

I own them,

They shield me. They are mine.

In the names of those things to which I aspire:

In the name of Love [head]

In the name of Law [right foot]

In the name of Knowledge [left hand]

In the name of Liberty [right hand]

In the name of Wisdom [left foot]

In the names of those things to which I aspire:

I affirm them,

I become them,

They shield me. They are mine.

In the names of those things I am given:

In the name of Devotion [head]

In the name of Truth [right foot]

In the name of Radiance [left hand]

In the name of Grace [right hand]

In the name of Blessing [left foot]

In the names of those things I am given:

I accept them with thanks,

They shield me. They are mine.

Meditate in silence for a moment. Then take the energy you have generated and received, and give it back to the world:

May peace prevail in the universe.

May peace prevail on Earth and all planets.

May peace prevail in the United States [or your own country] and all nations.

May all being be at peace.

May our missions be accomplished.

We thank the universe, through our spiritual protectors,

for its guidance and protection.

Dedicate the merit to whomever you choose:

I dedicate the merit of this practice to _____

May our feet find the path,

May the path find our feet,

And may we always follow the Golden Thread.

In Hestia's name, so mote it be.

Ashe.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/ferimagick.html>

12 captures

26 Mar 2006 - 23 Sep 2018

Feb MAR May

26

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Practical Magick for the Feri Practitioner

by valerie walker

© 2005

Using the Iron Pentacle for healing

The roundways[1] method of working the Pentacles, especially the Iron, is particularly useful in generating energy to send out for healing spells. Surprisingly, while this and other techniques are excellent for sending energy, many Feri are not in the habit of using them for anything save self-work, as opposed to eclectic Wiccans, who are given to doing healing spells more frequently than any other kind. This is all the more strange, considering how much emphasis Victor Anderson put on healing work.

Psychic Dragonstar[2]

This exercise is done standing and facing in the direction of the person you wish to affect, whether s/he is in the room with you or not. Envision yourself as standing on a round platform, and that the Iron Pentacle is repeatedly produced at your feet, spinning in a clockwise direction and rising up your body, one Pentacle after another (somewhat like the electrical charges in those vertical spark generators seen in almost every monster movie known). Feel the Pentacles spinning around you horizontally, gaining momentum as they rise upward, one after another, and then being released like dragonstars, spinning off in the designated direction with a quick flicking motion. Really feel the energy being released in a sharp burst as each Pentacle is launched. Continue with this process as long as you feel moved to do so, without worrying about the reactions of your patient. Often a sick or hurt person will absorb the energy thus given or sent, but may not show any difference until some time later, when he has had a chance to absorb it and use it. And, of course, some people are too guarded to accept energy from another, even healing energy. There is nothing you can do for these people; but it is always good to try, just to see if they can be persuaded to let down their guard for a moment.

Ill-wishing, Cursing, And Banishing

Of course, if you wish ill to someone, you could do the same exercise, only spinning the pentacles widdershins; but I don't advise this. Feris are well known for disbelief in the Wiccan Rede or the Law of Threefold Return. However, one of my fellow-Composters

told me once that your soul/mind/heart is your cauldron, and if you are always using your cauldron to brew poison, there will come a day when you won't be able to do anything else with it, even for yourself. So enlightened self-interest would dictate that the worst you do to anyone is make a shield of your own against him -- a spiritual spam-filter, if you will. And if you believe with Victor that aka threads go both ways, that you get as well as give mana to whomever or whatever you touch, it would be prudent to do no more than shield yourself. Which brings me to binding spells, much less bad for you, but as effective as you might desire. These concentrate on speeding up the process of letting the aka threads between you and the object of your spell wither away naturally.

CyberBinding

My method of choice is thoroughly modern: I take a digital picture of the offender (or a copy of hir signature, or, failing that, type out hir name and use that as the object-link) and put it in PhotoShop, then overlay the picture with a picture of ice cubes, at a percentage of opaqueness such that it is just possible to see the person beneath the ice. I merge layers, save the picture as a .jpeg file, then upload it somewhere on the Internet where it is not likely to be viewed (a photobucket.com archive is a good place to keep this kind of thing.) If you have Flash capability, you can import this picture and cause it to whirl about continuously, as fast or slowly as you choose, and thus confuse your victim and deflect any energy s/he is sending out. (This Flash animation method is good for turning a sigil into a little virtual prayer-wheel, as it will go on spinning forever with no further action from you. Use a deosil spin for beneficent spells, and a widdershins spin for those of ill intent, of course.)

While working on this spell, I repeat "now you freeze as long as I please," generating the feeling that the aka threads which connect me to this person are freezing, becoming brittle, and withering away, and that the person himself is losing his ability to gain any of my energy or send me any ill-wishing of his own. If I feel that I have already been affected in any important way by this person, I print this picture out, put it between two mirrors facing inward, bind it with string, and crazy-glue the whole thing together. Then I store this in my freezer, with the same incantation.

If you intend any operations of ill-wishing or banishment, be sure that you make kala first, and think hard about whether this is the best thing to do in the situation. Operations of this sort should be a method of last resort. And of course, you have to actually let your grudge go, usually the most difficult part of the spell to achieve. If you have been nursing a grudge against someone because secretly it gives you something you need, perhaps it's time to look at the way you typically react to people.

[1] Roundways: going around the points of the pentacle rather than through. In Iron, that would be Sex, Self, Passion, Pride, Power, which is, incidentally, the way Victor originally taught it.

[2] Dragonstar: a (usually) four-, five-, or six-pointed metal star with sharpened blades, used in martial arts as a throwing weapon. These are made of steel, and come in many

designs.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/viviex.html>

13 captures

26 Mar 2006 - 23 Sep 2018

Feb MAR May

26

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Vivi Exercises for the Points of the Iron Pentacle

by valerie walker

© 2005

parental advisory: contains sexual material

Here are a set of hands-on exercises for working with the points of the Iron Pentacle in ways that involve the Fetch directly and, hopefully, keep intellectualizing to a minimum.

Working With The Sex Point

You will need:

- a piece of paper
- a pen or pencil
- a large mirror, big enough to see your entire body in
- privacy

Sit cross-legged in front of the mirror, naked. Look at yourself as if you were looking at a stranger. Ask yourself, "Who is this person? What does s/he want sexually? What can I do for him/her?" Imagine yourself making love to the person in the mirror. See how real you can make the experience without actually touching yourself, just imagining the touch of your own hands on your skin, tenderly caressing yourself in imagination.

Feel the mental and emotional blockages that come into place as you attempt this. Don't fight them, just acknowledge them.

When you feel that you have acknowledged all the blocks and difficulties you are feeling about your sexuality, take the pen and paper and draw a self-portrait from your mirror image. It doesn't have to be a perfect likeness, or even a realistic portrait at all. Just try to capture your impression of your sexual self. Include the blocks and feelings as well. Do they sit over you like clouds? Do they pierce you like daggers? Are they solid or fragmented? Where in your body do you feel their effects? Put all this into your drawing. You may wish to color your work. Do so without thinking about its meaning or significance, just color as you might have done when you were a child. It's not even necessary to stay inside the lines, either.

Now sit in front of the mirror again and make love to yourself, all shame and fears forgotten.

Working With The Pride Point

Making a statue to yourself.

You will need:

- Paper and pencils/pens in different colors

- Modeling clay, Sculpy, or any easy-to-use sculpting material
- Sculpting tools (available at http://www.diandolls.com/sculpting_supplies.htm or at any art supply store)

What kind of monument would you like? Draw it or sculpt a model of it: Do you want to be remembered as riding a horse or a dragon? Standing on a heap of conquered enemies? Being worshipped by others? Heroic or helpful? Being more beautiful, more athletic, more powerful physically than you actually are? Who's your action figure?

Making a movie of your life.

You will need:

- Paper and pen/s
- Music paper
- Movie magazines to cut up
- Blank CDs / CD recording capability on your computer
- Costumes and props for fairytale enactments

Who would you pick to play you in the movie about your life? Find pictures of the actors you want and cut them out for a collage or paper dolls you can move around and play out your movie.

What songs would you have on your soundtrack? Make a CD of your playlist. Dance to it.

What would the plot be? Which fairy-tale would you have enacted as representing your life most closely? Are you feeling like Cinderella or the Brave Little Tailor? Jack and the Beanstalk? Little Red Riding Hood? Vasilissa the Beautiful? Are you an Orphan, a Pirate, a Wizard, Baba Yaga, a Frog Prince, or the wounded Fisher King? Are you Lancelot, or Galahad? Are you Robin Hood? What is your connection with the stories you were told as a child, and which story resonates deepest within you and tells the truth about you? Dress as your character/s and play out your story as if you were on a stage.

Working With The Self Point

Make a life mask.

You will need:

- Plaster-gauze, gauze bandaging impregnated with plaster of Paris. (One roll of 3-inch gauze should be enough for an adult face.)
- Scissors, to cut the plaster-gauze into strips;
- Bowl of water, to dip the gauze into before applying;
- Vaseline, to coat the skin with before putting the gauze on;
- Old towels or other cloths to use as drop-cloths and to drape your shoulders;
- A mirror.

Cut the gauze into strips of one inch by two inches. Put some gauze aside to be cut up

even smaller for detail work. If you have long hair, tie it back out of the way; then Vaseline your face liberally, paying particular attention to your eyebrows and other facial hair. Since you are making this mask on yourself rather than someone else, Vaseline around your eyes but don't do your eyelashes, as you will be leaving eyeholes.

(doing an entire head using the wrap method)

Dip the gauze pieces into the water and then apply them to your face, starting at the top and working your way around the perimeter. Be sure to smooth the pieces on your face with your fingers so that the plaster fills in the texture of the gauze. Fill in the face, leaving spaces for your nostrils and your eyes. You don't have to worry about making the eyeholes exactly the right shape, as you can trim the mask with a scissors when it's done. Use at least three layers of gauze all over the mask area. If you like, you can use more to build up areas such as cheekbones or nose, or simply to make the mask stronger.

When you are finished, sit quietly in front of the mirror and wait for the mask to dry. It should take perhaps 35-45 minutes, depending on how thick you have built it. When you are able to wiggle your features without the mask sticking to your face, it's dry enough to remove. It should come off easily. If it doesn't, leave it on longer until it does. This period of time can be used to meditate on who you are, and your way of being in the world, and whether it works as well as it could. Would you rather be someone else? What about them do you envy? Do you think anyone envies you?

You can dry the mask completely in an oven set at 125 degrees for about a half-hour. Once again, this may vary depending on how thickly built up the mask is. When you take it out of the oven, let it dry for another day or so. Trim it with sharp scissors, and then coat it with Elmer's glue, inside and out. When the glue dries, your mask is ready to paint or decorate.

Decorating the mask:

Do this as a ritual. You might want to do the decoration after you have gone through the entire Iron Pentacle and let your Vivi play with all the points in turn. Or alternatively, you can do it as part of your Power work.

Working With Your Power

Divination from the landscape

This is a variation on exercises recommended by Jan Fries in his excellent work, *Visual Magick*. I believe that Lon Milo Duquette also has a book about making divinatory tools from everyday objects, but what I'm talking about is actually taking random found objects and "reading" them like Tarot cards. Simply go for a walk and pick up stuff. What does it tell you?

Decorating your mask

You can paint your mask, glue fabric or beads, attach feathers, decoupage pictures, add three-dimensional elements made of clay or Sculpy to it-- use your imagination. If you have small magickal objects of significance, you might wish to attach them to the mask. To differentiate this from an ordinary arts-and-crafts project, cast a circle first, and find which of your powers are exemplified in each of these decorative additions. Which elements do you want to bring forth?

If you are ambitious, you can make a mask for each direction, to serve as your personal guardians, and decorate each as the element of your choice. Or they can be the seasons, or different deities.

Whatever you decide to do, do it with intent -- the intent that this mask should be the outward expression of your inner power.

Working With Your Passion

Your passion is that thing or those things you are passionate about. What are you really trying to say, to do, to accomplish? When you have discovered these things, this is the point at which you are perfectly poised to do operant Magick/ Spellcraft. Find the intent, then the method of your choice. The interface between Magick and Art is as close as the nearest set of tools to inspire and tweak your senses of sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell.

Specific spells

There are a series of Hex-spells originated by the late Jo Steen of Compost coven at <http://www.compostcoven.org/cnl/johex.html>. I like to open these in Adobe Illustrator and fill them with colors, patterns, and gradients which feel appropriate at the moment for the task at hand. Jo always colored hers by hand, working clockwise.

(hex spell for insight, inspiration and creativity in the preparation of this class material)

-- Simple instructions for making a mojo were written by me back in the 1970's, and can be found at <http://www.compostcoven.org/compost/mojo.html>. Cat Yronwode's book on hoodoo and rootwork is online at <http://www.luckymojo.com/hoodoo.html>. This is an invaluable resource!

-- An excellent reference on sigil magick can be found at <http://www.chaosmagic.com/archives/sigils/index.shtml>. Sigil magick is also a fun thing to do electronically. Please note the interesting views of the chaos magick guys based on the work of A.O.Spare, in which you are recommended to put as much energy into the sigil as you can (usually sexual), and then forget completely about it in order to avoid

"lust for results". (I rather like this approach, as I have a horrible memory and tend to forget everything if I haven't written it down.)

(sigil for Fotamecus, time compression/expansion servitor)

-- Magickal oils, candle magick, and herbal spells have an extensive literature -- if you don't have at least one book on the subject in your library, shame on you! Run, do not walk, to your closest bookstore. Or if you are lazy, simply Google.

-- Make an altar to the object of your passion. More about my particular altar-making practice can be found [here](#) and [here](#). There are a number of good books on the subject, including

- * Altars and Icons: Sacred Spaces in Everyday Life by Jean McMann (Editor)
 - * Altars Made Easy : A Complete Guide To Creating Your Own Sacred Space by Peg Streep
 - * In a Spiritual Style: The Home as Sanctuary by Laura Cerwinske
 - * A Book of Women's Altars: How to Create Sacred Spaces for Art, Worship, Solace, Celebration by Nancy Brady Cunningham
 - * Living Shrines: Home Altars of New Mexico by Marie Romero Cash
 - * Fearless Creating (Inner Workbook.) by Eric Maisel
- and many more, most available at Amazon.com.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/emiex.html>

12 captures

27 Mar 2006 - 23 Sep 2018

Feb MAR May

27

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Emi And The Pearl Pentacle

by valerie walker

©2005

Note: some of the material on this page has been modeled on exercises used by some other Feri writers.

Since the Pearl Pentacle is characteristic of and most easily learned by the mental Emi/Talker soul, the process of thinking needs to be examined very carefully. Just as Fetch naturally works the Iron Pentacle through physical hands-on exercises, the verbal Talker functions with the most ease in the realm of words, poetry, analysis, the grammar of myth. So, here is a song of riddles in which Emi can play:

A Song: Green Grow The Rushes-O

I'll sing you one-o

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your one-o?

One is One and all alone and ever more shall be so

I'll sing you two-o

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your two-o?

Two, two the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-o

One is One and all alone and ever more shall be so

Thirteen for the Moon's dance
Twelve for the Twelve Companions
Eleven for the Step Beyond
Ten for the Iron and the Pearl
Nine for the nine-foot circle
Eight for the shining Wheel
Seven for the Spiral Staircase
Six for the Guardians
Five for the Sacred Grove
Four for the wailing Winds
Three, three the Ladies
Two, two the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-o
One is One and all alone and ever more shall be so

Riddles And Their Uses In The Craft

In the spirit of Robert Graves and Roy Bowers, I have encased thirteen riddles in my version of this song. Some should be fairly easy to figure out: Thirteen for the Moon's dance is obviously the lunar months of the year. Nine for the nine-foot circle is the traditional nine-foot circle of Witches (which keeps the circle small enough to make the group small, intimate, and well-known to each other, and thus less likely to be betrayed). Six for the Guardians would be the Feri Guardians of the directions. And so on. But I leave it to the reader to pry out the meaning of the other lines.

If you can figure them all out, then your mind is apt to the poetic thinking which comes from Talker listening well to Fetch inspired by Godself. And this is the purpose of riddles, to develop this poetic mode of thinking which is so integral for doing Magick. Witches during the past centuries have used riddles in order to find out what an aspirant to membership already knew of their secrets, and whether he had mastered this same sort of poetic thinking in order to guess the ones he didn't already know. Graves calls this "analeptic" thinking, and is of the opinion that it is necessary for the poet.

These days poets and Witches are very much the same: even those Witches unskilled in weaving words into intricate and multi-layered patterns can dip into the deep well of Fetch and come up with music, art, dance, ritual, or some other nonverbal mode of doing the same thing. And sometimes the plainest words will do. This anonymous spell, which I heard in the late 1970's during a women's ritual atop Twin Peaks in San Francisco, and have never forgotten, is simple but profoundly true:

tying a knot
is making a connection
making a connection
is making energy
making energy

is making magick
making magick
is making love
making love
is tying a knot

Love

Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
-- T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land

Exercise: Working With The Love Point

Focus on the point at the center of your forehead, and see a bright ray of violet light appear there. This light illuminates and heals the inner wounds inflicted by all your received knowledge about how love should be, the external sense of what is appropriate or allowable in relationships, and the blockages you feel toward really committing yourself to loving relationships. The healing power of love glows through to your very core, and you know that love is about the compassion and empathy you can feel for someone when you recognize that their life force and yours come from the same source, that you have connection with them and the planet. Know that you can truly love and allow yourself to be loved. The light becomes brighter, clearer, and you say: in the name of Love!

Law

My skin, my bones, my heretic heart
Are my authority.
-- Catherine Madsen

Exercise: Working With The Law Point

From your right foot, there emanates a ray of turquoise-blue light, growing brighter and surer by the moment. Here, the light illuminates and heals the wounds inflicted by all the ideas projected onto you by others of how you must act, and think, and feel, and be. It burns up social expectations, socially-accepted ideas of normality, and out of this bright light emerges your own awareness of the laws you choose to live by, your personal code of ethics and honor, what laws you choose to live outside of. Understand and accept the consequences of following or ignoring these laws. With the pure glowing light as your guide, you recognize what is yours to claim and what is not, to decide your own code of law and ethics. And you say: in the name of Law!

Knowledge

"I always say you can't go wrong with a good Invocation," said Nanny. "Haven't done one for years."

Granny Weatherwax frowned. Magrat said, "Oh but you can't. Not here. You need a cauldron, and a magic sword. And an octogram. And spices, and all sorts of stuff."

Granny and Nanny exchanged glances.

"It's not her fault," said Granny. "It's all them grimmers she was bought." She turned to Magrat.

"You don't need none of that," she said. "You need headology." She looked around the ancient washroom.

"You just use whatever you've got," she said.

--Terry Pratchett

Exercise: Working With The Knowledge Point

Focus on your left hand, and see a bright ray of yellow light appear there, growing brighter and surer by the moment. As the light brightens, it illuminates and heals the inner wounds inflicted by your own ignorance and self-deception. Out of this bright light emerges what can be learned by delving into yourself. You recognize that you are your own best and most important teacher. With the pure, glowing light shining brighter and brighter within you, you realize that respecting your self is also recognizing and respecting others who have done the same work, and it is your task to follow your own path rather than blindly staying in the footsteps of your teachers, even though you give them proper respect and thanks; and also knowing that when it comes time for you to teach, you will encourage novices to seek their own path, not to try and follow yours. And you say: in the name of Knowledge!

Liberty

There is no becoming, no revolution, no struggle, no path.

Already you are the monarch of your own skin.

Your inviolable freedom waits to be completed only by the love of other monarchs.

A politics of dream, urgent as the blueness of sky.

-- Hakim Bey

Exercise: Working With The Liberty Point

From your right hand, there emanates a ray of green light growing brighter and surer by the moment. The light illuminates and heals the wounds inflicted by all sense of being determined by others, of being forced to be or do anything; it purifies you of all sense of outside pressures, and feelings of powerlessness. The light feeds your own ability to overcome inertia, and you realize that Liberty can be gained by changing the rules of the game, by no longer being willing to follow another's law, by separating yourself from a damaging situation, by finding your own self worth and wisdom, by gaining more knowledge, or even by accepting what you cannot change and moving on. As the light burns brighter, know your own inner freedom increasing, your ability to move, to do, to choose, to change, and you say: in the name of Liberty!

Wisdom

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

-- William Blake

Exercise: Working With The Wisdom Point

Focus on a ray of red light, emanating from your left foot, and growing brighter and surer. The light intensely illuminates and heals the wounds inflicted by your obsessions. As the light burns purer and higher, the power of wisdom grows within you. This power is the energy that springs from your passions and yet tempers them so that you don't burn out or become fanatic. It is the gift of the gods, and only by passionately seeking it can it be attained. Wisdom is the balancing element that keeps you on your chosen path. And you have the wisdom to see that path. As the light grows brighter, see it illuminate that path even more. And you say: in the name of Wisdom!

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/elementalbalancing.html>

24 captures

21 May 2008 - 10 Feb 2025

Apr MAY Jul

21

2007 2008 2009

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Elemental Balancing

by valerie walker

©2006

Q: For about the span of seven months I've been studying Feri...Although, try as I might, I am uninformed on the subject of elemental balancing as self-development that was mentioned on Feri FAQ. I've tried to research as much as I could on the internet with no success. It would be highly appreciated if you would give me some information on elemental balancing.

A: There are several different techniques in Feri which are called "elemental balancing", most of which I was never taught by my initiators. However, since Feri practice is a toolkit for building a personal belief-system (at least in my view), you are quite free to take whatever you know or can find out from other sources and incorporate them into your own practices. And, of course, you can always engage in creating your own from what your own dreams and intuitions tell you.

Think about it: the classical elements of earth, air, fire, water, and spirit/akasha are dealt with during such things as casting the circle/calling the Guardians, pentacle work, and so on. Try this: Google "elemental pentacle" in image search and see how very many different placements on the pentacle you get for the elements--with the exception of the fifth element (spirit/akasha), which is univerally found at the top. And take a look at the following schematic. The horizontal elements of earth, air, fire, and water seem to spin around the vertical of spirit, making this a sphere rather than a circle.

Then take a look at the things in your life which correspond to earth (physical, action, the body), air (intellectual speculation, mentation, Talker), fire (spirit, Kundalini, Godself), and water (emotion, Fetch). See which ones seem to dominate your life, and which seem to have almost no action at all, which indicates they need more attention. and take

particular note of the paths between the points to see where the blockages occur. Then do what seems necessary in your life to achieve a balance.

I know this is pretty vague, but it's so very personal that I can't predict what techniques will work for you. Many people find working the Iron and Pearl Pentacles does it for them. To this I would add a third pentacle, the Devotion Pentacle--see my article on the three souls and three pentacles, which contains the above illustration (among others) and gives a few specific exercises to do. Let me know if this works for you, and if you come up with any original practices that might work for other people--I'm always excited to know about new discoveries and creations, especially if they're spun off from something I came up with. Makes me feel like I'm actually doing some good in the world.

In the two diagrams above, I have shown the problems I see with blockages in flow of the energies of the Iron and Pearl Pentacles respectively. Consistently blocked, these energies will give rise to the unfortunate psychological characteristics depicted. Conversely, the diagrams can be used as a diagnostic tool. If someone is needy, feels inadequate, competitive, and prone to attacks of rage or shame, it is fairly clear that he is blocked in expressing his Pride appropriately, or even of admitting that it belongs to him and is a perfectly natural attribute rather than one of the seven deadly sins. Likewise, realizing that he has consistently unrealistic expectations of relationships will hopefully lead to his working to keep the Law and Love points in proper balance, through meditation and other exercises on these points.

Where To Put The Elements

I happen to live in a place where West is water, because I can see the Pacific Ocean out my western windows. And since there are mountains directly to the East and the North of us--we are perched on a mountain, actually, so either would work for earth, and our fireplace is on the South wall of the house, not to mention the deserts being south of us ... I am able to use the directions which I learned originally from Starhawk, which are based on traditional attributions which work in western Europe. If I were living on the east coast, I might wish to switch Air and Water to correspond with my actual location. And a friend of mine who lives in the middle of Canada feels that she could use just about any element for any direction, since there is prairie on all sides of her for miles and miles. So go with what you feel works in your specific location.

I like to think of East as air because that's the direction I fly when I'm going to visit people; it's the whole breadth of the country with the Great Plains, the Great Lakes, the flatlands, cornfields, and so on. It's "back east," land of memory, beyond the mountains. And further back, my childhood in England, and even further back in time, Egypt and the ancient lands, the mysterious East. The scarab beetle rolls the rising sun over our hill, and, exhausted, lets it roll by itself down the sky to the ocean in the west, the realm of

night.

....Maybe that's why I like living here in California.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/gula.html>

18 captures

26 Mar 2006 - 30 Sep 2018

Feb MAR Oct

26

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Gula, Queen of Physicians

compiled by valerie walker

©2005-06

Area/people: Sumer

Titles: The Great Physician, Queen of Physicians, Lady of Birth and Mother of Dogs, "the lady who restores to life"

Field of influence: The internal heat of the earth. Healing, therapeutic arts; Goddess who wrote a man's destiny at his birth, was petitioned to change this destiny, to heal diseases and to prolong lives. Patron of physicians; Goddess of inflicted illness and restored health. Also associated with the underworld; possibly a former death goddess. Could cure or cause sickness.

As Gulu, has a prominent role in incantations and incantation rituals intended to relieve those suffering from disease. May have had other functions earlier, probably political, since in the very early days of Sumerian civilization, when the position of lugal (often roughly translated as 'king') was elective, the elections were held in the temple of Gula. Invoked to curse those who trample upon the rights of rulers or those who do wrong with poisonous potions.

Other names/ epithets/earlier goddesses with whom Gula was syncretized: Bau, Bawa, Belit-Illu, Belitis, Damkina, Damgalnunna, Gam-Tum-Dug, Gula, Gulu, Innini, Ki, Meme, Ninisina, Ninisunna, Ninka, Ninkarrak, Ninki, Ninlil, Ninmah, Nintinuga, Nintu, Nm-din-dug

Consort: Ninurta, Ninurtu (Ningirsu), Ninib (sun-god), Pabilsag, Abu, moon man

Legends: Helped breathe life into mankind after the Great Flood. In the early days, before the Flood, Gula married Pabilsag, the tutelary god of Larak. After seeing the terrible destruction wrought by the Flood and losing her husband to the Netherworld, Gula became interested in caring for the sick and wounded in the Great Above.

Parentage: as Gulu, daughter of Anu and Antu

Children: Gula and Pabilsag had a son named Damu, a god of healing, and a daughter named Gunura

First mentioned: 4,500 B.C.E.

Appearance: A mature goddess, stocky and short in stature. Her black hair was straight and held in place by a gold circlet inset with pieces of carnelian. She wore a full-length robe of bleached wool with long sleeves. The goddess Gulu, (the earth-goddess, mother goddess; also Ninmah, goddess of the underworld) sits below ground with her dog, where the cosmic serpent begins to rise. She is the patroness of herbs, healing, life, as her flowered garment shows. Hands lifted in prayer, she sits with her dog, defender of homes, while before her a Scorpion Archer mounts guard at the uttermost bound of the earth (cosmic sea), to defend against demonic powers and protect the rising and setting

sun.

Mystic Number: 93

Day: September 19; Ninurta and Gulu's wedding feast was celebrated on New Year's day.

Animal: Dog/Bitch; it is uncertain whether Gula was imagined as having canine form or the dog was sacred to her, since the antiseptic action of a dog's tongue in licking wounds was early recognized. She was sometimes addressed as Bawa, which may have been either a name or an epithet, and could have been onomatopoeic ('bow-wow'). Occupying a threshold between the world of the living and the dead, a faithful friend and guardian of Hades, the dog can symbolize a connection between consciousness and the unconscious.

Herb/s: Tarragon, Bay

Online references for GULA:

http://oi.uchicago.edu/OI/PROJ/NIP/NN_SEP90/NN_Sep90.html

http://www.ancientneareast.net/religion_mesopotamian/gods/gula.html

<http://www.hecatesswych.us/CBP%20Articles%20Gula.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/pa/WoundedDove/mesolist.html>

<http://www.whisperingwood.homestead.com/MesopotamianGoddesses.html>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gula>

<http://www.wisewayz.com/middleeast.htm>

<http://www.pantheon.org/articles/g/gula.html>

<http://www.jameswbell.com/geog0050gnames.html>

<http://www.mazzaroth.com/ChapterThree/TowerOfBabel.htm>

<http://www.mothergoddess.com/middleeast.htm>

<http://www.stormfront.org/rpo/LOURDES.htm>

<http://www.care2.com/channels/solutions/bms/1365>

<http://www.geocities.com/garyweb65/sumgods.html>

<http://www.godchecker.com/pantheon/mesopotamian-mythology.php?deity=GULA>

<http://www.nmrising.com/days/MD09.htm>

http://www.stratsplace.com/rogov/scarborough_fair.html

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/hestia.html>

30 captures

24 Mar 2006 - 25 Jan 2021

Feb MAR May

24

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Hestia, Forgotten Goddess

by valerie walker

©2005

Previously published in Witch Eye magazine

Hestia, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honor: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet, where one does not duly pour sweet wine in offering to Hestia both first and last. --Homeric Hymn to Hestia

In my life I have gravitated toward the goddess Hestia, who is not one of the Feri gods, and not even one of the more storied or famous Greek gods, at least in the modern world. Scholars often refer to Hestia as "the forgotten goddess." She was, and is, the goddess of the hearth fire; in fact, she is envisioned as the fire itself. Her name, , means "the essence," the true nature of things.

Hestia's legend is simple: she was the first-born of the Olympians, children of Cronos and Rhea, and the first to be swallowed up again when Cronos realized he would be overthrown by one of his offspring the way he had overthrown his own father, Ouranos. When Zeus conspired with his mother Rhea to set his siblings free, Hestia was the last one to be released. So she is both the first- and last-born.

Aside from the circumstances of her birth, there are remarkably few stories about Hestia other than her refusal of marriage to either Apollo or Poseidon, who both wanted her. She swore before Zeus that she was determined to remain single. Zeus not only supported Hestia's decision (probably relieved that he wouldn't have to oversee a contest between the two gods), but also decreed that Hestia's name should come first in any prayer and that she should receive the first portion of any sacrifice and be honored in the temples of each of the Olympian deities. From this point, Hestia is not associated with deeds, but with simple existence. This is so foreign to contemporary thought in the Western world that she has been virtually forgotten, even though she was vital to the Greeks, and, as Vesta, to the Romans. She was offered tribute first and last among the Greeks; in fact, there is a saying, "first, start with Hestia."

When Zeus wished to give a place among the Olympians to Dionysus, the accommodating Hestia gave him hers, so that the Olympians would still number twelve. Thus she had no throne--but she didn't need one, as every hearth-fire was hers, and indeed, was her. She was welcome in all the other gods' temples, and her sacred fire was kept burning in every home and in every city. The source of Hestia's sacred fire is the interior heat at the center of the earth. Her fire was tended constantly and never allowed to die out, for it represented the energy of all life. When a woman married, she brought Hestia's flame from her mother's home to begin the creation of a new family with a new hearth lit from the old. "The Olympic Torch is just one example of the living flame that has survived to modern times, though it is seldom recalled that it originally honored ... Hestia."

In a fascinating online article about Hestia in which she compares the goddess to the Tarot trump the Chariot, Iona Miller says:

The goddess of [the] deep center or introversion is Hestia. She helps us find that quiet state of consciousness which characterizes contemplation and meditation. ...Hestia helps us lead a balanced life by providing a sense of center. The holy precinct makes communication with the divine forces possible. Thus we can harmonize inner and outer reality through her power.... A modern phenomenon, the househusband is coming to

know Hestia in himself through the endless repetition of archetypal household chores. But they can be healing like the Zen prescription to "Chop wood; carry water."

Hestia symbolizes to me the fire of mana, originating in the center of the earth, and traveling upward through the chakras to meet the fire of the Gods and blend with it. There is a wonderful description of this power in a book on Celtic shamanism, *Fire In The Head*:

The net of divine power...is similar to the divine power the Polynesians call mana, the Algonquin manitou, the Lakota wakanda, the Iroquois oronda, the Pawnee tirawa, and the !Kung ntum. It is very much the same idea expressed as brahman in India and the tao in China and Japan. In the European esoteric tradition, it is often called magick. It is the God-without Form, the great spirit or wondrous mystery behind all that is and, in fact, it is All-that-Is.

In the Feri Tradition, Hestia's closest counterpart would be the Guardian of Below, Fire in the Earth; but I see her as also representing the power of the Guardian of Above, the Heaven Shiner. Hestia thus represents the power of the vertical, a concept which is recognized in Feri in that we cast a sphere rather than a circle, calling on seven, not four, directions; the horizontal four, Above, Below, and the Center, which is each one of us.

Chop Wood...

Hestia is the Goddess of the sacredness of the ordinary, Our Lady of Everyday Things. Her relevance to people in the 21st century CE is beginning to be better understood. After the feminist movement of the 1970's brought many women out of the kitchen and into the boardroom, the lack of Hestia's hearthfire at the center was felt in the dislocation of the family, and the longing for something missing which nobody could define. American women in the 1980's and '90's began to realize that "having it all" merely meant doing it all, as they had to cope with both the stresses and demands of the business world, and the same old unmade beds and dirty dishes when they got home at night; and somehow the concept of the househusband didn't become as popular as the feminists had hoped. Social conservatives found their solution in trying to push women back into the old pre-feminist roles; but a profound and thoughtful view of the sacredness of holding house was still lacking.

...Carry Water

It was out of the psychologically aware and transformation-minded end of the Pagan movement that a return to Hestian values began to creep back into post-feminist sensibilities. Books such as Ginette Paris' *Pagan Meditations* and Jerilee Cain's *Hestia Come Home*, which are directly concerned with Hestia; and Kay Turner's *Beautiful Necessity* and Kathryn Robyn's *Spiritual Housecleaning*, which are more about the effects of the Hestian spirit in the home while not mentioning her specifically, are only a few examples of the rebirth of the Hestian sensibility today.

A Daily Salute To Hestia

Put on a pot of coffee (Tea is an acceptable substitute.)
Put the dirty dishes in the sink or dishwasher and wash them.
Do a load of laundry. Make the bed(s).
Dust, mop, vacuum. Tidy up.
When finished, pour yourself a cup of coffee and enjoy your home.

Have you ever noticed that at parties people generally end up in the kitchen much of the time? I think it's an unconscious desire to be near the hearth, the center of the home, the source of nourishment. In our house, the kitchen is not my domain as much as it is my husband Ron Miller's. Ron was a professional chef for some years, and still enjoys cooking nightly; and the kitchen is definitely his turf. He has his own style of Hestian order, with his many knives, spatulas, strainers, and other tools either stowed neatly, or hanging from the ceiling rack or the magnetic strip on the wall. He keeps it orderly, and I keep it clean. We agreed informally years ago that we each have things we prefer to do, and for the most part neither of us infringes on the other's territory. The line isn't drawn along strictly gender-stereotype roles, however; I'm the one who empties the garbage, and Ron takes care of the garden. We each approach and honor Hestia in our individual ways.

Altar-Building

My natural proclivities are toward making altars. As Ron has joked on more than one occasion, "No horizontal surface is safe." Well, talents differ, and it's probably just as well that we aren't both into the art of altar-making, or the house would be unlivable in short order. In any case, the feelings I have when building an altar, even a little portable one in an Altoids tin, are that this microcosmic space must express the macrocosm of our life together, of my life as an individual, and of home as the center whose circumference is everywhere. All altars are to Hestia, in some part, just as among the ancient Greeks. Other gods are happy to share with her.

An altar can be as simple as a few family pictures on a shelf, or a shell and a bowl of flowers on a table. For an unreconstructed Hardwarian like myself, these gatherings of objects have come to include god and goddess statuettes, pictures, stones, plants, shells, ritual tools, beautiful pieces of fabric, crystals, candles, Tibetan singing bowls and prayer wheels, feathers, plastic toys, stuffed dolls, decks of cards, boxes of runestones, dishes of salt, cups, beads, dried flowers, bottles of scented oils, incense burners, tiny little constructions of my own, bits of jewelry, masks... well, you get the picture. I have altars for all the directions, and several specifically for love, the ancestors, and gathering psychic power. An altar to Hestia can be made with things which symbolize her—over our kitchen stove we have a clock with its hands stopped at a quarter to eleven ("time for a little something," according to Winnie-the-Pooh) and a magnetic wall strip holding Ron's kitchen knives. There are also several pictures of pigs nearby. Simple, but Hestian. Depending on your personal aesthetic, you may wish to choose among the symbols in Table 1 for a Hestia altar of your own; but a simple candle will do, or even the kitchen stove itself, unadorned with anything except cooking pots.

I have found that a very inexpensive way of making a small altar is to start with a bamboo drawer insert, divided into three parts. (You can get these at the Container Store. Similar drawer inserts are also available at Bed Bath and Beyond.) Stand the drawer insert either horizontally or vertically, and find small objects to put into the compartments and on top. Small toys, mementoes, statues, beads, tiny bottles, pictures, a little vase for flowers, a bowl of water, playing or Tarot cards, personal mementoes... your imagination is the limit. Your altar can be mounted on the wall by attaching a picture-hanger to the back, or simply stood up on a shelf. And it's nice to find a piece of material which you like and fasten it to the wall behind the altar, either flat or draped. You can either glue the objects into place or simply place them for rearrangement at will. If you live in earthquake country, a little museum wax under the more delicate objects would be prudent. One advantage of shelf-mounting rather than wall-mounting is that you will have room for a votive candle at the front. Hestia likes fire...she is fire.

Small box altar (6" across): part of a larger altar. Multimedia (brass, stones, plastic and fabric toy figure, printed transparency, porcelain vial, glass cube, rubber snake, brass and glass spider, clay disk, bamboo box)

Symbols of Hestia

General: Hearth, home, living flame, architecture, bowl, veils, pantry, and keys

Animals: Donkey (ass) and pigs

Plants: Angel's trumpet (Datura), California poppy, goldenrod, hollyhock, purple coneflower, and yarrow

Perfumes / Scents: Angelica, iris, lavender, and peony

Gems and Metals: Amethyst, garnet, gold, silver, and brass

Colors: Gold, dark rose, lavender, silver, and black

from Goddess Gift website,

http://www.goddessgift.com/goddess-myths/goddess_symbols_Hestia.htm

Sources:

"Hestia, Greek Goddess Of Hearth And Home," anonymous online article at Goddess Gift website

Miller, Iona, "Synergetic Qabala" 2002, online article at

<http://ZeroPoint.tripod.com/pantheon/Hestia.html>

Cowan, Tom, Fire In The Head: Shamanism And The Celtic Spirit, 1993, San Francisco, HarperSan Francisco

Paris, Ginette, Pagan Meditations: The Worlds Of Aphrodite, Artemis, And Hestia, 1991, Putnam CT, Spring Publications

Cain, Jerilee, Hestia Come Home, 2001, Danbury, CT, Rutledge Books, Inc.

Turner, Kay, Beautiful Necessity: The Art And Meaning Of Women's Altars, 1999, New York, NY, Thames & Hudson. The seed of the book was originally planted in a feminist publication, Lady-unique-inclination-of-the-night, each issue of which appeared yearly with a different theme. One of the last, sometime in the early 1970's, was all about altars and altar-making, a very Hestian occupation, to my mind.

Robyn, Kathryn L. Spiritual Housecleaning: Healing The Space Within By Beautifying The Space Around You, 2001, Oakland, CA, New Harbinger Publications, Inc.

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/nimue.html>

11 captures

29 Mar 2006 - 5 Jun 2018

Feb MAR May

29

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Some Things I Know About Nimue

by valerie walker

©2004

Previously published in Witch Eye magazine

Strangely enough, Nimue, the Maiden aspect of the Triple Goddess, doesn't get written about very much by Feris, especially when contrasted with her opposite number (and occasional Twin) the Blue God. This may simply be that the majority of writers in Feri are gay men, who find the concept of an adolescent boy-god much more appealing than that of a little girl-goddess. Another reason might be that the Maiden is closer to the Crone than to the Mother: in the seasonal cycle, the Crone becomes the Maiden in the spring, and in many myths (e.g., that of Kore/Persephone) the Maiden goes to the Underworld to encounter the Crone and become transformed.

Both the Maiden and the Crone are spoken of among some Feris as being "androgynous", but I feel that this is a mistake. They are, respectively, pre-sexual and post-sexual; and for a religion that places so much emphasis on sex, neither is a comfortable kind of deity. I have been told that Nimue is "dangerous" to call upon, and the Faery Roads website says: "... Imagine all the power of the Cosmos in the hands of a six-year-old..."

According to what I have been told, Victor Anderson regarded Nimue as the Black Heart of Innocence incarnate. As the prepubescent girl, first emanation of the Star Goddess, Nimue is the Holy Child, the protectress and avenger of abused and mistreated children everywhere, fierce, wild, and innocent. Her priestesses wore two green snakes in their hair, and she was accorded a sacrifice of four red pigs, four white pigs, and one black pig, showing her connection to the love and death aspects of the Star Goddess.

One of Nimue's titles is "the Kymari." Phoenix Willow is of the opinion that this name most likely is a variant spelling of the Kumari of Nepal.

"The Kumari is the prepubescent "living Goddess" of Nepal, where she is believed to be the Great Goddess incarnate in the form of a girl child. She rules until her first

menstruation, when she is dethroned and a new Kumari selected.

"The Kumari is also associated with snakes, but red ones. When a Nepalese woman dreams of a red snake, it's thought to be a sign that her daughter may be the next Kumari. The Kumari is worshipped by both Hindus and Buddhists.

"One story of the beginning of the custom of the Kumari claims that a king of Nepal had sex with a prepubescent girl. The encounter caused her death, and the king established the cult of the Kumari as penance."

Barbara Walker's Encyclopedia of Women's Myths and Secrets gives a couple of very interesting connections to the name Nimue: one to Nemesis, Retribution, and the other to Mneme, Memory. Although Walker's scholarship is noted for requiring the proverbial grain of salt, still, these two connections somehow rang an intuitive bell for me. Looking at etymology, we find that the Proto-Indo-European root nem- signifies "to divide, distribute, allot, to take." Some of the nem- words in different languages include the Gothic niman 'to take', Old High German nēmen 'to take' Old Irish nem 'gift'. Greek némo: 'I distribute'; Avestan nemah 'loan; obligation'.

Nemesis/Nimue is the Goddess of That Which is Allotted. She gives with one hand and takes with the other. At the same time, Mneme, Memory, the shortened form of Mnemosyne, mother of the nine water-nymph Muses of Roman and Greek Mythology, is also appropriate for Nimue, because the Fetch is the seat of memory, and if there is a goddess for the Fetch it would have to be Nimue.

Nimue has been associated with Diana Nemorensis (Diana of the Woods). Lake Nemi is a lake in Italy where the temple of Diana once stood, surrounded by her sacred grove. The guardian of the sacred grove of Diana was referred to as Rex Nemorensis, the King of the Woods, the guardian of Diana's temple at Nemi. Thus Diana of the Woods is associated with both the elements of water and earth, and in fact has been spoken of as an early version of the Lady of the Lake.

And speaking of the Lady of the Lake, let us not forget the familiar temptress who was Merlin's Nemesis. In the Arthurian legend, the Lady of the Lake was the foster-mother of Sir Lancelot, presented Excalibur to King Arthur, became Merlin's scribe as well as his lover, and imprisoned him in a glass castle, cave, or tree (accounts differ). On Arthur's defeat and death in battle, she took back the sword Excalibur. She was later one of the three Queens who escorted the King to Avalon.

The Lady of the Lake is usually referred to by various spellings of the names Nimue or Vivienne. The practice of offering money or weapons to the water goddesses at wells and fountains continues today at wishing wells, and the Lady of the Lake is remembered as "Lady Luck"!

But this is taking us in the direction of thinking about Nimue as a fully-grown woman. Let

us return to Nimue the child. In literature, the characters who exemplify Nimue for me are Pippi Longstocking, Neil Gaiman's Delirium of the Endless, Alice in Wonderland, and the little girl in Norah Jones' song, "Seven Years":

Spinning, laughing, dancing to her favorite song
A little girl with nothing wrong
Is all alone
Eyes wide open
Always hoping for the sun
And she'll sing her song to anyone that comes along
Fragile as a leaf in autumn
Just fallin' to the ground
Without a sound
Crooked little smile on her face
Tells a tale of grace
That's all her own
Fragile as a leaf in autumn
Just fallin' to the ground
Without a sound
Spinning, laughing, dancing to her favorite song
She's a little girl with nothing wrong
And she's all alone
A little girl with nothing wrong
And she's all alone

...That's how she comes to me, dancing. Not with a sword, but then I am no hero. I think she comes to each one as the changeable creature that she is, reflecting our true desires, our longing to be at one with our Black Heart of Innocence. Taking with one hand, giving with the other, in exotic or familiar guise, she is the essence of femininity as yet untouched, of childhood as yet unmarred.

Sources:

<http://www.britannia.com/history/biographies/nimue.html>

Feri roads website, at <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity3.html>

Phoenix Willow gives the following weblinks for the Kumari:

<http://www.catmando.com/casinosnepal/july/kumari.htm>

http://www.visitnepal.com/nepal_information/kumari.htm

<http://www.catmando.com/casinosnepal/july/kumari.htm>

<http://www.exoticindiaart.com/article/nepal/2/>

Norah Jones, Come Away With Me, © Lee Alexander, Fumblethumbs music, BMI

http://www.wiggage.com/witch/altar_updates.html

4 captures

22 Mar 2006 - 14 Jun 2016

Feb MAR May
22
2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Updates on my altars and altarboxes
by valerie walker
(Updated Jan. , 2006)

Ancestor altarcloseup centraloverhead

L., my ancestor altar. The picture on the right-hand side is of my mother at 16; the picture in the blue frame in the middle is of my cousin Victor Callender.

R., an overhead view of my central altar with the Hestia box altar. This is the altar at which I sit for daily practice.

bedaltar

This is the altar on our bed's headboard, which includes pictures of Ron and me. The framed announcement at the left is from our tenth wedding anniversary 18 years ago. Still Crazy After All These Years, indeed...

officealtar

An altar in our office which encompasses the vast range of our spiritual beliefs: everything from Archie McPhee's Nunzilla to Kuan Yin. Chaos!

coyotealtar eastaltar eastaltaroverture

L., another office altar, with Coyote, Ganesh, la Virgen de Guadalupe, the Lucky Cat and the Peacock Lord, plus a couple of aliens. More Chaos!

Middle, a closeup of the Eastern altar;

R., an overview of the same

southaltaroverture

Current view of the Southern altar, on the mantelpiece. Note that the goddess figure now in the bedroom used to live on this altar, and the goddess figure now on this altar used to live on the central altar. They do seem to enjoy change.

westaltaroverture westaltarclose

Two views of the Western altar in the bedroom by the window which overlooks the Pacific Ocean. This gets the sun in the afternoon and is a natural place for glass and crystal; besides, glass is simply slow liquid. The closeup on the right has a nice view of my amazing crystal ball. The two other globes are in what is apparently a power spot. If anyone puts a hand on or close to each of the globes, they can feel the energy zapping in at the right hand and out at the left. And it isn't even necessary to touch the central crystal to feel its power. Possibly this could have something to do with the fact that the infamous Sutro (radio) Tower is approximately three blocks north and slightly west of our house, and can be seen by looking out the window. Or perhaps it's magick. I dunno. But this altar is a great place to stand when you want to be in the driver's seat for the sunset. Curl your hair...

swcorner ronz

L., my Nimue/Isis altar. R., Ron's altar

northbox eastbox southbox

westbox

Box altars: North, East, South, and, in situ, West, surmounted by my nail-polish-decorated Guadalupe (with rubber snake)

more about altars

\

<http://pimp-my-altar.livejournal.com/>

74 captures

26 Dec 2011 - 4 Oct 2025

Feb MAR Oct

24

2012 2013 2014

About this capture

LiveJournal

Username

Remember Me

Password

Forgot your password?

Open IDOpen ID

GoogleGoogle

Mail.ruMail.ru

VKontakteVKontakte

Create an Account

You are viewing the community [pimp_my_altar](#)

Search at [pimp_my_altar](#)

Find

[Recent Entries](#) [Archive](#) [Friends](#) [User Info](#)

[Pimp My Altar](#)

[Show us your stuff!!](#)

[Pimp My Altar](#)

[Food For Thought](#)

"So what is a shrine? The dictionary talks about a receptacle for sacred relics, or a place considered sacred because of its relationship to a holy person or event. That's the religious definition. Today, artists create shrines to express many different things, often not religious. They may be political, humorous, or satirical. They can be about family, travel, nature, or just about anything that interests the creator. They may express a strong emotion of the moment--anger or joy. They may contain a message or comment on everyday events, or be concerned with the same themes found in shrines from ancient times: mankind's relationship to the earth, and the mysteries of life and death."

-- Carol Owen, "Crafting Personal Shrines"

[For Further Inspiration](#)

Altar - Wikipedia article
Shrine - Wikipedia article
Ancestor Reverence
Dia de los Muertos
Buddhist Altars
Altars and Shrines - BellaOnline article
Altars and Shrines - Widdershins article
Recommended Books (Fellowship of Isis)
March 2013

	1	2				
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

gemmagic

gemmagic

21 March 2013 @ 04:40 pm

Post-Nomad Equinox Altar

Here is a picture of how I decorated my altar for the Equinox... I have just started the process of putting things on it again after stripping it bare for Dianne Sylvan's Spiritual Nomad e-course (which you can find here: <http://diannesylvan.com/e-books-by-dianne-sylvan/the-spiritual-nomad>) and I love it! I will probably gradually reintroduce more of the old stuff, but at the moment I am finding the minimalism so refreshing and liberating.

photo Jonahaltarampstuff035_zps68db54a9.jpg

(Read more...Collapse)

6 candles lit | Light a candle

beauty_n_niqab

beauty_n_niqab

03 February 2013 @ 09:41 pm

bread and altars

Today, i made my first braided bread, from scratch.

It was delicious.

i've made home made bread before (and i use the oven and from scratch..no breadmachines)

This was really good.

(Bread GoodnessCollapse)

And then i put some on my altars...

(AltarCollapse)

The top altar is to Hathor and the bottom is to The Earth/Mother Goddess.

And just because i've never posted a pic of my altars with the candles lit...

(candle lit altarsCollapse)

a closer view of my small Earth/Mother Goddess figure with the candles lit.

i have now placed the small figure on a bit of bark i collected when out for a walk the other day.

i'd lain down on a fallen bit of tree and this piece of bark came off and into my hand as i was getting up.

4 candles lit | Light a candle

Tara Miller

ear_envy

02 February 2013 @ 04:36 pm

(no subject)

(Giant photo is giantCollapse)

1 candles lit | Light a candle

ficali

ficali

11 January 2013 @ 02:59 pm

(no subject)

DSCN9862

I finally got around to taking a better photo of my altar so here it is!! :)

I find looking at altars very inspiring. I've been really getting in touch with my spiritual side ever since I got a job as a professional tarot reader. I've been needing a place to meditate and protect myself. So here is what I've put together! I don't worship anyone in particular just the Great Spirit of the Universe. I mostly am an elementalist that uses shapes to convey energy. I created the altar from various objects that I inherited from my grandmother as well as I got from my travels.

The rug underneath the altar is handpicked from the Arizonian/Mexican border during a service trip week with my church when I was in high school. I took it home, washed it and it hung around my room for awhile until I created this space.

The artwork to the upper left corner behind my Himalayan salt lamp is a cunniform piece that some artists did at the Chitchen Itza pyramid when my family and I went to Cancun

a few years ago. The papyrus has the Egyptian alphabet and the black and white photograph is one of mine that I took using Kirlian Photography. In front of the salt lamp is my stack of tarot decks.

In the center of the space I have my conch shell I picked up during a trip to Key West and in the stand underneath it I have various supplies and divination tools. The doll dressed in white is a representation of Santa Lucia, the Swedish Goddess of Light (I'm part Swedish). Next to her on the left is my athame that I got at Celtic Fest in Bethlehem, Pa. Next to that is my Grandmother's cross.

I'm currently gathering items for Imbolc and planning for it. So on the small altar table in the very front I have a Mandala deck that a co-worker gave me that I've been using for healing meditations and little objects that have a spiritual significance.

In front of the spice Cabinet that I inherited from my grandmothers is my oil burner, crystal ball, Book of Light (equivalent to a Book of Shadows) that I handcrafted the cover for, a Native American hand drum I picked up at a Pow-wow a really long time ago and a plastic crystal ball-shaped container

That is most of the major things on this altar. I hope you enjoy :)

2 candles lit | Light a candle

beauty_n_niqab

beauty_n_niqab

05 January 2013 @ 03:57 am

my altar to the Earth/Mother goddess

ever since just before winter solstice, i've been feeling a pull towards the Mother Goddess. i even made a little, very basic, altar to her on the table next to my altar for Hathor.

mother goddess altar (3)

Here it is. Like i said it's VERY minimal because i'm working with what i have.

The two horses are on either side as frames because i associate horses with the earth and being earth type creatures

mother goddess altar (4)

This small statue of The Mother Goddess i've had for probably 10 years. i got her in a small metaphysical shop when i lived in Louisiana. i've never come across one exactly

like it again.

Current Music: Inside The Actors Studio - Daniel Radcliffe

1 candles lit | Light a candle

gemma

gemma

28 December 2012 @ 01:29 pm

Bedroom Shrine re-pimp

Wishing you a happy holiday season and I hope everyone had a blessed Yule (or Litha here in the Southern Hemisphere). I redecorated my Bedroom Shrine for Litha. :)

Photobucket

(Read more...Collapse)

2 candles lit | Light a candle

ficali

ficali

27 December 2012 @ 10:27 pm

Healing Meditations

a4b694ca4d9b11e2ad1922000a1cbd31_7

I know the quality is terrible, but I finally created some space and made an altar/meditation space. I just started doing some healing meditations this past week and its' been wonderful to just have a spiritual place.

Thought you guys might like. :)

5 candles lit | Light a candle

ficali

ficali

24 December 2012 @ 11:38 pm

Displaying jewelry on your altar

Sorry for a text only post, but can you guys show me some ideas of how to display jewelry on your altar? I've got a few necklaces and having them just lay on the table doesn't do them justice.

Thanks!

7 candles lit | Light a candle

small girl after all

slfcllednowhere

22 December 2012 @ 02:48 am

Travel Yule altar

I hope everyone had a lovely Yule. I'm away from home visiting family so I don't have my full altar setup, so I just have a small but I think pretty travel altar. This is it.

P1070315

Current Location: United States, Texas, Friendswood

Current Mood: cheerfulcheerful

Current Music: They Might Be Giants - Don't Let's Start

2 candles lit | Light a candle

aeryngaia

aeryngaia

12 November 2012 @ 07:37 pm

(no subject)

I realised I haven't posted an altar update since last year. I've been taking photos but didn't post them for some reason I can't remember now lol.

(Read more...Collapse)

Current Mood: geekygeeky

8 candles lit | Light a candle

go earlier viewing most recent entries

<http://www.wiggage.com/veedeeck.html>

70 captures

14 Feb 2002 - 14 Mar 2022

Apr NOV Oct

19

2004 2005 2007

About this capture

A Book of Dreams with Pictures and Words

by Valerie Walker

©2001

This is not a standard Tarot deck, even though the first 22 cards are named after the Major Arcana of the Tarot. All 56 cards in this deck are major arcana; the images are meant to be ambiguous and the interpretations merely descriptive of one point of view. You are free to make up your own meanings for each card, which may shift from time to time depending on the surrounding cards in your layout. Another difference from the traditional Tarot deck is that there are no reversed-card meanings. Each card is what it is, which is what you say it is. Listen to the cards speak.

[pick a card](#)

[the cards](#)

[more cards](#)

[tarot links](#)

[other resources](#)

.

You need the Flash 5 player to see the animated display.

[download it](#)

Or if you'd rather just check out the cards individually, see below.

the cards:

The Fool	The Magickian	The High Priestess	The Empress	The Emperor		
The Heirophant	The Lovers	The Chariot	Strength	The Hermit	The	
Wheel of Fortune	Justice	The Hanged Man	Death	Temperance	The	
Devil	The Tower	The Star	The Moon	The Sun	Judgement	The
World						

[The World is the last of the traditional Tarot trumps. From here on, the journey is through uncharted territory.]

The Wounded Warrior	Fjord	Sex	[The blank card]	Melek Taus	Sorrow	
Pride	The Gate	The Flashlight	Silence	Kali	Power	Blessing
Passion	The Black Heart of Innocence		East/Air	South/Fire	West/Water	
North/Earth	42/Self	As Above, So Below	Transmutation	The Crone	The	

Prime Directive The Chaote/Coyote Which Hand? It's All Greek to Me
Erzulie-Freda The Altar Three Souls Fear Persephone/Lost The
Guides The Great Round
top

more cards

which are not part of the vee-deck, but might prove to be the beginnings of vee-deck
mark two (a continuing process):

Hestia

Mr. Showbiz

Under Ground

City Lights

Santa Claus

The True Believer

Birds on the Wire

The Cards

top

tarot links

- dbZa's zee-tarot designs

- my zee-tarot designs

other decks:

- The Mystic Eye features the vee-deck for review, plus loads of other decks.
- FREE Tarot Readings!
- The Hello Kitty Tarot by Joe Rosales!
- Morgan's Tarot
- Aeclectic Tarottarot cards, decks, reviews & resources
- Tarot Fool
- Uncarrot Tarot

card publishers:

- Llewellyn Writer Guidelines
- US Games

making your own cards:

- Useful notes on making and publishing your own tarot deck
- EPSON America, Inc.: source for paper
- Epson Compatible Ink: source for ink
- Flax Art & Design : art supplies

other resources:

tombo studiosTombo Studios: Art and Adornment from the realm of Faery

top

Free JavaScripts provided by The JavaScript Source

<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/ferilinks.html>

15 captures

28 Mar 2006 - 24 Jul 2018

Feb MAR May

28

2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Feri and Feri-related Links

- The Faery Tradition: an essay for the Covenant of the Goddess [CoG] by Anna Korn
- Feri Roads: the notorious Geocities site which gives clues to a more-or-less Bloodrose-derived style of Feri
- The Feri Tradition (Witchvox): Stephen Hewell's article
- The Feri Tradition: Vicia Line by Phoenix Willow (Witchvox)
- Lilith's Lantern: The website of the Vicia line of Feri, closest to the later teachings of Victor Anderson. Their booklist is extensive and their advice to the newcomer sound.
- Melek T'aus: Paul Rucker's painting of the Peacock lord
- The names of the Watchers
- Online memorial to Victor Anderson
- Online memorial to Gwydion Pendderwen
- Rethinking the Directions: Mike Nichols, Welsh Traditionalist, shakes it up again. It's not Feri, but I think it's a good article for Feri newcomers to read, just to get rid of that angst about learning new things, or old things in new places.
- Thorn Coyle: the author of Evolutionary Witchcraft and internationally-known teacher of a Reclaiming-oriented style of Feri. Buy the book here.
- What is F(a)eri(e)? : Storm Faerywolf , artist, essayist, and ferri teacher, tells us. Plenty of really good art on this site.
- The White Wand: Anaar's vision of Feri.
- Wiccan and Faerie Grimoire of Francesca deGrandis : Collection of rituals, spells, articles, and links emphasizing the Feri-derived Third Road tradition of Wicca. Includes a reading list, and poetry.
- Witch Eye: a Zine of Feri uprising
<http://www.wiggage.com/witch/ferilinks.html>
15 captures
28 Mar 2006 - 24 Jul 2018

Feb MAR May
28
2005 2006 2008

About this capture

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

feri TOC

Feri and Feri-related Links

- The Faery Tradition: an essay for the Covenant of the Goddess [CoG] by Anna Korn
- Feri Roads: the notorious Geocities site which gives clues to a more-or-less Bloodrose-derived style of Feri
- The Feri Tradition (Witchvox): Stephen Hewell's article
- The Feri Tradition: Vicia Line by Phoenix Willow (Witchvox)
- Lilith's Lantern: The website of the Vicia line of Feri, closest to the later teachings of Victor Anderson. Their booklist is extensive and their advice to the newcomer sound.
- Melek T'aus: Paul Rucker's painting of the Peacock lord
- The names of the Watchers
- Online memorial to Victor Anderson
- Online memorial to Gwydion Pendderwen
- Rethinking the Directions: Mike Nichols, Welsh Traditionalist, shakes it up again. It's not Feri, but I think it's a good article for Feri newcomers to read, just to get rid of that angst about learning new things, or old things in new places.
- Thorn Coyle: the author of Evolutionary Witchcraft and internationally-known teacher of a Reclaiming-oriented style of Feri. Buy the book here.
- What is F(a)eri(e)? : Storm Faerywolf , artist, essayist, and ferri teacher, tells us. Plenty of really good art on this site.
- The White Wand: Anaar's vision of Feri.
- Wiccan and Faerie Grimoire of Francesca deGrandis : Collection of rituals, spells, articles, and links emphasizing the Feri-derived Third Road tradition of Wicca. Includes a reading list, and poetry.
- Witch Eye: a Zine of Feri uprising
<http://cog.org/wicca/trads/faery.html>
 220 captures
 5 Jul 1997 - 6 Jun 2024
 Mar APR Jul
 02
 2005 2006 2007

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Among the distinguishing features of the Faery tradition is the use of a Faery Power which characterizes the lineage. It is an ecstatic, rather than a fertility, tradition. Strong emphasis is placed on sensual experience and awareness, including sexual mysticism, which is not limited to heterosexual expression. In this, as in the general spirit of spiritual exploration, there is more risk-taking encouraged than in other Wiccan traditions which may have specific laws limiting behavior, and there is a certain amorality historically associated with the Tradition. We see ourselves, when enchanted, as "fey"--not black, not white, outside social definitions, on the road to Faeryland, either mad or poetical. We are aware that much of reality is unseen, or at least has uncertain boundaries. As in all the Craft, there is a deep respect for the wisdom of Nature, a love of beauty, and an appreciation of bardic and mantic creativity. The Gods are not just constructs or psychological forces from the collective unconscious. The Gods are real, with a system of morality different from our own, and we have a responsibility to them. The Faery Tradition, in common with initiatory lineages of the Craft which practice possession, is a mystery tradition of power, mystery, danger, ecstasy, and direct communication with divinity. This is in contrast to traditions which practice psychodrama or psychotherapy through ritual. The negative side of this style of working is that we have a lot of initiates who did not return unscathed from between the worlds. The tradition is not for everybody, and it is not amenable to mass attendance, like many Pagan paths. There is a specific corpus of chants and liturgical material, much of it stemming from Victor Anderson and Gwydion Pendderwen, which provides a frame for many Circle-workings, and poetic creativity is highly valued. The magical practices of the Faery (or Feri, as Victor spells it) Tradition are heavily invocatory, to encourage possession, which relies mainly on psychic talent or sensitivity to occur. Rites are stylistically diverse, and may draw from many sources. There is an initiatory lineage, traceable to Victor or Cora Anderson or Gwydion Pendderwen. Victor tells of antecedents of the present tradition in the coven in which he was involved in the 1920's and 30's in Oregon. Hallmarks of the tradition are possession of secret names, energy-working using pentacles and visualization of blue fire, a body of poetic and liturgical material, deities and archetypes specific to the Tradition, the doctrine of the Three Selves, a cingulum of a specific color, a "tribal" or "clan" feel to the coven, the use of the horned (sometimes called "inverted") pentagram, and the honoring of a warrior ethic. For example, we are urged not to coddle weakness, support others in insincerities or self-deceptions, or to submit one's own Life force to anyone or anything, which leads to a fierce openness called the "Black Heart of Innocence." The Faery Tradition is gender-equal, and all sexual orientations seem able to find a niche. For many, there is a strong identification with the realms of Faery and with shape-shifting.

Although Victor is universally recognized as the founding teacher of the tradition, it is possible to identify influences which shaped the tradition before its present form evolved. There is a strong African diasporic influence, primarily Dahomean-Haitian, and the Three Selves theory is an outgrowth of Huna beliefs. Neither is Victor the only source for material presently within the tradition. Each initiate seems to draw the tradition in a new direction and uncover new ground.. Some practitioners, such as

Gwydion and Eldri Littlewolf, went deeply into shamanic forms. Gwydion also worked extensively with Celtic religion, even learning Welsh early in his Wiccan training. Other influences (Arica, Tibetan meditation, and Ceremonial Magick) entered as Gabriel Caradoc began teaching. Victor, Gwydion, Caradoc, Brian Dragon and Paladin wrote darkly beautiful ritual poetry and liturgy. Gabriel's classes provided an excellent training in magical visualization and his students continue his teachings. Poet Francesca De Grandis and songwriter Sharon Knight have added their inspiration to the corpus of material. Starhawk has used concepts developed in the Faery Tradition in expressing her beliefs and practice, and has given the clearest explanations widely available of concepts such as the Three Selves or the Iron Pentacle.

Copyright 1988 by Anna Korn. May be reproduced if credit is given.

More information on this Tradition may be obtained from Francesca De Grandis' web site, The 3rd Road, describing a living branch of Faerie shamanism.

Back to the COG Home Page.

http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/Faery_Trad_Intro.html

40 captures

24 Aug 1999 - 17 Dec 2019

Jan APR Dec

24

2005 2006 2007

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic Peacock

Victor Anderson's Feri Tradition

Part One: A General Introduction

That is the road to Heaven, my love,
and that is the road to Hell,
And that is the road to Faery,
where you and I must dwell.
from the old British folk-song,

Thomas the Rhymer

** bar **

There are many Neopagan religious traditions. One of the best known is Gardnerian Wicca, founded by Gerald Gardner. There are, however, many other paths. You can even find several very different traditions with similar names. A currently popular name for Neopagan traditions is Fairy, Faery, or Faerie. One Faery Tradition, also spelled Feri, was founded by Victor Anderson, and developed by Victor and his wife Cora, and several important Feri teachers, largely in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Victor died on September 20, 2001, and became one of the Mighty Dead. A number of tributes to him, many from his memorial service, are at WitchVox:

<http://www.witchvox.com/passages/victoranderson.html>

Victor was born in 1917 and became blind at the age of two. He claimed spiritual descent from Hawai'ian Kahuna and African Vodoun. Victor was initiated into Harpy Coven in Bend, Oregon, as a teen. This group of people worked with the energy in the 1920's and '30's which eventually became the source of the Faerie Tradition. While very different from Gardnerian and other Neopagan Wicca, it was initiatory and magical, working on the phases of the Moon. The group broke up around the time of World War II. In 1944 Victor married Cora. Cora was a Southerner, as had been most of the members of Harpy Coven. She brought Southern folk magic to the practice she and Victor shared and developed. When Gardnerian and Alexandrian materials were published in the 1960's and 1970's, Victor incorporated some of them into his practice.

In the 1960's, the family befriended a boy who grew to become the man known as Gwydion Pendderwen. As a bard sometimes called the Faerie Shaman, Gwydion became one of Victor's best known initiates, spreading some Faerie knowledge through the Neopagan community in the 1970's, and recording his stirring songs, until he died in an automobile accident in 1981. Gwydion added much of the Celtic, particularly Welsh, material, which was absent from Victor's earlier practice.

In fact, the Faerie Tradition is not necessarily Celtic, although some initiated practitioners personally have and teach a chiefly Celtic orientation. According to Cora, in the book *Fifty Years in the Feri Tradition*, the original name of our tradition was Vicia (pronounced Vee-chya), related to the Italian term *La Vecchia*.

As Faerie iniates teach others, they each add something of their own interests to the Tradition. Thus, someone trained by one teacher may well learn things that are not taught by another teacher, even though each teacher is a valid initiate. Currently within various authentic branches of Faerie are elements from such diverse sources as Arica, Eckankar, Tibetan Buddhism, Gardnerian and Alexandrian Wicca, Hawai'ian Huna as reinvented by Max Freedom Long, H. P. Lovecraft, Greek mythology, Mesopotamian mythology, Basque mythology, Native American practices, Kaballah, Santeria, Satanism, Sufism, Welsh mythology, and Yezidi traditions, among others. Starhawk is another well-known initiate, who gave her branch of Feri a political focus.

Over the last couple decades, even the spelling of the tradition has varied. Genuine initiates may spell it Fairy, Faery, Faerie, or, as Victor currently spells it, Feri.

So what is the Faerie Tradition? Besides being this very particular blend of mythos and ideologies, it contains certain things that can only be learned through training, practice, and personal experience. While there is a bit of variation from branch to branch, there are some basics which most initiates and teachers agree upon.

I have studied and worked with Feri for over ten years. While I cannot present Feri training over the WWWeb, as it is very much a personal, intimate, hands-on method, I would still like to share some information about it.

I would also like to clarify that I am not presenting this site as being by Victor and/or Cora Anderson. I am presenting information that is taught by a number of different initiated Feri teachers. There is much more to the tradition, things that I would not reveal here because it would not be appropriate, and much that I could not reveal here, even if I wanted to, because Feri is not just a list of exercises but an experience.

I have put this site here to relieve some of the confusion regarding what the Feri tradition is. One cannot know this tradition just by reading this site, nor by doing the very few elementary exercises given here. I only hope this site keeps people from confusing Victor's tradition with those of people like Kisma Stepanovich or other Celtic oriented traditions using the same name.

Follow the Road to Faery
Next Basic Faerie Principles
Index Feri Roads Sign Post
** soft green grass **

Peacocks courtesy of Dover Celtic Clip Art
Title Header and Buttons created by me
Bars found on the web

1
http://geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/Faery_Trad_Principles.html
17 captures
04 Dec 1999 - 07 Aug 2015
Aug SEP Oct
13
2004 2005 2006

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition

Part Two: General Faerie Principles

Brian Froud's Blue Faery

There is a particular Faerie power or energy current

This energy tends to be:

sensual and sexual,

ecstatic and mystical,

creative and eclectic,

invocatory and trance-possessionary,

imbued with a respect for the wisdom of Nature and a love of beauty

The sexual and gender orientation is not limited to heterosexuality.

While we are responsible for what we do, the Faerie Tradition does not have such typically Wiccan rules as "The Wiccan Rede" or "The Threefold Law".

When in an enchanted, fey state, we are perhaps a bit mad, shape shifting, not completely human, or at least inspired by our gods and guardians, on the road to Faerie.

There is a particular Faerie initiatory lineage

The lineage is ultimately traceable back to Victor or Cora, sometimes through Gwydion.

There are particular secret names known to initiates.

There are certain exercises to develop and strengthen the Faerie energy current, including:

the Iron Pentacle,

the Pearl Pentacle,

the Lead Pentacle,

Blue Fire visualization and use

There is a set of deities - while some of these deities may be found in other traditions, the grouping of the deities and their relationships with each other is unique to Faerie.

There is a unique set of guardians and invocations. The guardians may be associated with the quarters or with the elements. Each is not necessarily associated at all times with both a quarter and an element.

Work is based on the knowledge of the Three Selves.

The initiate gets a cord, or cingulum, of a particular color.

The initiate is passed a body of poetic and liturgical material, although exactly what it consists of varies a bit from one branch to another.

There are particular Faerie customs and practices

Some are explicitly taught and passed, other aspects are generally understood as part of the Faerie energy. Among these are:

The use of the horned pentagram (i.e., the 5-pointed star with two points up)

Primarily solitary or small group working

The Faerie Warrior Code, which includes the Black Heart of Innocence

Next Basic Faerie energy exercises

Index Feri Roads Index

soft green grass

Some of this material is from an essay by Anna Korn - Thanks for the information, Anna.

The Blue Faery is by Brian Froud

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

<http://geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/exercises1.html>

12 captures

19 May 2000 - 07 Aug 2015

Apr MAY Jun

10

2004 2005 2006

About this capture

Faerie Tradition Exercises

Beginning Exercises One

Part One: Beginning Work with Blue Fire

A. Preparation

The first thing to do is to relax your mind and your body. Turn off the running voice in your head, release the tension in your muscles. Easy to say, but not always easy to do.

There are many different techniques for achieving a relaxed state and no one method works for everybody. You may have to experiment to find the way that works best for you.

Among other things, it's best if you can have some time and space in which you will not be interrupted by friends or family. Turn down the ringer of the phone and the volume of the answering machine. Most calls are not so urgent that they can't wait for half an hour or so. I also recommend a warm bath or shower. Dress in something comfortable, nothing too tight. If it's chilly, wear socks, but not shoes.

Dim the lights, although it doesn't need to be pitch dark. Light a candle, in a safe holder and in a safe place. If you have animals, try to keep them out of the room, so they don't knock over the candle or distract you. I recommend the big candles in the glass jar, since the wax won't melt onto anything, and they're pretty safe. They're also not too hard to find. Supermarkets often carry them. It doesn't matter too much what they look like at this stage, although a plain white candle would be best. Do not get a scented or perfumed candle.

Find a position that's comfortable for you. Some people like to sit in a chair, others to sit on the floor, some even like to lie on the floor. In your comfortable place, close your eyes, and breathe regularly and fairly slowly.

One relaxation method starts from the feet, feeling them relax, then your legs, then your thighs, your stomach, your back, your chest, then your hands, your arms, your neck, then your face and finally your scalp.

This is done slowly and methodically. Of course, don't fall asleep. If this technique doesn't work for you, look at a few books on relaxation and stress relief and experiment until you find one that does.

B. Blue Fire Breathing One

Once you are completely relaxed, sit or lie and breathe regularly, slowly, and deeply for a few moments, feeling your breaths like waves flowing in and out. Push and pull your breaths from your diaphragm, the muscle below your lungs, so that when you exhale, you breathe out as completely as possible, and when you inhale you take in the air as far down into your lungs as you can. This should be comfortable, don't force your breathing.

Place your hand over your heart so that you can feel it beating. I recommend that if you are right handed, use your right hand, and if you're left handed, use your left hand.

Now, as you continue your slow deep breathing, feel that the air you breathe is charged with energy, like a fine blue mist - to help your visualization, see it as the color of a gas flame.

Feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow down into your lungs.

Feel the blue mist flow from your lungs into your heart, energizing it.

Feel that your heart is in love with the blue mist. As you feel this love, feel your heart turn bright red and begin to shine.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow down through your body into your legs, and feel the blue mist flow all the way down your legs.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow from your heart through your shoulders and out through your arms.

Feel the beloved blue mist rise up the left side of your neck and fill your head, and continue to flow, down the right side of your neck and back to your heart.

Continue to breathe slowly and deeply as you feel the blue mist circulating throughout your entire body.

Feel the beat of your heart, feel your heart singing.

Do the first exercise once a day until it is comfortable and natural. If you like, you can do it early in the morning, and then again in the evening.

After the first exercise comes natural, begin to work with the second exercise.

C. Blue Fire Breathing Two

Once you are completely relaxed, sit or lie and breathe regularly, slowly, and deeply for a few moments, feeling your breaths like waves flowing in and out. Push and pull your breaths from your diaphragm, the muscle below your lungs, so that when you exhale, you breathe out as completely as possible, and when you inhale you take in the air as far down into your lungs as you can. This should be comfortable, don't force your breathing.

Now, as you continue your slow deep breathing, imagine that you are surrounded by an ocean of blue fire, the color of a gas flame. There is nothing but blue fire as far as you can see. The flames lick you but they do not burn.

A fine blue mist begins to rise from the blue flames.

Breathe in the blue mist. Feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow down into your lungs.

Feel the blue mist flow from your lungs to your heart, which turns bright red and begins to shine. Feel that your heart loves the blue mist.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow down through your body into your left leg, then your right leg, into your left arm, then your right arm.

Feel the beloved blue mist rise up the left side of your neck and fill your head, and continue to flow, down the right side of your neck and back to your heart.

Continue to breathe slowly and deeply as you feel the blue mist circulating throughout your entire body.

Feel the beat of your heart, feel your heart singing.

Part Two: Advanced Blue Fire Breathing

One: Blue Fire Meditation

Again, dim the lights, light your white candle. Sit comfortably where you can see the candle. Relax, breath slowly and deeply while focusing on the candle flame. Listen to the sound of your breathing.

As you inhale, think-say to yourself, "As I will", and as you exhale, think-say to yourself, "So mote it be." Feel your body become warm, and let any tension flow down into the Earth. After a short while, allow your eyes to close.

Feel yourself floating in the warm darkness. Imagine that the air around you begins to glow blue, the color of the blue flame. Gradually it becomes charged with the blue-fire mist. Now you are floating in this vast sea of blue light.

As you inhale, feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow into your lungs. As you exhale, breathe out the air, but keep the blue mist in your body. Continue breathing like this, as your body absorbs this electric blue energy until you are saturated.

Two: Blue Fire Pore Breathing

Sit and breathe as above, but this time feel your breath and the blue mist entering through the pores of your skin, filling your body as if it were hollow.

Three: Directing Blue Fire

Sit and breathe as above. Put your hands in your lap then bring them together. Gather the blue fire into a ball where your head and neck meet. As you exhale, move the ball down your left arm and into your left hand. As you inhale, feel the ball move into your right hand and up your right arm, back to its starting place.

Continue breathing and circulating the blue fire ball regularly. Then slowly begin to move the ball of blue fire faster, without changing the speed of your breathing. Keep moving the ball faster and faster, while keeping your breathing slow and regular. Faster and faster, picking up speed, until the ball begins to blur. Continue to accelerate the fire ball, until it is just a line of light.

When you feel that bar of light strongly, open your eyes and look into the space between your hands.

[NextMore Energy Exercises](#)

[NextThe Feri Roads Index](#)

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/exercises2.html>

10 captures

19 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Mar APR May

19

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Faerie Tradition Exercises

Beginning Exercises Two

Working with Earth Energy

Origins Exercise

Sit comfortably, or lie on the floor face down with your head cradled in your arms. As you take three deep breaths, imagine that a bright red cord extends from your navel into the center of the Earth.

Take 12 deep breaths

On each breath, as you inhale, draw up strength and energy from the center of the Earth.

On each breath, as you exhale, feel gratitude flow from you into the Earth.

Breath up power, breath out gratitude.

After the 12 breaths, chant softly and slowly, "Hail, Earth, Mother of All", on one note, filling eight beats thus:

Hail (1-2)

Earth (3-4)

Mother (5) of (6)

All. (7-8)

Repeat this 7 times, feeling your body vibrating.

NextBasic Energy Exercises

NextThe Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests or choices.

http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/fae_toc.html

27 captures

04 Dec 1999 - 01 Oct 2025

Jan FEB Mar

03

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

The Faery Tradition

Site Index

Introduction

A General Introduction to the Feri Tradition

Answers to Some Criticisms about this Site New

Basic Feri Tradition Principles

Exercises - Blue Fire Breathing

Exercises - More Basic Exercises

The Three Souls

Introduction to the Psychic Structure of the Human Being

Alignment of the Three Souls with the Ha Prayer

More Information on the Three Souls

The Feri Deities

The Feri Creation Myth

The Seven Feri Deities-The Star Goddess and Her Reflections

The Star Goddess

The Blue God

The Corn Maiden

The Harvest Lord

The Great Mother

The Winter King

The Crone

The Feri Guardians - The Nephilim

The Seven Feri Guardians: The Nephilim, our Feri Ancestors

Star Finder

Shining Flame

Water Maker

Black Mother

6. 7. Heaven Shiner - Fire in the Earth - Center Encompasses All

The Feri Goddesses of the Four Directions

More Information

Some Feri Related Reading

Some Feri Related Links

http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/fae_toc.html

27 captures

4 Dec 1999 - 1 Oct 2025

Oct FEB Feb

03

2002 2004 2005

About this capture

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

The Faery Tradition

Site Index

Introduction

A General Introduction to the Feri Tradition

Answers to Some Criticisms about this Site New

Basic Feri Tradition Principles

Exercises - Blue Fire Breathing

Exercises - More Basic Exercises

The Three Souls

Introduction to the Psychic Structure of the Human Being

Alignment of the Three Souls with the Ha Prayer

More Information on the Three Souls

The Feri Deities

The Feri Creation Myth

The Seven Feri Deities-The Star Goddess and Her Reflections

The Star Goddess

The Blue God

The Corn Maiden

The Harvest Lord

The Great Mother

The Winter King

The Crone

The Feri Guardians - The Nephilim

The Seven Feri Guardians: The Nephilim, our Feri Ancestors

Star Finder

Shining Flame

Water Maker

Black Mother

6. 7. Heaven Shiner - Fire in the Earth - Center Encompasses All

The Feri Goddesses of the Four Directions

More Information

Some Feri Related Reading

Some Feri Related Links

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/critic.html>

15 captures

20 Oct 2004 - 1 Oct 2025

Sep OCT Jan

20

2003 2004 2007

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic Peacock

Some Answers About this Web Site

This website has provoked a furor. I have to say I expected this from the Feri community.

Several criticisms of this site are out there on the net.

One articulate and reasoned one is at:

<http://www.geocities.com/ferigold/rd2feri.html>

While the page is mostly critical without being abusive, I am very disturbed that they accuse Ellen Perlman/Lilinah biti-Anat of being the creator of this website. They obviously have no clue, and shouldn't make unverified accusations that could hurt someone. I sure hope this hasn't caused her too much trouble in her community.

Back to the more reasonable stuff. They complain that I removed my "Guest Book". Indeed I did. I was tired of the abusive messages posted there. I cannot say they were unexpected. It was typical of behavior in the Feri community for many many years.

Ferigold also notes that on my "Feri Principles" page "the author paraphrases Anna

Korn/Andraste without giving her credit." Actually, I do give her credit, and I thank Anna for giving me permission to use the material, although perhaps so much time has elapsed that she no longer remembers posting that to the Guest Book. Or perhaps the author of Ferigold hasn't looked at my website for a long time.

Since my web site was put up, members of the Feri Tradition have become somewhat more public. This is a good thing. Feri is a very valuable practice and has been relatively unknown and often very secretive. One example of this is the printed magazine Witch Eye which also has a web presence and some articles on line at:
<http://www.lustydevil.com/witcheye>

Certainly, the tradition has some secrets. This is normal for religions like ours, which depend on training ourselves in using our energy and conjoining it with a particularly powerful energy current.

But it was not the secrecy per se that bothered me. Rather, it was the sniping, back biting, and finger pointing that have gone on among Feris for decades, that bothered me. These launched into periodic "wars" between various teachers, each accusing the other of not teaching the "real" Feri tradition, and leaders and members of one branch telling the trainees and initiates of another that they weren't really Feri, to the extent of saying that their initiations were not valid. Victor himself did this, if he were perturbed by any of his initiates for some reason - even if he had initiated them himself many years before and they had been teaching for a very long time and maintaining contact with him.

After particularly ugly outbreaks, there have been gatherings of leaders of various branches to try to work out the conflicts. Some of these meetings were very productive, but they have never ended the distrust and competition among branches.

I expected to get attacked. And after reading over the various messages in my Guestbook, I could see that the behavior met my expectations. I was not only verbally attacked, I was also cursed. I was not surprised. Feri isn't a "fluffy bunny" practice. While cursing is not encouraged, it is considered a valid practice when necessary.

Ferigold also mentions that Victor Anderson, founder of this tradition, objected to various aspects of this website. Victor did not use a computer, so he could only know about this site through his students and initiates, and I feel certain that my site was not presented objectively. Apparently Victor said that my site did not represent his personal practice. This is absolutely true. I do not present Victor's practice. What I try to do here is indicate some of the variety that exists within the Feri Tradition today. I have NEVER tried to pass this site off as belonging to or being approved by Victor. That would be very very wrong. If people thought so, they were not reading carefully.

Ferigold says that my site, and I quote, "consists of original materials authored mainly by Gabriel of Bloodrose, Francesca De Grandis, and Anna Korn - each of whom has put a highly personal stamp on what they have received through Victor's line." This is true as

far as it goes. In fact, there are elements here on the Road to Faerie from quite a number of other teachers as well. And I've blended some of my own in as well.

Frankly, I have not revealed any material I was bound by oath to protect. That would be wrong.

And I am certainly not pretending to teach Feri over the internet. That would be impossible. Feri requires personal attention and years of intensive study, preparation, and practice.

This website was not put up for my personal aggrandizement. If it were, I would be making myself available through it as another teacher to all and sundry on the net and trying to turn a profit, as a certain person who claims to teach "Welsh Fairy" does.

I put this site up to give a little taste of the Feri Tradition. Based on favorable comments - and there have been favorable comments, even from other Feris - I think I may have acheived this to a tiny extent.

bar

Follow the Road to Faery
Index Feri Roads Sign Post

** soft green grass **

Peacocks courtesy of Dover Celtic Clip Art
Title Header and Buttons created by me
Bars found on the web

1
<http://www.geocities.com/ferigold/rd2feri.html>
8 captures
31 Oct 2001 - 27 Dec 2019
Jun FEB Dec
05
2002 2004 2007

About this capture
Faery Gold
The "Road to Faerie" Site
Location - <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/>
We sometimes get asked about this page, so here is the scoop as we know it.

This anonymous page on Geocities (possibly by a 3rd Road student or initiate if the

Thomas Rhymer quote on the gateway is any indication, and attributed by some to Ellen Perlman/Lilinah biti-Anat) plagiarizes the early notes of Gabriel Carillo's Bloodrose School of Faery. He has asked repeatedly for the material to be removed to no avail. The author simply removed the Guest Book by which others might voice their objections to the site. Also on it's "Feri Principles" page, the author paraphrases Anna Korn/Andraste without giving her credit. [04/26/03: The site does now give credit to Anna Korn, but see below. - FG.]

To the author's credit, the site has a fascinating collection of links, and the introduction has a helpful historical synopsis (though it has some errors according to sources closer to Victor). These appear to be the only original content on the site. The rest consists of exercises and statements of lore which in that form of expression are under Gabriel's copymark. In some branches of Faery particular pieces of this lore are considered oathbound, never to be recorded in writing. Intellectual property issues aside, it is therefore extremely disrespectful to maintain this material in as public a format as the World Wide Web.

Victor himself objected to the presence of this material online, and in fact asked that his name be removed from it, as it does not reflect his personal practice at all. It bears some emphasis that this site gives the erroneous picture that it represents Victor & Cora's practice, and it does not. Rather, it consists of original materials authored mainly by Gabriel of Bloodrose, Francesca De Grandis, and Anna Korn - each of whom has put a highly personal stamp on what they have received through Victor's line.

The "Road to Faerie" author says:

I have put this site here to relieve some of the confusion regarding what the Feri tradition is.

Unfortunately, the site seems to have only added to the confusion. Some folks have mistakenly assumed that Victor endorsed this site, and others have thought that Victor was directly involved in creating it. They were surprised to learn that he does not even own a computer.

Though we at Faery Gold have benefitted from this material being posted, in spite of having access to it by other means, we feel compelled to protest against the continued maintenance of such material online as a matter of integrity and honor. We request that the author of this page remove the materials in question, intended only for students and initiates of the Bloodrose line, and replace them with original content that reflects her own personal journey and relationship with the Guardians and Mysteries of Faery.

Not only would these actions satisfy the objectors to this material as posted, it would be a more accurate and honest depiction of what Faery is about, coming as it would from the Black Heart of the author herself, and not from a second-hand handout.

Faery comes alive through its teachers and practitioners.

Anonymous Author: How does Faery come alive for you?

Please show us.

FG

Update 26 April, 2003

The author of the Road To Faerie site has posted their response to the above open letter at <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/critic.html> .

We want to note that while s/he does now give credit to Anna Korn, which we commend, they have still not honored Gabriel/Caradoc's request to remove his old handout material from the site, along with our corollary request to replace it with material that is clearly and uncontestably of the site owner's own authorship.

With regard to "complaints" or "accusations", FG wants to be clear that it does neither, FG merely reports what other members of the community have said or alleged. FG is an independent journalistic entity not directly affiliated with any particular Faery coven or circle or lineage.

Created 25 Aug 2001

Faery Gold

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/critic.html>

15 captures

20 Oct 2004 - 1 Oct 2025

Sep OCT Jan

20

2003 2004 2007

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic Peacock

Some Answers About this Web Site

This website has provoked a furor. I have to say I expected this from the Feri community. Several criticisms of this site are out there on the net. One articulate and reasoned one is at:

<http://www.geocities.com/ferigold/rd2feri.html>

While the page is mostly critical without being abusive, I am very disturbed that they accuse Ellen Perlman/Lilinah biti-Anat of being the creator of this website. They obviously have no clue, and shouldn't make unverified accusations that could hurt someone. I sure hope this hasn't caused her too much trouble in her community.

Back to the more reasonable stuff. They complain that I removed my "Guest Book". Indeed I did. I was tired of the abusive messages posted there. I cannot say they were unexpected. It was typical of behavior in the Feri community for many many years.

Ferigold also notes that on my "Feri Principles" page "the author paraphrases Anna Korn/Andraste without giving her credit." Actually, I do give her credit, and I thank Anna for giving me permission to use the material, although perhaps so much time has elapsed that she no longer remembers posting that to the Guest Book. Or perhaps the author of Ferigold hasn't looked at my website for a long time.

Since my web site was put up, members of the Feri Tradition have become somewhat more public. This is a good thing. Feri is a very valuable practice and has been relatively unknown and often very secretive. One example of this is the printed magazine Witch Eye which also has a web presence and some articles on line at:

<http://www.lustydevil.com/witcheye>

Certainly, the tradition has some secrets. This is normal for religions like ours, which depend on training ourselves in using our energy and conjoining it with a particularly powerful energy current.

But it was not the secrecy per se that bothered me. Rather, it was the sniping, back biting, and finger pointing that have gone on among Feris for decades, that bothered me. These launched into periodic "wars" between various teachers, each accusing the other of not teaching the "real" Feri tradition, and leaders and members of one branch telling the trainees and initiates of another that they weren't really Feri, to the extent of saying that their initiations were not valid. Victor himself did this, if he were perturbed by any of his initiates for some reason - even if he had initiated them himself many years before and they had been teaching for a very long time and maintaining contact with him.

After particularly ugly outbreaks, there have been gatherings of leaders of various branches to try to work out the conflicts. Some of these meetings were very productive, but they have never ended the distrust and competition among branches.

I expected to get attacked. And after reading over the various messages in my Guestbook, I could see that the behavior met my expectations. I was not only verbally attacked, I was also cursed. I was not surprised. Feri isn't a "fluffy bunny" practice. While cursing is not encouraged, it is considered a valid practice when necessary.

Ferigold also mentions that Victor Anderson, founder of this tradition, objected to various aspects of this website. Victor did not use a computer, so he could only know about this site through his students and initiates, and I feel certain that my site was not presented objectively. Apparently Victor said that my site did not represent his personal practice. This is absolutely true. I do not present Victor's practice. What I try to do here is indicate some of the variety that exists within the Feri Tradition today. I have NEVER tried to pass this site off as belonging to or being approved by Victor. That would be very very wrong. If people thought so, they were not reading carefully.

Ferigold says that my site, and I quote, "consists of original materials authored mainly by Gabriel of Bloodrose, Francesca De Grandis, and Anna Korn - each of whom has put a highly personal stamp on what they have received through Victor's line." This is true as far as it goes. In fact, there are elements here on the Road to Faerie from quite a number of other teachers as well. And I've blended some of my own in as well.

Frankly, I have not revealed any material I was bound by oath to protect. That would be wrong.

And I am certainly not pretending to teach Feri over the internet. That would be impossible. Feri requires personal attention and years of intensive study, preparation, and practice.

This website was not put up for my personal aggrandizement. If it were, I would be making myself available through it as another teacher to all and sundry on the net and trying to turn a profit, as a certain person who claims to teach "Welsh Fairy" does.

I put this site up to give a little taste of the Feri Tradition. Based on favorable comments - and there have been favorable comments, even from other Feris - I think I may have achieved this to a tiny extent.

bar

Follow the Road to Faery
Index Feri Roads Sign Post

** soft green grass **

Peacocks courtesy of Dover Celtic Clip Art
Title Header and Buttons created by me
Bars found on the web

1
http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/Faery_Trad_Principles.html
17 captures

4 Dec 1999 - 7 Aug 2015
Oct DEC Apr
16
2002 2003 2005

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition

Part Two: General Faerie Principles

Brian Froud's Blue Faery

There is a particular Faerie power or energy current
This energy tends to be:
sensual and sexual,
ecstatic and mystical,
creative and eclectic,
invocatory and trance-possessory,
imbued with a respect for the wisdom of Nature and a love of beauty
The sexual and gender orientation is not limited to heterosexuality.
While we are responsible for what we do, the Faerie Tradition does not have such
typically Wiccan rules as "The Wiccan Rede" or "The Threefold Law".
When in an enchanted, fey state, we are perhaps a bit mad, shape shifting, not
completely human, or at least inspired by our gods and guardians, on the road to Faerie.
There is a particular Faerie initiatory lineage
The lineage is ultimately traceable back to Victor or Cora, sometimes through Gwydion.
There are particular secret names known to initiates.
There are certain exercises to develop and strengthen the Faerie energy current,
including:
the Iron Pentacle,
the Pearl Pentacle,
the Lead Pentacle,
Blue Fire visualization and use
There is a set of deities - while some of these deities may be found in other traditions,
the grouping of the deities and their relationships with each other is unique to Faerie.
There is a unique set of guardians and invocations. The guardians may be associated
with the quarters or with the elements. Each is not necessarily associated at all times
with both a quarter and an element.
Work is based on the knowledge of the Three Selves.
The initiate gets a cord, or cingulum, of a particular color.
The initiate is passed a body of poetic and liturgical material, although exactly what it
consists of varies a bit from one branch to another.

There are particular Faerie customs and practices
Some are explicitly taught and passed, other aspects are generally understood as part of the Faerie energy. Among these are:

The use of the horned pentagram (i.e., the 5-pointed star with two points up)
Primarily solitary or small group working
The Faerie Warrior Code, which includes the Black Heart of Innocence
Next Basic Faerie energy exercises
Index Feri Roads Index

soft green grass

Some of this material is from an essay by Anna Korn - Thanks for the information, Anna.

The Blue Faery is by Brian Froud

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/exercises1.html>
12 captures
19 May 2000 - 7 Aug 2015
Oct FEB May
14
2002 2005 2007

About this capture
Faerie Tradition Exercises
Beginning Exercises One

Part One: Beginning Work with Blue Fire

A. Preparation

The first thing to do is to relax your mind and your body. Turn off the running voice in your head, release the tension in your muscles. Easy to say, but not always easy to do.

There are many different techniques for achieving a relaxed state and no one method works for everybody. You may have to experiment to find the way that works best for you.

Among other things, it's best if you can have some time and space in which you will not

be interrupted by friends or family. Turn down the ringer of the phone and the volume of the answering machine. Most calls are not so urgent that they can't wait for half an hour or so. I also recommend a warm bath or shower. Dress in something comfortable, nothing too tight. If it's chilly, wear socks, but not shoes.

Dim the lights, although it doesn't need to be pitch dark. Light a candle, in a safe holder and in a safe place. If you have animals, try to keep them out of the room, so they don't knock over the candle or distract you. I recommend the big candles in the glass jar, since the wax won't melt onto anything, and they're pretty safe. They're also not too hard to find. Supermarkets often carry them. It doesn't matter too much what they look like at this stage, although a plain white candle would be best. Do not get a scented or perfumed candle.

Find a position that's comfortable for you. Some people like to sit in a chair, others to sit on the floor, some even like to lie on the floor. In your comfortable place, close your eyes, and breathe regularly and fairly slowly.

One relaxation method starts from the feet, feeling them relax, then your legs, then your thighs, your stomach, your back, your chest, then your hands, your arms, your neck, then your face and finally your scalp.

This is done slowly and methodically. Of course, don't fall asleep. If this technique doesn't work for you, look at a few books on relaxation and stress relief and experiment until you find one that does.

B. Blue Fire Breathing One

Once you are completely relaxed, sit or lie and breathe regularly, slowly, and deeply for a few moments, feeling your breaths like waves flowing in and out. Push and pull your breaths from your diaphragm, the muscle below your lungs, so that when you exhale, you breathe out as completely as possible, and when you inhale you take in the air as far down into your lungs as you can. This should be comfortable, don't force your breathing.

Place your hand over your heart so that you can feel it beating. I recommend that if you are right handed, use your right hand, and if you're left handed, use your left hand.

Now, as you continue your slow deep breathing, feel that the air you breathe is charged with energy, like a fine blue mist - to help your visualization, see it as the color of a gas flame.

Feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow down into your lungs.

Feel the blue mist flow from your lungs into your heart, energizing it.

Feel that your heart is in love with the blue mist. As you feel this love, feel your heart turn bright red and begin to shine.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow down through your body into your legs, and feel the blue mist flow all the way down your legs.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow from your heart through your shoulders and out through your arms.

Feel the beloved blue mist rise up the left side of your neck and fill your head, and continue to flow, down the right side of your neck and back to your heart.

Continue to breathe slowly and deeply as you feel the blue mist circulating throughout your entire body.

Feel the beat of your heart, feel your heart singing.

Do the first exercise once a day until it is comfortable and natural. If you like, you can do it early in the morning, and then again in the evening.

After the first exercise comes natural, begin to work with the second exercise.

C. Blue Fire Breathing Two

Once you are completely relaxed, sit or lie and breathe regularly, slowly, and deeply for a few moments, feeling your breaths like waves flowing in and out. Push and pull your breaths from your diaphragm, the muscle below your lungs, so that when you exhale, you breathe out as completely as possible, and when you inhale you take in the air as far down into your lungs as you can. This should be comfortable, don't force your breathing.

Now, as you continue your slow deep breathing, imagine that you are surrounded by an ocean of blue fire, the color of a gas flame. There is nothing but blue fire as far as you can see. The flames lick you but they do not burn.

A fine blue mist begins to rise from the blue flames.

Breathe in the blue mist. Feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow down into your lungs.

Feel the blue mist flow from your lungs to your heart, which turns bright red and begins to shine. Feel that your heart loves the blue mist.

Feel the beloved blue mist flow down through your body into your left leg, then your right leg, into your left arm, then your right arm.

Feel the beloved blue mist rise up the left side of your neck and fill your head, and continue to flow, down the right side of your neck and back to your heart.

Continue to breathe slowly and deeply as you feel the blue mist circulating throughout your entire body.

Feel the beat of your heart, feel your heart singing.

Part Two: Advanced Blue Fire Breathing

One: Blue Fire Meditation

Again, dim the lights, light your white candle. Sit comfortably where you can see the candle. Relax, breathe slowly and deeply while focusing on the candle flame. Listen to the sound of your breathing.

As you inhale, think-say to yourself, "As I will", and as you exhale, think-say to yourself, "So mote it be." Feel your body become warm, and let any tension flow down into the Earth. After a short while, allow your eyes to close.

Feel yourself floating in the warm darkness. Imagine that the air around you begins to glow blue, the color of the blue flame. Gradually it becomes charged with the blue-fire mist. Now you are floating in this vast sea of blue light.

As you inhale, feel the blue mist enter your nostrils and flow into your lungs. As you exhale, breathe out the air, but keep the blue mist in your body. Continue breathing like this, as your body absorbs this electric blue energy until you are saturated.

Two: Blue Fire Pore Breathing

Sit and breathe as above, but this time feel your breath and the blue mist entering through the pores of your skin, filling your body as if it were hollow.

Three: Directing Blue Fire

Sit and breathe as above. Put your hands in your lap then bring them together. Gather the blue fire into a ball where your head and neck meet. As you exhale, move the ball down your left arm and into your left hand. As you inhale, feel the ball move into your right hand and up your right arm, back to its starting place.

Continue breathing and circulating the blue fire ball regularly. Then slowly begin to move the ball of blue fire faster, without changing the speed of your breathing. Keep moving the ball faster and faster, while keeping your breathing slow and regular. Faster and

faster, picking up speed, until the ball begins to blur. Continue to accelerate the fire ball, until it is just a line of light.

When you feel that bar of light strongly, open your eyes and look into the space between your hands.

NextMore Energy Exercises
NextThe Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/exercises2.html>
10 captures
19 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Nov APR Aug
19
2002 2004 2009

About this capture
Faerie Tradition Exercises
Beginning Exercises Two

Working with Earth Energy

Origins Exercise

Sit comfortably, or lie on the floor face down with your head cradled in your arms. As you take three deep breaths, imagine that a bright red cord extends from your navel into the center of the Earth.

Take 12 deep breaths

On each breath, as you inhale, draw up strength and energy from the center of the Earth.

On each breath, as you exhale, feel gratitude flow from you into the Earth.

Breath up power, breath out gratitude.

After the 12 breaths, chant softly and slowly, "Hail, Earth, Mother of All", on one note, filling eight beats thus:

Hail (1-2)
Earth (3-4)
Mother (5) of (6)
All. (7-8)
Repeat this 7 times, feeling your body vibrating.

NextBasic Energy Exercises
NextThe Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests or choices.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/exercises2.html>
10 captures
19 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Nov APR Aug
19
2002 2004 2009

About this capture
Faerie Tradition Exercises
Beginning Exercises Two

Working with Earth Energy

Origins Exercise
Sit comfortably, or lie on the floor face down with your head cradled in your arms. As you take three deep breaths, imagine that a bright red cord extends from your navel into the center of the Earth.
Take 12 deep breaths

On each breath, as you inhale, draw up strength and energy from the center of the Earth.

On each breath, as you exhale, feel gratitude flow from you into the Earth.

Breath up power, breath out gratitude.

After the 12 breaths, chant softly and slowly, "Hail, Earth, Mother of All", on one note, filling eight beats thus:

Hail (1-2)

Earth (3-4)

Mother (5) of (6)

All. (7-8)

Repeat this 7 times, feeling your body vibrating.

NextBasic Energy Exercises

NextThe Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests or choices.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/3souls1.html>

6 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Oct OCT Aug

18

2000 2002 2009

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

fairy faery faerie ferì

Beautiful Peacock

The Three Souls:

The Psychic Structure of the Human Being

Beautiful Peacock

In the Feri tradition, human awareness is composed of three spirits, souls or selves.

Each is focused in a particular place in our body--in the physical body and in our psychic body. Each soul is known by a number of names.

A Brief Introduction

An integral part of the Faery Tradition, the Three Souls help us understand how we function, help us integrate our various parts of our being, and help us move energy for magical work.

The Three Souls have a variety of names, each of which helps describe them better. They are known in many cultures, and different Faery teachers may accent one set of names more than another. Basically, they may be called the intuitive Younger Self, the

conscious Talking Self, and the divine God Self.

We are usually most aware of our Talking Self who basically functions on a day to day level. But we need to learn more about our other two selves in order to function more fully as sacred priests and priestesses, and in order to work effective magic, because our Talking Self is not in direct communication with our God Self. It is the Younger Self, also called the Fetch, who can communicate with both our Talking Self and our God Self.

Aligning the Three Selves actually takes a lot of necessary healthy work, to keep good clear communication open from Talking Self to the Fetch to the God Self and back again. The Fetch is the key to this. It not just an intermediary.

The First Soul

First is the Fetch. It deals wordlessly with the worlds through pure sensations, emotions, and images, which may be visual or auditory. The Fetch contains all memory of past experiences from which emerges the survival instinct, the need to seek food, shelter, and sex.

The Fetch is located in the belly, about 4 fingersbreadth below the navel. It has a direct connection to our Bird Spirit. It also lives in our Unconscious mind. The Unconscious is, paradoxically, always aware. It is called "unconscious" because the Second Soul is usually not conscious of it.

The Second Soul

Second is the Talker. It is the conscious mind. It rationalizes and defines the sensory experiences of the Fetch. It also contains our social instinct, our need to relate to others. The Talker is located in the center of the chest and, as previously stated, in our conscious mind.

The Third Soul

Third is the Bird Spirit. This is our God-Self, the part which realizes our connection with the Divine. It can possibly know the past, present, and future.

The Bird Spirit dwells in our Body of Light. Our Light Body is part of our body, but not of solid material. Rather it is part of our Psychic Body which surrounds our physical body. The Bird Spirit is just above the top of our head in the Light Body and is anchored in our inner brain, in the exact center of our head. It is connected to the God-selves of others.

In order to communicate with our Bird Spirit, the Talker must first contact the Fetch, which can then communicate with our Bird Spirit, for the Bird Spirit is connected to the Fetch by a fine astral chord.

The Energies of the Spirits

The energy of the Fetch has several names. It is called Raith-power, mana, prana, and Blue Fire. It is generated by healthful food, clean air and water, physical exercise and sex. It is the raw energy that keeps beings alive, and can be compared to biological electricity.

Second is thought, the energy of the mind, embodied in brain waves. This is astral energy and the astral plane is composed of the combined energies of all beings.

Third is the energy of the Bird-Spirit. It is called Baraka, mana-loa, energy of the Gods, and White Fire. It is generated by the existence of the universe and descends through the order of creation, from galactic clusters to planetary life forms.

The Three Souls - Sets of Names

Older Feri Names

Other Feri Names

Jewish Kabbalah	Hawaiian Huna	Psychology	Level of Consciousness
-----------------	---------------	------------	------------------------

Fetch	Low-Self	Child-Self	Animal-Spirit	Nephesh	Unhipili	Id
-------	----------	------------	---------------	---------	----------	----

Unconscious

Talker	Middle-Self	Talking-Self	Ruach	Uhane	Ego	Conscious
--------	-------------	--------------	-------	-------	-----	-----------

Bird Spirit	High-Self	Deep-Self	God-Self	Neshemah	Aumakua
-------------	-----------	-----------	----------	----------	---------

Collective Unconscious Paraconscious

-or-

Superconscious

The Three Energys

Soul

Location of Physical Body

Energy Created by the Soul

Energy Location in Psychic Body

Gender

Fetch	the belly, about 4 fingersbreadth below the navel	Blue Fire
-------	---	-----------

-or-

Vital Energy Vital Body

-or-

Energy Body 2 cm. to 1" from the physical body Opposite sex from the physical body

Talker center of the chest Astral Energy Auric Body

-or-

Mental Body about 8" or 9" from the physical body Same sex as the physical body
Bird Spirit just above the top of the head in the Light Body White Fire

-or-

Flaming Star

-or-

Etheric Energy Vital Body

-or-

Energy Body (1) less advanced: a globe of brilliant white or blue-white light, 9 or 10" in diameter, floating over the head

(2) more advanced: a star delicately tinted gold, pink, or another color depending on what kind of prayer is being made and answered. a pair: male and female, which is ultimately a third sex: divine androgynous child of glorious sparkling blue

NextThree Souls Alignment and the HA Prayer

NextThe Faerie Crossroads Signpost

The banner displayed below does not imply approval or recommendation

1

<http://geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/ha.html>

2 captures

30 Aug 2009 - 23 Oct 2009

Jul AUG Oct

30

2008 2009 2010

About this capture

Faerie Tradition Exercises

The Three Souls

A Brief Introduction

An integral part of the Faery Tradition, the Three Souls help us understand how we function and help us move energy for magical work.

The Three Souls have a variety of names, each of which helps describe them better. They are known in many cultures, and different Faery teachers may accent one set of names more than another. Basically, they may be called the intuitive Younger Self, the conscious Talking Self, and the divine God Self.

We are usually most aware of our Talking Self who basically functions on a day to day level. But we need to learn more about our other two "selves" in order to function more fully as sacred priests and priestesses, and in order to work effective magic, because our Talking Self is not in direct communication with our God Self. It is the Younger Self,

also called the Fetch, who can communicate with both our Talking Self and our God Self.

Aligning the Three Selves actually takes a lot of necessary healthy work, to keep good clear communication open from Talking Self to the Fetch to the God Self and back again. The Fetch is the key to this. It not just an intermediary.

The Ha Prayer

This is a basic and essential piece of Faery Work. Its purpose is to keep the Three Souls properly aligned and the channel of communication clean and pure. Eventually this work becomes so integrated with you that you don't have to think about doing it, but just do it naturally and unconsciously. You can do this once or twice a day. We also do this before spiritual work and before magical work. Again, it becomes so natural and unconscious that we don't even realize that we are doing it.

But first we do have to learn how to do it and work at it consciously. To begin, do it daily when you wake up. Yes, you can do it while you're still in bed.

Sit comfortably. Feel the energy all around you (This is why we began with blue fire breathing). Breathe comfortably and deeply.

Think or say: "May all three souls be straight within me."

Ask the Fetch to store the energy you are about to take in.

Visualize the energy around you.

Breath it in, breathing in sets of 4 breaths, until you have a very strong charge.

When you are well charged, ask the Fetch to divide the energy.

The Fetch will know what to do with it. You don't need to think consciously about where the energy will be going. Trust your Fetch. You do need to have a clear idea of why you are doing this work, though. First off, it is to make yourself a clear channel of energy and by aligning your Three Souls, you are likely to become a healthier person.

Tilt your head back as you breathe out and blow a breath of air upwards.

Send the energized breath to your God Self, which you visualize as a ball of blue fire floating above your head.

Next More on the Three Souls

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/3souls2.html>

5 captures

11 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Oct OCT Aug

08

2000 2002 2009

About this capture
Faerie Tradition Exercises
The Three Souls, Part Two

Who are the Three Souls?

The Talking Self

I will introduce the Talking Self first, since it is the one most of us are most aware of most of the time. The Talking Self is the Rational Self, the Conscious Self. The Talking Self is our interface with the world. This is who most people think we are. But the Talking Self cannot communicate directly with our God Self.

The God Self

The God Self is not within our dense physical body, but is located in our etheric body, which surrounds us with energy. The God Self is above us, above our head, but very close. It can be visualized as a feathered winged spirit or a ball of blue fire. The God Self is also called The God Within, for although it is not within our physical body, it is within our energy body.

Our God Self is one with the Blue God of Faery, Dian na Glas, who is actually a blue-green color, also known as The Peacock God. This god is androgynous with both male and female sexual characteristics.

The Younger Self, the Animal Self, the Fetch

The Fetch is our Unconscious Self. This does not mean that it is unaware or not conscious, but that its consciousness functions at a level that our Conscious Self is not aware of. This is the part of us who makes dreams, who creates, who is instinctive.

The Fetch stores energy and moves energy and links the Talking Self to the God Self.

We use the Ha Prayer and other exercises to keep this link pure and clear. By keeping

the Three Souls aligned and clear, we are more healthy, whole and integrated. We can utilize daily more of the immense energy and power of Nature that surrounds us, since this alignment is the channel of energy that we use, not only in our magical and spiritual work, but also in our daily lives.

Back to the Crossroads of the Faerie Path

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>

9 captures

25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Feb FEB Jan

19

2002 2005 2008

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess

Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:

Brian Dragon

Starhawk

and

Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dulaism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male",

who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the

earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miri-el", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriel moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of

condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>
9 captures
25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Feb FEB Jan
19
2002 2005 2008

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition
The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:

Brian Dragon

Starhawk

and

Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dulaism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her,

moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miri-el", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying

courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriel moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>

9 captures

25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Feb FEB Jan

19

2002 2005 2008

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition
The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess
Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:
Brian Dragon
Starhawk
and
Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dualism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black

mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumbed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seekintg to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miri-el", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriel moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and

sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>
9 captures
25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Feb FEB Jan
19
2002 2005 2008

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition
The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess
Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:
Brian Dragon
Starhawk
and
Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dualism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miriel", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriel moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to

cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>

9 captures

25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Feb FEB Jan

19

2002 2005 2008

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess

Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:

Brian Dragon

Starhawk

and

Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dulaism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left,

She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miriël", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriël moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich

soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especialy there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeities.html>
12 captures
3 Jun 2000 - 28 Mar 2013
Nov FEB Feb
19
2002 2005 2007

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic PeacockThe Feri Deities

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

There are numerous deities in the Feri Pantheon. Primary, and primal, is the Star Goddess. In one sense, all the other deities are but aspects or reflections of Her. And in one sense, She is not female, but, rather, pansexual.

Emanating from the Star Goddess are three pairs of deities, yet this is not really a dualistic pantheon. All the deities have relationships with each other, although it may not appear that way to the unfamiliar. For ultimately, all the deities are one god, and that god is not only in all things, but is all things. Therefore, we are that god and all the gods, whether we are aware of this fact or not, and whether we live in a way that is true to the spirit of the divine, hide from it, or are blind to it. And that god is the Star Goddess, who is not female or male, but both and every other possibility besides.

In Feri training, we learn how to become fully aware of our own God-Self, of all the aspects of the Divine that we are able to, of the ultimate Divine quality that is us.

The Faerie Creation Tale

The Star Goddess

The Blue God	The Corn Maiden
The Harvest Lord	The Great Mother
The Winter King	The Crone

*** bar***

Back
Feri Roads Index

bar

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

19

2002 2005 2007

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic PeacockThe Feri Deities

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

There are numerous deities in the Feri Pantheon. Primary, and primal, is the Star Goddess. In one sense, all the other deities are but aspects or reflections of Her. And in one sense, She is not female, but, rather, pansexual.

Emanating from the Star Goddess are three pairs of deities, yet this is not really a dualistic pantheon. All the deities have relationships with each other, although it may not appear that way to the unfamiliar. For ultimately, all the deities are one god, and that god is not only in all things, but is all things. Therefore, we are that god and all the gods, whether we are aware of this fact or not, and whether we live in a way that is true to the spirit of the divine, hide from it, or are blind to it. And that god is the Star Goddess, who is not female or male, but both and every other possibility besides.

In Feri training, we learn how to become fully aware of our own God-Self, of all the aspects of the Divine that we are able to, of the ultimate Divine quality that is us.

The Faerie Creation Tale

The Star Goddess

The Blue God	The Corn Maiden
The Harvest Lord	The Great Mother
The Winter King	The Crone

*** bar***

Back
Feri Roads Index

bar

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>
9 captures
25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Feb FEB Jan
19
2002 2005 2008

About this capture
The Faerie Tradition
The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess
Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:
Brian Dragon
Starhawk
and
Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:
The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dulaism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were

much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miriël", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriël moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity1.html>
13 captures
30 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009
Dec MAR May
15
2001 2004 2006

About this capture

twinkling stars bar

The Star Goddess

Foremost among the deities of Feri is the Star Goddess who is the Source of All. She is not purely feminine, but is pansexual, and all the Feri deities are aspects of Her. She is called by many names, among them:

Quakoralina
Sugmad; Sugma'ad; Sugmati
Dryghtyn; Drychtyn
The Great Infinite Darkness
The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark
Mother Night
The Womb of the Universe

So that we may get to know Her better, visualize Her as:

a completely black lionness-headed woman with great wings, her hair sprinkled with a million stars. She is seated on a throne of onyx with a silver egg in her lap. She is surrounded by a halo of blue flames.
She does not take only this one form, however.

We may feel her within ourselves by visualizing her symbol, an orobouros, that is, a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

twinkling star bar

Meet the Star Goddess

Close your eyes.
Slow your breathing to a steady and comfortable rhythm and perform your basic relaxation exercise.

You are in a vast cavern, whose walls of polished black stone glow with a bluish radiance, and whose farthest limits are lost in the distance. At the center of the wall you are facing, nine steps carved of the black stone surround a dais. On the dais, carved from the wall, stands a great empty throne.

Repeat three times:

I invoke Dryghtyn, the ancient providence,
which was from the beginning and is for all time,
one, androgynous, the source of all things:
all-knowing, all-pervading, all-powerful,
changeless, eternal, forever unending.
--derived from Gardnerian Wicca

The throne is no longer empty.

On it sits the Star Goddess appearing as a lioness-headed woman with great wings. Her whole body is jet black. Her hair is sprinkled with a million stars. On Her lap is a silver

egg, and She is surrounded by a halo of black flames.

All around you, great divine figures dance, singing and whirling in eternal ecstasy. Join in their dance and feel yourself filled with the power She radiates.

twinkling star bar

The Name

by Gwydion Pendderwen

She is the howling of the many winds;
Her name is the five seasons of the year.
Lover of the first Lord,
Mother of the Dozen Gods who walk the starry way;
Sister and Wife to the Bearer of Light.
Woman She is, of the Proud Passionate Power,
White and Blue at once, Yet of the Rainbow,
Black as the Void of Blackest Dreaming.

twinkling star bar

Blessing

by Victor Anderson

from Thorns of the Blood Rose Copyright 1970

You Whom all saints revile and sages name
Mother of harlots and iniquities,
Fro Whom the faithful bore the wrack and flame
Confessing vilest deeds and blasphemies:
By Earth, Your fertile body, blessed be,
And by the Living Waters of Your womb,
With Air, Your breath that moves upon the sea
And summons life green-springing from the tomb,
By Fire, Your spirit, blessed be with power
The children of Your love born unto wrath:
May light and cleansing in the unclean hour
Shine from Your moon-white brow upon their path,
Each unto each, eternal in love's way,
All blessed and illumined, Evo-He.

twinkling star bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity1.html>

13 captures

30 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009

Dec MAR May

15

2001 2004 2006

About this capture

twinkling stars bar

The Star Goddess

Foremost among the deities of Feri is the Star Goddess who is the Source of All. She is not purely feminine, but is pansexual, and all the Feri deities are aspects of Her. She is called by many names, among them:

Quakoralina

Sugmad; Sugma'ad; Sugmati

Dryghtyn; Drychtyn

The Great Infinite Darkness

The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark

Mother Night

The Womb of the Universe

So that we may get to know Her better, visualize Her as:

a completely black lionness-headed woman with great wings, her hair sprinkled with a million stars. She is seated on a throne of onyx with a silver egg in her lap. She is surrounded by a halo of blue flames.

She does not take only this one form, however.

We may feel her within ourselves by visualizing her symbol, an orobouros, that is, a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

twinkling star bar

Meet the Star Goddess

Close your eyes.

Slow your breathing to a steady and comfortable rhythm and perform your basic relaxation exercise.

You are in a vast cavern, whose walls of polished black stone glow with a bluish

radiance, and whose farthest limits are lost in the distance. At the center of the wall you are facing, nine steps carved of the black stone surround a dais. On the dais, carved from the wall, stands a great empty throne.

Repeat three times:

I invoke Dryghtyn, the ancient providence,
which was from the beginning and is for all time,
one, androgynous, the source of all things:
all-knowing, all-pervading, all-powerful,
changeless, eternal, forever unending.
--derived from Gardnerian Wicca

The throne is no longer empty.

On it sits the Star Goddess appearing as a lioness-headed woman with great wings. Her whole body is jet black. Her hair is sprinkled with a million stars. On Her lap is a silver egg, and She is surrounded by a halo of black flames.

All around you, great divine figures dance, singing and whirling in eternal ecstasy. Join in their dance and feel yourself filled with the power She radiates.

twinkling star bar

The Name

by Gwydion Pendderwen

She is the howling of the many winds;
Her name is the five seasons of the year.
Lover of the first Lord,
Mother of the Dozen Gods who walk the starry way;
Sister and Wife to the Bearer of Light.
Woman She is, of the Proud Passionate Power,
White and Blue at once, Yet of the Rainbow,
Black as the Void of Blackest Dreaming.

twinkling star bar

Blessing

by Victor Anderson

from Thorns of the Blood Rose Copyright 1970

You Whom all saints revile and sages name
Mother of harlots and iniquities,
Fro Whom the faithful bore the wrack and flame
Confessing vilest deeds and blasphemies:
By Earth, Your fertile body, blessed be,
And by the Living Waters of Your womb,

With Air, Your breath that moves upon the sea
And summons life green-springing from the tomb,
By Fire, Your spirit, blessed be with power
The children of Your love born unto wrath:
May light and cleansing in the unclean hour
Shine from Your moon-white brow upon their path,
Each unto each, eternal in love's way,
All blessed and illumined, Evo-He.

twinkling star bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

Back to the Feri Crossroads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity2.html>

20 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 1 Oct 2025

Nov NOV Dec

26

2002 2006 2007

About this capture

bar

The Blue God

bar

Of great importance among the deities of Feri is the Blue God, who is, in fact, not always blue. He is the consort of the Star Goddess, and the parallel of the Corn Maiden. He is called by many names:

Dia-na-Glas; Dian-na-Glas; Dia-ny-Glas; Dian-y-Glas = Blue or Blue-Grey God (Welsh)

He is visualized as silvery blue or sky blue.

My teachers have spelled it all of the above ways.

I'd love to know the correct Welsh form.

Malik Taus, Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel (Yezidi)

Sugaar, Wing'ed Serpent (Basque)

the Nine Spotted Serpent in the Well

Living Rainbow

Lord of the Painted Fan

The True Bird of Paradise

the Flower King
the Singer in the Wood
the Light of the World
Lucifer, the Light Bringer
El Shaitan, Self-Fire
Lemba; Lembé; the Green Boy, the Gentle One
Tammuz (Mesopotamian)
Okin Oba Aye (Yoruba)
Hyakinthos (Greek); the Blue Boy
Vishnu with his Cobra; Krishna (Hindu)

He is associated with Spring, Youth, and Potency, and our personal Divine Spirit. He is sometimes called the Bird Spirit and is actually embodied in our God-Self. We send energy through our God-Self to work our magic.

For visualization purposes he is described as youthful and androgynous with the breasts of a barely adolescent girl and an erect penis. He has a light voice, like a boy's before it changes, but he is fully potent. Around his neck is a serpent and in his hair are peacock eye-feathers.

His symbol is a golden peacock with a silver star on its breast.

bar

Meet the Blue God

You are in a forest at dawn. It is spring. The trees are a tender green, rustling gently with new leaves. Birds are beginning to sing and fly about the tree tops. You smell the fresh scent of the young plants.

Before you is a gently trickling spring, surrounded by delicate flowers. Hyacinths, narcissus, and lilies nod their heads over the pool. Breathe deeply of their sweet hypnotic fragrance.

Gaze into the rippling waters and chant repeatedly, until the presence of the Dia-na-glas manifests:

Blue God
Winged Serpent,
Living Rainbow,
Lord of the Painted Fan

bar

Invocation to the Peacock Lord
Victor Anderson
Malik Taus,
We call to You,
our Lord of the Painted Fan,

At whose joyous cry the Sun rises in Paradise.
You, who shake Your tail,
and fill all Seven Heavens with Thunder!
Come and shine Your many-colored lights within us!

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page
Back to the Feri Crossroads Signpost

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity2.html>

20 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 1 Oct 2025

Nov NOV Dec

26

2002 2006 2007

About this capture

bar

The Blue God

bar

Of great importance among the deities of Feri is the Blue God, who is, in fact, not always blue. He is the consort of the Star Goddess, and the parallel of the Corn Maiden. He is called by many names:

Dia-na-Glas; Dian-na-Glas; Dia-ny-Glas; Dian-y-Glas = Blue or Blue-Grey God (Welsh)

He is visualized as silvery blue or sky blue.

My teachers have spelled it all of the above ways.

I'd love to know the correct Welsh form.

Malik Taus, Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel (Yezidi)

Sugaar, Wing'ed Serpent (Basque)

the Nine Spotted Serpent in the Well

Living Rainbow

Lord of the Painted Fan

The True Bird of Paradise

the Flower King

the Singer in the Wood

the Light of the World

Lucifer, the Light Bringer

El Shaitan, Self-Fire

Lemba; Lembé; the Green Boy, the Gentle One

Tammuz (Mesopotamian)

Okin Oba Aye (Yoruba)

Hyakinthos (Greek); the Blue Boy

Vishnu with his Cobra; Krishna (Hindu)

He is associated with Spring, Youth, and Potency, and our personal Divine Spirit. He is sometimes called the Bird Spirit and is actually embodied in our God-Self. We send energy through our God-Self to work our magic.

For visualization purposes he is described as youthful and androgynous with the breasts of a barely adolescent girl and an erect penis. He has a light voice, like a boy's before it changes, but he is fully potent. Around his neck is a serpent and in his hair are peacock eye-feathers.

His symbol is a golden peacock with a silver star on its breast.

bar

Meet the Blue God

You are in a forest at dawn. It is spring. The trees are a tender green, rustling gently with new leaves. Birds are beginning to sing and fly about the tree tops. You smell the fresh scent of the young plants.

Before you is a gently trickling spring, surrounded by delicate flowers. Hyacinths, narcissus, and lilies nod their heads over the pool. Breathe deeply of their sweet hypnotic fragrance.

Gaze into the rippling waters and chant repeatedly, until the presence of the Dia-na-glas manifests:

Blue God

Winged Serpent,

Living Rainbow,

Lord of the Painted Fan

bar

Invocation to the Peacock Lord

Victor Anderson

Malik Taus,

We call to You,

our Lord of the Painted Fan,

At whose joyous cry the Sun rises in Paradise.

You, who shake Your tail,

and fill all Seven Heavens with Thunder!

Come and shine Your many-colored lights within us!

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

Back to the Feri Crossroads Signpost

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity1.html>

13 captures

30 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009

Mar MAY Dec

20

2004 2006 2007

About this capture

twinkling stars bar

The Star Goddess

Foremost among the deities of Feri is the Star Goddess who is the Source of All. She is not purely feminine, but is pansexual, and all the Feri deities are aspects of Her. She is called by many names, among them:

Quakoralina

Sugmad; Sugma'ad; Sugmati

Dryghtyn; Drychtyn

The Great Infinite Darkness

The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark

Mother Night

The Womb of the Universe

So that we may get to know Her better, visualize Her as:

a completely black lionness-headed woman with great wings, her hair sprinkled with a million stars. She is seated on a throne of onyx with a silver egg in her lap. She is surrounded by a halo of blue flames.

She does not take only this one form, however.

We may feel her within ourselves by visualizing her symbol, an orobouros, that is, a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

twinkling star bar

Meet the Star Goddess

Close your eyes.

Slow your breathing to a steady and comfortable rhythm and perform your basic relaxation exercise.

You are in a vast cavern, whose walls of polished black stone glow with a bluish radiance, and whose farthest limits are lost in the distance. At the center of the wall you are facing, nine steps carved of the black stone surround a dais. On the dais, carved from the wall, stands a great empty throne.

Repeat three times:

I invoke Dryghtyn, the ancient providence,
which was from the beginning and is for all time,
one, androgynous, the source of all things:
all-knowing, all-pervading, all-powerful,
changeless, eternal, forever unending.
--derived from Gardnerian Wicca

The throne is no longer empty.

On it sits the Star Goddess appearing as a lioness-headed woman with great wings. Her whole body is jet black. Her hair is sprinkled with a million stars. On Her lap is a silver egg, and She is surrounded by a halo of black flames.

All around you, great divine figures dance, singing and whirling in eternal ecstasy. Join in their dance and feel yourself filled with the power She radiates.

twinkling star bar

The Name

by Gwydion Pendderwen

She is the howling of the many winds;
Her name is the five seasons of the year.
Lover of the first Lord,
Mother of the Dozen Gods who walk the starry way;
Sister and Wife to the Bearer of Light.
Woman She is, of the Proud Passionate Power,
White and Blue at once, Yet of the Rainbow,
Black as the Void of Blackest Dreaming.

twinkling star bar

Blessing

by Victor Anderson

from Thorns of the Blood Rose Copyright 1970

You Whom all saints revile and sages name

Mother of harlots and iniquities,
Fro Whom the faithful bore the wrack and flame
Confessing vilest deeds and blasphemies:
By Earth, Your fertile body, blessed be,
And by the Living Waters of Your womb,
With Air, Your breath that moves upon the sea
And summons life green-springing from the tomb,
By Fire, Your spirit, blessed be with power
The children of Your love born unto wrath:
May light and cleansing in the unclean hour
Shine from Your moon-white brow upon their path,
Each unto each, eternal in love's way,
All blessed and illumined, Evo-He.

twinkling star bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

Back to the Feri Crossroads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity3.html>
7 captures
11 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Nov DEC Aug
15
2002 2007 2009

About this capture

bar

The Corn Maiden

The Corn Maiden is the youthful female deity parallel to the Blue God, and is something of a trickster. But do not mistake her child-like form for a lack of power. She is an aspect of the Star Goddess and partakes of everything that She is. Her behavior embodies the Black Heart of Innocence, one of the essential tenets of Feri.

Note that "corn" is used here in its British sense, meaning any grain, especially the most commonly eaten grain of a particular region or culture. The Corn Maiden is the Spirit of New Growth, both of plants and of animals.

Feri Child by Brian Froud

Nimuë (Welsh)
White One
Laughing Maiden
Lady of the Well
Spring Queen
La Niña de los Flores
The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark
For the purposes of visualization, she has two forms:

First, she is 12 years old, her body is shining, pearlescent white. She holds in her hand a silver bow, while on her head is a 6-day-old crescent moon, horns up.

Second, she is 6 to 8 years old, glowing pink with curly pale golden hair.

In either form, because of her youth, she is somewhat androgynous. Nonetheless, she still embodies the energy which brings all into being, which in humans is sexual energy, a great Passion. Imagine all the power of the Cosmos in the hands of a six-year-old...

Her symbol is the new crescent moon.

Corn Maiden Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in *The Spiral Dance*, Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 39: Waxing Moon Meditation.

Visualize a silver crescent moon, curving to the right. She is the beginning of power, of growth, of generation. She is wild and untamed, like ideas and plans before they are tempered with reality. She is the blank page, the unplowed field. Feel your own hidden possibilities and latent potentials, your power to begin and grow. See her as a silver haired girl running freely through the forest under the slim moon. She is Virgin, eternally unpenetrated, belonging to no one but herself. Call her name, "Nimuë!" and feel her power within you.

bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)
[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Brian Froud

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity3.html>

7 captures

11 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Nov DEC Aug

15

2002 2007 2009

About this capture

bar

The Corn Maiden

The Corn Maiden is the youthful female deity parallel to the Blue God, and is something of a trickster. But do not mistake her child-like form for a lack of power. She is an aspect of the Star Goddess and partakes of everything that She is. Her behavior embodies the Black Heart of Innocence, one of the essential tenets of Feri.

Note that "corn" is used here in its British sense, meaning any grain, especially the most commonly eaten grain of a particular region or culture. The Corn Maiden is the Spirit of New Growth, both of plants and of animals.

Feri Child by Brian Froud

Nimuë (Welsh)

White One

Laughing Maiden

Lady of the Well

Spring Queen

La Niña de los Flores

The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark

For the purposes of visualization, she has two forms:

First, she is 12 years old, her body is shining, pearlescent white. She holds in her hand a silver bow, while on her head is a 6-day-old crescent moon, horns up.

Second, she is 6 to 8 years old, glowing pink with curly pale golden hair.

In either form, because of her youth, she is somewhat androgynous. Nonetheless, she still embodies the energy which brings all into being, which in humans is sexual energy, a great Passion. Imagine all the power of the Cosmos in the hands of a six-year-old...

Her symbol is the new crescent moon.

Corn Maiden Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 39: Waxing Moon Meditation.

Visualize a silver crescent moon, curving to the right. She is the beginning of power, of growth, of generation. She is wild and untamed, like ideas and plans before they are tempered with reality. She is the blank page, the unplowed field.

Feel your own hidden possibilities and latent potentials, your power to begin and grow. See her as a silver haired girl running freely through the forest under the slim moon. She is Virgin, eternally unpenetrated, belonging to no one but herself. Call her name, "Nimue!" and feel her power within you.

bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Brian Froud

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/3souls1.html>

6 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Oct AUG Oct

29

2002 2009 2010

[About this capture](#)

[The Faerie Tradition](#)

[fairy faery faerie ferì](#)

[Beautiful Peacock](#)

[The Three Souls:](#)

[The Psychic Structure of the Human Being](#)

[Beautiful Peacock](#)

In the Feri tradition, human awareness is composed of three spirits, souls or selves. Each is focused in a particular place in our body--in the physical body and in our psychic

body. Each soul is known by a number of names.

A Brief Introduction

An integral part of the Faery Tradition, the Three Souls help us understand how we function, help us integrate our various parts of our being, and help us move energy for magical work.

The Three Souls have a variety of names, each of which helps describe them better. They are known in many cultures, and different Faery teachers may accent one set of names more than another. Basically, they may be called the intuitive Younger Self, the conscious Talking Self, and the divine God Self.

We are usually most aware of our Talking Self who basically functions on a day to day level. But we need to learn more about our other two selves in order to function more fully as sacred priests and priestesses, and in order to work effective magic, because our Talking Self is not in direct communication with our God Self. It is the Younger Self, also called the Fetch, who can communicate with both our Talking Self and our God Self.

Aligning the Three Selves actually takes a lot of necessary healthy work, to keep good clear communication open from Talking Self to the Fetch to the God Self and back again. The Fetch is the key to this. It not just an intermediary.

The First Soul

First is the Fetch. It deals wordlessly with the worlds through pure sensations, emotions, and images, which may be visual or auditory. The Fetch contains all memory of past experiences from which emerges the survival instinct, the need to seek food, shelter, and sex.

The Fetch is located in the belly, about 4 fingersbreadth below the navel. It has a direct connection to our Bird Spirit. It also lives in our Unconscious mind. The Unconscious is, paradoxically, always aware. It is called "unconscious" because the Second Soul is usually not conscious of it.

The Second Soul

Second is the Talker. It is the conscious mind. It rationalizes and defines the sensory experiences of the Fetch. It also contains our social instinct, our need to relate to others. The Talker is located in the center of the chest and, as previously stated, in our conscious mind.

The Third Soul

Third is the Bird Spirit. This is our God-Self, the part which realizes our connection with the Divine. It can possibly know the past, present, and future.

The Bird Spirit dwells in our Body of Light. Our Light Body is part of our body, but not of solid material. Rather it is part of our Psychic Body which surrounds our physical body. The Bird Spirit is just above the top of our head in the Light Body and is anchored in our inner brain, in the exact center of our head. It is connected to the God-selves of others.

In order to communicate with our Bird Spirit, the Talker must first contact the Fetch, which can then communicate with our Bird Spirit, for the Bird Spirit is connected to the Fetch by a fine astral chord.

The Energies of the Spirits

The energy of the Fetch has several names. It is called Raith-power, mana, prana, and Blue Fire. It is generated by healthful food, clean air and water, physical exercise and sex. It is the raw energy that keeps beings alive, and can be compared to biological electricity.

Second is thought, the energy of the mind, embodied in brain waves. This is astral energy and the astral plane is composed of the combined energies of all beings.

Third is the energy of the Bird-Spirit. It is called Baraka, mana-loa, energy of the Gods, and White Fire. It is generated by the existence of the universe and descends through the order of creation, from galactic clusters to planetary life forms.

The Three Souls - Sets of Names

Older Feri Names

Other Feri Names

Jewish Kabbalah	Hawaiian Huna	Psychology	Level of Consciousness
-----------------	---------------	------------	------------------------

Fetch	Low-Self	Child-Self	Animal-Spirit	Nephesh	Unhipili	Id
-------	----------	------------	---------------	---------	----------	----

Unconscious

Talker	Middle-Self	Talking-Self	Ruach Uthane	Ego	Conscious
--------	-------------	--------------	--------------	-----	-----------

Bird Spirit	High-Self	Deep-Self	God-Self	Neshemah	Aumakua
-------------	-----------	-----------	----------	----------	---------

Collective Unconscious Paraconscious

-or-

Superconscious

The Three Energys

Soul

Location of Physical Body

Energy Created by the Soul

Energy Location in Psychic Body

Gender

Fetch the belly, about 4 fingersbreadth below the navel Blue Fire

-or-

Vital Energy Vital Body

-or-

Energy Body 2 cm. to 1" from the physical body Opposite sex from the physical body

Talker center of the chest Astral Energy Auric Body

-or-

Mental Body about 8" or 9" from the physical body Same sex as the physical body

Bird Spirit just above the top of the head in the Light Body White Fire

-or-

Flaming Star

-or-

Etheric Energy Vital Body

-or-

Energy Body (1) less advanced: a globe of brilliant white or blue-white light, 9 or 10" in diameter, floating over the head

(2) more advanced: a star delicately tinted gold, pink, or another color depending on what kind of prayer is being made and answered. a pair: male and female, which is ultimately a third sex: divine androgynous child of glorious sparkling blue

NextThree Souls Alignment and the HA Prayer

NextThe Faerie Crossroads Signpost

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity4.html>

7 captures

8 Sep 2001 - 22 Oct 2009

Jun FEB Aug

14

2002 2005 2009

About this capture

bar

The Harvest Lord

He is the Spirit of Light and Heat, the ripeness of Summer, and the fullness of Manhood. There is nothing androgynous about him. He is often considered the consort of and parallel of the goddess Mari. At the same time, He, too, is a reflection in a dark mirror of the Star Goddess.

Twr (Welsh) = tower = oak

Lugh (Irish)

Krom; Chrom, the many-colored one

The Corn King (where corn=primary grain of the culture)

Lord of the Sun

Hu the Mighty

The Antlered One

Crainonis, Karanos, Karayos, Cernunnos, Krana, Kronos (in a variety of Near Eastern and European languages)

He is visualized as a man with the head of a horned stag, although he may also have the head of an antelope or another horned animal common to one's region. He is entirely golden, in shades of gold, his body, his hair, his horns. About his neck is a garland of beautiful colored flowers and fresh green leaves.

His symbol is the Sun.

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity6.html>

10 captures

19 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009

Nov FEB Aug

14

2002 2005 2009

About this capture

bare dead branch bar

The Winter King

He is the Spirit of Winter and Death. He may well embody what we fear. He is the Guardian of the Crossroads of the Path of the Living and the Path of the Spirits. All devils are derived from Him. His partner or parallel is The Crone.

Arddu = Royal Darkness = The Black One

(Welsh, pronounced either "ard-thee" or "ar-zee")

Ankou (Breton)
The Dark Lord
Bringer of Death
King of the Dead
Shepherd of Souls
The Great Teacher
Giver of Wisdom and Knowledge
Guardian of the Mysteries
Myrddin = Merlin (Welsh)
Shiva, the Destroyer (Hindu)

Once again, the divine moves toward androgyny. This god is visualized with the drooping breasts of an old woman on a human torso. He has a goat's head and lower body, and big black bat wings. On his forehead glows a large red jewel and between his horns is a flaming torch.

His symbol is the Skull and Crossbones.

bare dead branch bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

This banner does not reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity3.html>

7 captures

11 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

May NOV Dec

19

2001 2002 2007

About this capture

bar

The Corn Maiden

The Corn Maiden is the youthful female deity parallel to the Blue God, and is something of a trickster. But do not mistake her child-like form for a lack of power. She is an aspect of the Star Goddess and partakes of everything that She is. Her behavior embodies the Black Heart of Innocence, one of the essential tenets of Feri.

Note that "corn" is used here in its British sense, meaning any grain, especially the most commonly eaten grain of a particular region or culture. The Corn Maiden is the Spirit of New Growth, both of plants and of animals.

Feri Child by Brian Froud

Nimuë (Welsh)

White One

Laughing Maiden

Lady of the Well

Spring Queen

La Niña de los Flores

The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark

For the purposes of visualization, she has two forms:

First, she is 12 years old, her body is shining, pearlescent white. She holds in her hand a silver bow, while on her head is a 6-day-old crescent moon, horns up.

Second, she is 6 to 8 years old, glowing pink with curly pale golden hair.

In either form, because of her youth, she is somewhat androgynous. Nonetheless, she still embodies the energy which brings all into being, which in humans is sexual energy, a great Passion. Imagine all the power of the Cosmos in the hands of a six-year-old...

Her symbol is the new crescent moon.

Corn Maiden Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in *The Spiral Dance*, Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 39: Waxing Moon Meditation.

Visualize a silver crescent moon, curving to the right. She is the beginning of power, of growth, of generation. She is wild and untamed, like ideas and plans before they are tempered with reality. She is the blank page, the unplowed field.

Feel your own hidden possibilities and latent potentials, your power to begin and grow. See her as a silver haired girl running freely through the forest under the slim moon. She is Virgin, eternally unpenetrated, belonging to no one but herself. Call her name, "Nimuë!" and feel her power within you.

bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Brian Froud

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity5.html>

5 captures

13 May 2001 - 23 Oct 2009

Nov FEB Aug

19

2002 2004 2009

About this capture

The Great Mother

She is the Spirit of Earth and Sea and Sky, the Mother of All. The World is Her Body. But She is not merely a birth mother, for She is also a matriarch, an administrator, an executive. Sometimes considered the consort of the Horned Harvest Lord, there is nothing androgynous about Her, as She embodies full, actively manifest Womanhood.

Mari (Basque)

Tiamat (Mesopotamian)

Diana (Roman)

Ashtart, Astarte, Ashtaroth, Ashtoreth

(the first is her actual Phoenician name, the second is the well-known Greek form, the last two are Hebrew perversions of the original Phoenician)

Yoni Gorri, the Red Mari (Gypsy)

Parvati, Devi (Hindu)

She is visualized as tall and naked, standing on the Sea. Her long black hair covers her like a veil. Her body is silver. She has 12 stars around her head, or in some descriptions, 6 and 7. Her breasts are full and heavy, and Her belly is rounded and swollen. She is ripe.

Her symbol is the Full Moon.

Great Mother Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, in Chapter 5: The

Goddess, Exercise 40: Full Moon Meditation.

Visualize a round full moon. She is the Mother, the power of fruition. She nourishes what the New Moon has begun. See her open arms, her full breasts, her womb burgeoning with life.

Feel your own power to nurture, to give, to make manifest what is possible. She is the sexual woman; her pleasure in union is the moving force that sustains all life. Feel the power in your own pleasure, in orgasm. Her color is the red of blood, which is life. Call her name "Mari!" and feel your own ability to love.

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Arthur Rackham

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity7.html>

7 captures

19 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Dec NOV Aug

21

2000 2002 2009

About this capture

*** bare thorny vine bar***

The Crone

She is the Spirit of Night, the sleeping body of the Earth in Winter. Because She is no longer fertile, there is something androgynous about Her. Her partner is the androgynous Winter King.

Anu, Ana, Anna, Annys, Anysa (Celtic)

The Hag

Queen of the Dead

Black Ana of the Forbidden Mysteries

Cerridwen (Welsh)

Arianrhod of the Silver Wheel (Welsh)

the Morrighu (Irish)

Kali (Hindu)

She is visualized most often as an old woman in a black hooded cloak with pure white hair and skin. She carries a silver sickle and She is crowned with nine blue stars.

She has a second form, called Ulli, a sweet old grandmother whose color is royal blue.

Her symbol is the Crow or Raven, in some cases the Vulture.

Crone Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, Exercise 41: Waning Moon Meditation, in Chapter 5: The Goddess.

Visualize a waning crescent, curving to the left, surrounded by a black sky. She is the Old Woman, the Crone, who has passed menopause, the power of ending, of death. All things must end to fulfill their beginnings. The grain that was planted must be cut down. The blank page must be destroyed for the work to be written. Life feeds on death - death leads on to life, and in that knowledge lies wisdom. The Crone is the Wise Woman, infinitely old.

Feel your own age, the wisdom of evolution stored in every cell of your body. Know your own power to end, to lose as well as to gain, to destroy what is stagnant and decayed. See the Crone, cloaked in black, under the waning moon. Call her name, "Anu!" and feel her power in your own death.

bare thorny vine bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

Back to the Feri Crossroads Index

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/fae_toc.html

27 captures

4 Dec 1999 - 1 Oct 2025

Feb FEB Dec

19

2004 2005 2006

About this capture

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

The Faery Tradition

[Site Index](#)

[Introduction](#)

[A General Introduction to the Feri Tradition](#)

[Answers to Some Criticisms about this Site New](#)

[Basic Feri Tradition Principles](#)

[Exercises - Blue Fire Breathing](#)

[Exercises - More Basic Exercises](#)

[The Three Souls](#)

[Introduction to the Psychic Structure of the Human Being](#)

[Alignment of the Three Souls with the Ha Prayer](#)

[More Information on the Three Souls](#)

[The Feri Deities](#)

[The Feri Creation Myth](#)

[The Seven Feri Deities-The Star Goddess and Her Reflections](#)

[The Star Goddess](#)

[The Blue God](#)

[The Corn Maiden](#)

[The Harvest Lord](#)

[The Great Mother](#)

[The Winter King](#)

[The Crone](#)

[The Feri Guardians - The Nephilim](#)

[The Seven Feri Guardians: The Nephilim, our Feri Ancestors](#)

Star Finder

Shining Flame

Water Maker

Black Mother

6. 7. Heaven Shiner - Fire in the Earth - Center Encompasses All

The Feri Goddesses of the Four Directions

More Information

Some Feri Related Reading

Some Feri Related Links

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeities.html>

12 captures

3 Jun 2000 - 28 Mar 2013

Nov FEB Feb

10

2002 2005 2006

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic PeacockThe Feri Deities

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

There are numerous deities in the Feri Pantheon. Primary, and primal, is the Star Goddess. In one sense, all the other deities are but aspects or reflections of Her. And in one sense, She is not female, but, rather, pansexual.

Emanating from the Star Goddess are three pairs of deities, yet this is not really a dualistic pantheon. All the deities have relationships with each other, although it may not appear that way to the unfamiliar. For ultimately, all the deities are one god, and that god is not only in all things, but is all things. Therefore, we are that god and all the gods, whether we are aware of this fact or not, and whether we live in a way that is true to the

spirit of the divine, hide from it, or are blind to it. And that god is the Star Goddess, who is not female or male, but both and every other possibility besides.

In Feri training, we learn how to become fully aware of our own God-Self, of all the aspects of the Divine that we are able to, of the ultimate Divine quality that is us.

The Faerie Creation Tale

The Star Goddess

The Blue God	The Corn Maiden
The Harvest Lord	The Great Mother
The Winter King	The Crone

*** bar***

Back
Feri Roads Index

bar

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity1.html>
13 captures
30 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009
Dec MAR May
15
2001 2004 2006

About this capture

twinkling stars bar

The Star Goddess
Foremost among the deities of Feri is the Star Goddess who is the Source of All. She is

not purely feminine, but is pansexual, and all the Feri deities are aspects of Her. She is called by many names, among them:

Quakoralina
Sugmad; Sugma'ad; Sugmati
Dryghtyn; Drychtyn
The Great Infinite Darkness
The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark
Mother Night
The Womb of the Universe

So that we may get to know Her better, visualize Her as:

a completely black lionness-headed woman with great wings, her hair sprinkled with a million stars. She is seated on a throne of onyx with a silver egg in her lap. She is surrounded by a halo of blue flames.
She does not take only this one form, however.

We may feel her within ourselves by visualizing her symbol, an orobouros, that is, a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

twinkling star bar

Meet the Star Goddess

Close your eyes.

Slow your breathing to a steady and comfortable rhythm and perform your basic relaxation exercise.

You are in a vast cavern, whose walls of polished black stone glow with a bluish radiance, and whose farthest limits are lost in the distance. At the center of the wall you are facing, nine steps carved of the black stone surround a dais. On the dais, carved from the wall, stands a great empty throne.

Repeat three times:

I invoke Dryghtyn, the ancient providence,
which was from the beginning and is for all time,
one, androgynous, the source of all things:
all-knowing, all-pervading, all-powerful,
changeless, eternal, forever unending.
--derived from Gardnerian Wicca

The throne is no longer empty.

On it sits the Star Goddess appearing as a lioness-headed woman with great wings. Her whole body is jet black. Her hair is sprinkled with a million stars. On Her lap is a silver egg, and She is surrounded by a halo of black flames.

All around you, great divine figures dance, singing and whirling in eternal ecstasy. Join in their dance and feel yourself filled with the power She radiates.

twinkling star bar

The Name

by Gwydion Pendderwen

She is the howling of the many winds;
Her name is the five seasons of the year.
Lover of the first Lord,
Mother of the Dozen Gods who walk the starry way;
Sister and Wife to the Bearer of Light.
Woman She is, of the Proud Passionate Power,
White and Blue at once, Yet of the Rainbow,
Black as the Void of Blackest Dreaming.

twinkling star bar

Blessing

by Victor Anderson

from Thorns of the Blood Rose Copyright 1970

You Whom all saints revile and sages name
Mother of harlots and iniquities,
Fro Whom the faithful bore the wrack and flame
Confessing vilest deeds and blasphemies:
By Earth, Your fertile body, blessed be,
And by the Living Waters of Your womb,
With Air, Your breath that moves upon the sea
And summons life green-springing from the tomb,
By Fire, Your spirit, blessed be with power
The children of Your love born unto wrath:
May light and cleansing in the unclean hour
Shine from Your moon-white brow upon their path,
Each unto each, eternal in love's way,
All blessed and illumined, Evo-He.

twinkling star bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity2.html>

20 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 1 Oct 2025

Jun NOV Nov

17

2001 2002 2006

About this capture

bar

The Blue God

bar

Of great importance among the deities of Feri is the Blue God, who is, in fact, not always blue. He is the consort of the Star Goddess, and the parallel of the Corn Maiden. He is called by many names:

Dia-na-Glas; Dian-na-Glas; Dia-ny-Glas; Dian-y-Glas = Blue or Blue-Grey God (Welsh)

He is visualized as silvery blue or sky blue.

My teachers have spelled it all of the above ways.

I'd love to know the correct Welsh form.

Malik Taus, Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel (Yezidi)

Sugaar, Wing'ed Serpent (Basque)

the Nine Spotted Serpent in the Well

Living Rainbow

Lord of the Painted Fan

The True Bird of Paradise

the Flower King

the Singer in the Wood

the Light of the World

Lucifer, the Light Bringer

El Shaitan, Self-Fire

Lemba; Lembé; the Green Boy, the Gentle One

Tammuz (Mesopotamian)

Okin Oba Aye (Yoruba)

Hyakinthos (Greek); the Blue Boy

Vishnu with his Cobra; Krishna (Hindu)

He is associated with Spring, Youth, and Potency, and our personal Divine Spirit. He is sometimes called the Bird Spirit and is actually embodied in our God-Self. We send energy through our God-Self to work our magic.

For visualization purposes he is described as youthful and androgynous with the breasts

of a barely adolescent girl and an erect penis. He has a light voice, like a boy's before it changes, but he is fully potent. Around his neck is a serpent and in his hair are peacock eye-feathers.

His symbol is a golden peacock with a silver star on its breast.

bar

Meet the Blue God

You are in a forest at dawn. It is spring. The trees are a tender green, rustling gently with new leaves. Birds are beginning to sing and fly about the tree tops. You smell the fresh scent of the young plants.

Before you is a gently trickling spring, surrounded by delicate flowers. Hyacinths, narcissus, and lilies nod their heads over the pool. Breathe deeply of their sweet hypnotic fragrance.

Gaze into the rippling waters and chant repeatedly, until the presence of the Dia-na-glas manifests:

Blue God
Winged Serpent,
Living Rainbow,
Lord of the Painted Fan

bar

Invocation to the Peacock Lord

Victor Anderson

Malik Taus,

We call to You,

our Lord of the Painted Fan,

At whose joyous cry the Sun rises in Paradise.

You, who shake Your tail,

and fill all Seven Heavens with Thunder!

Come and shine Your many-colored lights within us!

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

Back to the Feri Crossroads Signpost

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

11 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
May NOV Dec
19
2001 2002 2007

About this capture
bar

The Corn Maiden

The Corn Maiden is the youthful female deity parallel to the Blue God, and is something of a trickster. But do not mistake her child-like form for a lack of power. She is an aspect of the Star Goddess and partakes of everything that She is. Her behavior embodies the Black Heart of Innocence, one of the essential tenets of Feri.

Note that "corn" is used here in its British sense, meaning any grain, especially the most commonly eaten grain of a particular region or culture. The Corn Maiden is the Spirit of New Growth, both of plants and of animals.

Feri Child by Brian Froud

Nimuë (Welsh)

White One

Laughing Maiden

Lady of the Well

Spring Queen

La Niña de los Flores

The Black Virgin of the Outer Dark

For the purposes of visualization, she has two forms:

First, she is 12 years old, her body is shining, pearlescent white. She holds in her hand a silver bow, while on her head is a 6-day-old crescent moon, horns up.

Second, she is 6 to 8 years old, glowing pink with curly pale golden hair.

In either form, because of her youth, she is somewhat androgynous. Nonetheless, she still embodies the energy which brings all into being, which in humans is sexual energy, a great Passion. Imagine all the power of the Cosmos in the hands of a six-year-old...

Her symbol is the new crescent moon.

Corn Maiden Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 39: Waxing Moon Meditation.

Visualize a silver crescent moon, curving to the right. She is the beginning of power, of

growth, of generation. She is wild and untamed, like ideas and plans before they are tempered with reality. She is the blank page, the unplowed field. Feel your own hidden possibilities and latent potentials, your power to begin and grow. See her as a silver haired girl running freely through the forest under the slim moon. She is Virgin, eternally unpenetrated, belonging to no one but herself. Call her name, "Nimuë!" and feel her power within you.

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page
Back to the Feri Crossroads Index

Art by Brian Froud

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity4.html>
7 captures
8 Sep 2001 - 22 Oct 2009
Jun FEB Aug
14
2002 2005 2009

About this capture

bar

The Harvest Lord

He is the Spirit of Light and Heat, the ripeness of Summer, and the fullness of Manhood. There is nothing androgynous about him. He is often considered the consort of and parallel of the goddess Mari. At the same time, He, too, is a reflection in a dark mirror of the Star Goddess.

Twr (Welsh) = tower = oak

Lugh (Irish)

Krom; Chrom, the many-colored one

The Corn King (where corn=primary grain of the culture)

Lord of the Sun

Hu the Mighty

The Antlered One

Crainonis, Karanos, Karayos, Cernunnos, Krana, Kronos (in a variety of Near Eastern and European languages)

He is visualized as a man with the head of a horned stag, although he may also have the head of an antelope or another horned animal common to one's region. He is entirely golden, in shades of gold, his body, his hair, his horns. About his neck is a garland of beautiful colored flowers and fresh green leaves.

His symbol is the Sun.

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity5.html>

5 captures

13 May 2001 - 23 Oct 2009

Nov FEB Aug

19

2002 2004 2009

About this capture

The Great Mother

She is the Spirit of Earth and Sea and Sky, the Mother of All. The World is Her Body. But She is not merely a birth mother, for She is also a matriarch, an administrator, an executive. Sometimes considered the consort of the Horned Harvest Lord, there is nothing androgynous about Her, as She embodies full, actively manifest Womanhood.

Mari (Basque)

Tiamat (Mesopotamian)

Diana (Roman)

Ashtart, Astarte, Ashtaroth, Ashtoreth

(the first is her actual Phoenician name, the second is the well-known Greek form, the last two are Hebrew perversions of the original Phoenician)

Yoni Gorri, the Red Mari (Gypsy)

Parvati, Devi (Hindu)

She is visualized as tall and naked, standing on the Sea. Her long black hair covers her

like a veil. Her body is silver. She has 12 stars around her head, or in some descriptions, 6 and 7. Her breasts are full and heavy, and Her belly is rounded and swollen. She is ripe.

Her symbol is the Full Moon.

Great Mother Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, in Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 40: Full Moon Meditation.

Visualize a round full moon. She is the Mother, the power of fruition. She nourishes what the New Moon has begun. See her open arms, her full breasts, her womb burgeoning with life.

Feel your own power to nurture, to give, to make manifest what is possible. She is the sexual woman; her pleasure in union is the moving force that sustains all life. Feel the power in your own pleasure, in orgasm. Her color is the red of blood, which is life. Call her name "Mari!" and feel your own ability to love.

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Arthur Rackham

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity5.html>

5 captures

13 May 2001 - 23 Oct 2009

Nov FEB Aug

19

2002 2004 2009

[About this capture](#)

The Great Mother

She is the Spirit of Earth and Sea and Sky, the Mother of All. The World is Her Body. But She is not merely a birth mother, for She is also a matriarch, an administrator, an executive. Sometimes considered the consort of the Horned Harvest Lord, there is nothing androgynous about Her, as She embodies full, actively manifest Womanhood.

Mari (Basque)

Tiamat (Mesopotamian)

Diana (Roman)

Ashtart, Astarte, Ashtaroth, Ashtoreth

(the first is her actual Phoenician name, the second is the well-known Greek form, the last two are Hebrew perversions of the original Phoenician)

Yoni Gorri, the Red Mari (Gypsy)

Parvati, Devi (Hindu)

She is visualized as tall and naked, standing on the Sea. Her long black hair covers her like a veil. Her body is silver. She has 12 stars around her head, or in some descriptions, 6 and 7. Her breasts are full and heavy, and Her belly is rounded and swollen. She is ripe.

Her symbol is the Full Moon.

Great Mother Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in *The Spiral Dance*, in Chapter 5: The Goddess, Exercise 40: Full Moon Meditation.

Visualize a round full moon. She is the Mother, the power of fruition. She nourishes what the New Moon has begun. See her open arms, her full breasts, her womb burgeoning with life.

Feel your own power to nurture, to give, to make manifest what is possible. She is the sexual woman; her pleasure in union is the moving force that sustains all life. Feel the power in your own pleasure, in orgasm. Her color is the red of blood, which is life. Call her name "Mari!" and feel your own ability to love.

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

Art by Arthur Rackham

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity4.html>

7 captures

8 Sep 2001 - 22 Oct 2009

Jun FEB Aug

14

2002 2005 2009

About this capture

bar

The Harvest Lord

He is the Spirit of Light and Heat, the ripeness of Summer, and the fullness of Manhood. There is nothing androgynous about him. He is often considered the consort of and parallel of the goddess Mari. At the same time, He, too, is a reflection in a dark mirror of the Star Goddess.

Twr (Welsh) = tower = oak

Lugh (Irish)

Krom; Chrom, the many-colored one

The Corn King (where corn=primary grain of the culture)

Lord of the Sun

Hu the Mighty

The Antlered One

Crainonis, Karanos, Karayos, Cernunnos, Krana, Kronos (in a variety of Near Eastern and European languages)

He is visualized as a man with the head of a horned stag, although he may also have the head of an antelope or another horned animal common to one's region. He is entirely golden, in shades of gold, his body, his hair, his horns. About his neck is a garland of beautiful colored flowers and fresh green leaves.

His symbol is the Sun.

bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity6.html>

10 captures

19 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009

Nov FEB Aug

14

2002 2005 2009

About this capture

bare dead branch bar

The Winter King

He is the Spirit of Winter and Death. He may well embody what we fear. He is the Guardian of the Crossroads of the Path of the Living and the Path of the Spirits. All devils are derived from Him. His partner or parallel is The Crone.

Arddu = Royal Darkness = The Black One

(Welsh, pronounced either "ard-thee" or "ar-zee")

Ankou (Breton)

The Dark Lord

Bringer of Death

King of the Dead

Shepherd of Souls

The Great Teacher

Giver of Wisdom and Knowledge

Guardian of the Mysteries

Myrddin = Merlin (Welsh)

Shiva, the Destroyer (Hindu)

Once again, the divine moves toward androgyny. This god is visualized with the drooping breasts of an old woman on a human torso. He has a goat's head and lower body, and big black bat wings. On his forehead glows a large red jewel and between his horns is a flaming torch.

His symbol is the Skull and Crossbones.

bare dead branch bar

[Back to the Feri Deity Page](#)

[Back to the Feri Crossroads Index](#)

This banner does not reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeity7.html>

7 captures

19 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Dec NOV Aug

21

2000 2002 2009

About this capture

*** bare thorny vine bar***

The Crone

She is the Spirit of Night, the sleeping body of the Earth in Winter. Because She is no longer fertile, there is something androgynous about Her. Her partner is the androgynous Winter King.

Anu, Ana, Anna, Annys, Anysa (Celtic)

The Hag

Queen of the Dead

Black Ana of the Forbidden Mysteries

Cerridwen (Welsh)

Arianrhod of the Silver Wheel (Welsh)

the Morrighu (Irish)

Kali (Hindu)

She is visualized most often as an old woman in a black hooded cloak with pure white hair and skin. She carries a silver sickle and She is crowned with nine blue stars.

She has a second form, called Ulli, a sweet old grandmother whose color is royal blue.

Her symbol is the Crow or Raven, in some cases the Vulture.

Crone Visualization

Starhawk has a useful meditation on Her in The Spiral Dance, Exercise 41: Waning Moon Meditation, in Chapter 5: The Goddess.

Visualize a waning crescent, curving to the left, surrounded by a black sky. She is the Old Woman, the Crone, who has passed menopause, the power of ending, of death. All things must end to fulfill their beginnings. The grain that was planted must be cut down. The blank page must be destroyed for the work to be written. Life feeds on death - death leads on to life, and in that knowledge lies wisdom. The Crone is the Wise Woman, infinitely old.

Feel your own age, the wisdom of evolution stored in every cell of your body. Know your

own power to end, to lose as well as to gain, to destroy what is stagnant and decayed. See the Crone, cloaked in black, under the waning moon. Call her name, "Anu!" and feel her power in your own death.

bare thorny vine bar

Back to the Feri Deity Page
Back to the Feri Crossroads Index

The banners displayed below do not reflect my suggestions, choices or recommendations

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardians.html>
15 captures
11 Jul 2000 - 1 Oct 2025
Jul JUN Sep
19
2000 2002 2006

About this capture
The Faery Tradition
Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic PeacockThe Guardians of Feri

While the seven Guardians of the Feri Circle are generally considered Elemental and related to Directions, ultimately they are neither so narrow nor so focused. I will present them here with their elemental and directional associations, although Feri initiates know that they are not quite so Earth bound.

In the legends of the Feri tradition, the Guardians are the Nephilim. We interpret this word to mean Cloud People. They are also sometimes called The Watchers. They came from among the stars where they were born. When humanity was in its infancy the Nephilim blended with us, and their descendents are the Faerie people, our Feri ancestors, the source of the Feri Tradition.

The Guardians are usually invoked during the casting of the ritual circle, but are not necessarily invoked during magical work. While for general purposes the Guardians of the East and South are male, and the Guardians of the West and North are female, they,

like the human spirit, are ultimately androgynous, not merely male or merely female, but not neuter.

Students of Feri spend time working with each individual guardian. The names given here are one set of public names. The Guardians have other secret names.

The Guardians

The Guardian of the East is Star Finder who represents the power of Knowledge.
The Guardian of the South is Shining Flame who represents the power of Truth.
The Guardian of the West is Water Maker who represents the power of Love.
The Guardian of the North is Black Mother who represents the power of Wisdom.
The Guardian of the Zenith (above) is Heaven Shiner. and they represent the power of Pure Consciousness.
The Guardian of the Nadir (below) is Fire in the Earth.
The Guardian of the Center is called the Guardian of the Gates

Standard Invocations, Visualizations, Meditations
of the Feri Guardians
Star Finder

Shining Flame

Water Maker

Black Mother

Heaven Shiner

Fire in the Earth

the Guardian of the Gates

** bar **

Follow the Road to Faery
A Feri Creation Story
The Feri Deities

A Few Basic Feri Exercises

Some Recommended Feri-Related Reading

Feri Roads Index

Interesting Feri and Faery Related Links

Introduction to the Feri Tradition

** grass **

Peacocks courtesy of Dover Celtic Clip Art

Title created by me

Bars found on the web

The banner displayed below does not imply approval or recommendation

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian1.html>

8 captures

25 May 2000 - 23 Oct 2009

Sep OCT Nov

03

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

StarFinder

Air

invoked in the East

Star Finder:

Walker on the Wind

that roars in the dark

between the stars,

Guardian of the Rising Sun.

Star Finder represents the power of Knowledge.

He appears before the rising sun. His body is transparent golden yellow, his eyes are two very bright light blue stars, and he has great wings colored pale violet. In his right hand he holds a rod of sapphire, bound with gold at the top and silver at the bottom.

The invocation above is often used in semi-public Feri rituals. It, the visualisation, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know Star Finder, sit meditatively, preferably in the east and at dawn and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize Star Finder, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Guardian Meditation 2

Arrange a small altar in the East, with a yellow candle, appropriate incense and a bell on it.

Sit facing the East, with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element air.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is golden, your hair is pale violet, and your eyes and nails are glowing white.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Resonance and Clarity of Air.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing yellow half-circle in your throat.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Star Finder

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing yellow pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the yellow pentacle dissolves, becoming Star Finder, a transparent golden yellow humanoid figure, with eyes like very bright light blue stars, great wings of pale violet, and holding a rod of sapphire, bound with gold at the top and silver at the bottom in his right hand.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the bright yellow half-circle in your throat becomes a figure of Star Finder.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Star Finder in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Star Finder in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Star Finder for the duration of 12 breaths.
Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:
Star Finder, I thank you.
May we be in harmony, now and forever.
I bid you hale and farewell.

Follow the Road to Faery
Next Shining Flame-Guardian of the South

Back The Feri Guardians

Index Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian2.html>
7 captures
25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009
Jan OCT Oct
09
2000 2002 2008

About this capture
Shining Flame
Fire
invoked in the South

Shining Flame:
Burning Whirlpool of
Hope and Destruction,
Scarlet Flash of Fire,
Guardian of the Liquid Flame.
Shining Flame represents the power of Truth.

He appears in the desert at high noon. His body is transparent ruby red, and he is surrounded by a cloud of fire like the teardrop shape of a candle flame. In his right hand he holds a sword of bright blue metal.

The invocation above is often used in semi-public Feri rituals. It, the visualisation, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know Shining Flame, sit meditatively, preferably in the west and at noon and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize Shining Flame, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Guardian Meditation 2

Arrange a small altar in the South, with a red candle and a bell on it.

Sit facing the South, with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Fire.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is red, your hair is yellow, and your eyes and nails are flame blue.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Strength and Potency of Fire.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing red triangle just above your genitals.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Shining Flame

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing red pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,
I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the red pentacle dissolves, becoming Shining Flame, a ruby red humanoid surrounded by a teardrop shaped cloud of fire, holding a sword of bright blue metal in his right hand.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the bright red triangle above your genitals becomes a figure of Shining Flame.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Shining Flame in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Shining Flame in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Shining Flame for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Shining Flame, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and Farewell.

Follow the Road to Faery

Next Water Maker-Guardian of the West

Back The Feri Guardians

Index Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian3.html>

21 captures

3 Jun 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

May NOV Apr

27

2000 2002 2005

About this capture

Water Maker

Water
invoked in the West

Water Maker:
Pourer, Giver of Dreams,
Lady of the Deep Ones,
Serpent of the Watery Abyss.
Water Maker represents the power of Love.

She appears in the form of a great dragon, rising from the sea, cascades of water gushing from her jaws. Her body is transparent green, surrounded by the colors of sunset. In her left paw she holds a silver chalice.

The invocation above is often used in semi-public Feri rituals. It, the visualisation, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know Water Maker, sit meditatively, preferably in the west and at dusk and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize Water Maker, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Guardian Meditation 2

Arrange a small altar in the West, with a blue candle and a bell on it.

Sit facing the West, with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Water.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is dark green, your hair is blue, and your eyes and nails are deep purple.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Fluidity of Water.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing blue sphere in your chest.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Water Maker

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing blue pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the blue pentacle dissolves, becoming Water Maker, a transparent green dragon, rising from the sea with cascades of water gushing from her jaws, surrounded by the colors of sunset, holding a silver chalice in her left paw.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing blue sphere in your chest becomes a figure of Water Maker.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Water Maker in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Water Maker in front of you move forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Water Maker for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Water Maker, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, now and forever.

I bid you hale and farewell.

Follow the Road to Faery

Next Black Mother-Guardian of the North

BackThe Feri Guardians

IndexFeri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian4.html>

10 captures

30 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Sep OCT Nov

04

2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Black Mother
Earth
invoked in the North

Black Mother
of a Thousand Young,
Goat of the Woods,
Guardian of the Deep Well of Space.
Black Mother represents the power of Wisdom.

Appearing in a deep cave at midnight, she is a jet-black goat with silver horns and golden eyes, suckling a thousand children, and surrounded by a halo of flickering blue fire. Her left hoof rests on a perfect cube of green stone on which is engraved a pentacle.

The invocation above is often used in semi-public Feri rituals. It, the visualisation, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know Black Mother, sit meditatively, preferably in the North and at dawn and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize Black Mother, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Guardian Meditation 2

Arrange a small altar in the North, with a green or black candle, a pentacle of stone, and a bell on it.

Sit facing the North, with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Earth.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is jet black, your hair is dark green, and your eyes and nails are blue.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Solidity and Structure of Earth.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing green cube in your solar plexus.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Black Mother

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing green pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the green pentacle dissolves, becoming Black Mother, a jet black goat with silver horns and golden eyes, suckling a thousand children, in a cave deep in the earth at midnight, surrounded by a halo of flickering blue fire, resting her left hoof upon a cube of green stone upon which is engraved a pentacle.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing green cube in your solar plexus becomes a figure of Black Mother.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Black Mother in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Black Mother in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Black Mother for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Black Mother, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and Farewell.

Follow the Road to Faery

Next The Guardians of Above, Below, and Center

Back The Feri Guardians

Index Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian5-6-7.html>

9 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Jun OCT Oct

03

2000 2002 2008

About this capture

The Guardians of Ether

** bar **

Heaven Shiner

Ether

invoked Above

All Four Stars are One.

by the Goddess above,

I invoke the Heaven Shiner.

The Guardian of the Zenith appears as a frontal facing humanoid silhouette of indeterminate gender, a blackness blazing with stars.

** bar **

Fire in the Earth

Ether

invoked Below

All Four Stars are One.

by the Goddess below,

I invoke the Fire in the Earth.

The Guardian of the Nadir appears as a great fish coiled in a circle, with dark brown scales flecked with green and blue iridescence, carry a burning ember in its mouth.

** bar **

Guardian of the Gates
Ether
invoked in the Center

And by the Center,
which is the Circumference of All.
Open the Gate,
that I may learn the Mysteries.

The Guardian of the Center is the Guardian of the Gates and represents the power of Pure Consciousness. There is no outer court visualization given to students. I suggest imagining this Guardian as transparent, nearly colorless, androgynous, whirling ceaselessly, with sparks of light flashing from it.

** bar **

The invocations are often used in semi-public Feri rituals. They, the visualisations for Above and Below, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri. The visualisation for the Center is mine.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know each of the Guardians of Ether, sit meditatively, in the most suitable direction and at the most suitable time and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize the Guardian, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Don't do all three at once, but rather one at a time on different days, starting with Above, then Below, and finally the Center.

Guardian Meditation 2

Heaven Shiner

Arrange a small altar in the North, with a violet or white candle and a bell on it.
Sit facing the altar with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Ether.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is violet, your hair is deep blue, and your eyes

and nails are black.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Awareness and Radiance of Ether.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing violet pentacle in the center of your head.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Heaven Shiner

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing violet pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the violet pentacle dissolves, becoming Heaven Shiner, a humanoid figure of indeterminate gender, seen in frontal silhouette: a blackness blazing with stars.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing violet pentacle in the center of your head becomes a figure of Heaven Shiner.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Heaven Shiner in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Heaven Shiner in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Heaven Shiner for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Heaven Shiner, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and Farewell.

Fire in the Earth

Arrange a small altar in the North, with a violet or white candle and a bell on it.

Sit facing the altar with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Ether.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is violet, your hair is deep blue, and your eyes and nails are black.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Awareness and Radiance of Ether.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing violet pentacle, point down, in your perineum.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Fire in the Earth

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing violet pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the violet pentacle dissolves, becoming Fire in the Earth, a great fish coiled in a circle, with dark brown scales flecked with green and blue iridescence, carrying a burning ember in its mouth.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing violet pentacle in your perineum becomes a figure of Fire in the Earth.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Fire in the Earth in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Fire in the Earth in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Fire in the Earth for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Fire in the Earth, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and farewell.

** bar **

Follow the Road to Faery

An Introduction to the Victor Anderson Feri Tradition

A Feri Creation Story

The Feri Guardians

The Feri Deities

A Few Basic Feri Exercises

Some Recommended Feri-Related Reading

Interesting Feri and Faery Related Links

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardian5-6-7.html>

9 captures

8 Jul 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

Jun OCT Oct

03

2000 2002 2008

About this capture

The Guardians of Ether

** bar **

Heaven Shiner

Ether

invoked Above

All Four Stars are One.

by the Goddess above,

I invoke the Heaven Shiner.

The Guardian of the Zenith appears as a frontal facing humanoid silhouette of indeterminate gender, a blackness blazing with stars.

** bar **

Fire in the Earth

Ether

invoked Below

All Four Stars are One.

by the Goddess below,

I invoke the Fire in the Earth.

The Guardian of the Nadir appears as a great fish coiled in a circle, with dark brown scales flecked with green and blue iridescence, carry a burning ember in its mouth.

** bar **

Guardian of the Gates

Ether

invoked in the Center

And by the Center,
which is the Circumference of All.
Open the Gate,
that I may learn the Mysteries.

The Guardian of the Center is the Guardian of the Gates and represents the power of Pure Consciousness. There is no outer court visualization given to students. I suggest imagining this Guardian as transparent, nearly colorless, androgynous, whirling ceaselessly, with sparks of light flashing from it.

** bar **

The invocations are often used in semi-public Feri rituals. They, the visualisations for Above and Below, and the meditations below were developed in part by Gabriel, the founder of the Blood Rose school of Feri. The visualisation for the Center is mine.

Guardian Meditation 1

To get to know each of the Guardians of Ether, sit meditatively, in the most suitable direction and at the most suitable time and cast the Circle silently. Relax, breathing slowly and deeply. When you are in a deep meditative state, visualize the Guardian, repeating its name until the Guardian arrives. The Guardian will not necessarily come in the form of the standard visualization. Be open to any manifestation, but remain aware of your physical environment the whole time. Hold the visualization for a count of 108 breaths, then close the Circle, ending by bowing to the direction, thanking the Guardian.

Don't do all three at once, but rather one at a time on different days, starting with Above, then Below, and finally the Center.

Guardian Meditation 2

Heaven Shiner

Arrange a small altar in the North, with a violet or white candle and a bell on it.
Sit facing the altar with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Ether.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is violet, your hair is deep blue, and your eyes and nails are black.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Awareness and Radiance of Ether.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing violet pentacle in the center of your head.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Heaven Shiner

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing violet pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the violet pentacle dissolves, becoming Heaven Shiner, a humanoid figure of indeterminate gender, seen in frontal silhouette: a blackness blazing with stars.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing violet pentacle in the center of your head becomes a figure of Heaven Shiner.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Heaven Shiner in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Heaven Shiner in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Heaven Shiner for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Heaven Shiner, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and Farewell.

Fire in the Earth

Arrange a small altar in the North, with a violet or white candle and a bell on it.

Sit facing the altar with your eyes closed. With three breaths visualize your body as

hollow.

With 12 breaths fill your body with the element Ether.

Cross your arms over your chest left over right.

With 12 breaths imagine that your skin is violet, your hair is deep blue, and your eyes and nails are black.

Maintaining that visualization, take 12 breaths absorbing the Awareness and Radiance of Ether.

With 12 more breaths visualize a glowing violet pentacle, point down, in your perineum.

Bend forward from the waist, then sit back up, and repeat three times out loud, ringing the bell each time:

Fire in the Earth

Extend the fingers of your power hand. With your right hand draw a blazing violet pentacle in the air in front of you.

Hold your hand in the horned position (the Corno), your baby finger and index finger extended, the middle two bent down and held over your palm by your thumb and say:

I stand at the gate,

I turn the key,

Now walk the earth.

So mote it be.

Then place your palms flat against your chest.

With 12 breaths imagine that the violet pentacle dissolves, becoming Fire in the Earth, a great fish coiled in a circle, with dark brown scales flecked with green and blue iridescence, carrying a burning ember in its mouth.

With 12 more breaths imagine that the glowing violet pentacle in your perineum becomes a figure of Fire in the Earth.

With 12 breaths imagine that the figure of Fire in the Earth in your throat grows to the size of your body, while the figure of Fire in the Earth in front of you moves forward and merges with you.

Visualize yourself as Fire in the Earth for the duration of 12 breaths.

Bow forward from the waist, then rise back to sitting with your power hand extended before you in salutation, your thumb and little finger touching, the other three fingers extended. Say:

Fire in the Earth, I thank you.

May we be in harmony, Now and forever.

I bid you Hale and farewell.

** bar **

Follow the Road to Faery

An Introduction to the Victor Anderson Feri Tradition

A Feri Creation Story

The Feri Guardians

The Feri Deities

A Few Basic Feri Exercises

Some Recommended Feri-Related Reading

Interesting Feri and Faery Related Links

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faecreation.html>

9 captures

25 May 2000 - 22 Oct 2009

May FEB Feb

15

2000 2002 2005

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

The Basic Feri Creation Myth

How the Star Goddess

Created the Universe and the Deities

Versions here from:

Brian Dragon

Starhawk

and

Francesca De Grandis

From Brian Dragon:

The ultimate origin of all existence was a "pregnant" void, represented by the matho-mystic concept of zero. This void is the ultimate creatrix, the supreme deity of monotheists. We call this thing The Star Goddess and thereby refer to the vast vaults of space, the dark belly of limitless night. In order to experience the thrill of creation, this Star Goddess, like a grandmother of the Gods, polarized Herself into the ultimate Dualism from which all other dualities derive their nature. Through the act of distinguishing light or motion as a new event, the Goddess now became an object of

comparison, a dark to temper the light, a peace to crown the motion. In this wise, She is like Her own daughter, she has now become "female" through comparison to the "male", who mythically can be her brother, lover, and/or son.

When the Star Goddess would experience creation, she looked to her right in the black mirror of space and saw herself reflected veriously. Near to Her the reflections were much like Her, but far away in the mirror she assumed a new and radical form, that of the king Krom, the father and god of all colored-light, the far pole of energy. Looking left, She saw the new concept of "fe-maleness" played out likewise in reflections of Her own face viewed in many ways or aspects that comprise all the aspects of the Goddess. Farthest away She beholds Herself as the ultimate female: Mari.

The gods can manifest through infinite aspects and any aspect can be named. The "Reflections of the Star Goddess" teaches us to interpret these "many" faces as "coloring" of the Star Goddess. Such colorings are categorized according to the function of the god in question. Three functions are commonly used, called Wacing, Full, and Waning (after the astronomical terms). As the Waxing gods develop from out of the Star Goddess, they are first very similar, sharing especially the vigor of youth. This vigor is their most important attribute, overshadowing any incidental gender functions; hence such gods are conceived of as androgynous to lesser and greater degrees. Farthest away from the eternal belly of the Star Goddess (in either direction) we see Her manifest in radical female and radical male form. These are the greatest artifice of Her creative genius, the gods Mari and Krom.

NOTE: In this version, the Mirror of Space is curved, and Mari and Krom, the most female and male aspects of the Star Goddess are the farthest from Her. Closest to Her, moving outward are Dian-y-Glas and Nimue, the youthful deities who are androgynous, and returning back toward Her are Arddu and Ana, the aged deities who are androgynous.

From Starhawk:

Alone, awesome, complete within Herself, the Goddess, She whose name cannot be spoken, floated in the abyss of the outer darkness, before the beginning of all things. As She looked into the curved mirror of black space, She saw by her own light her radiant reflection, and fell in love with it. She drew it forth by the power that was in Her and made love to Herself, and called Her "Miria, the Wonderful".

Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, was, or ever shall be, and with the song came motion, waves that poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled with love, swollen with love, and She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits that filled the worlds and became all beings.

But in that great movement, Miria was swept away, and as She moved out from the

Goddess She became more masculine. First She became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then She became the Green One, vine-covered, rooted in the earth, the spirit of all growing things. At last She became the Horned God, the Hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and yet dark as Death. But always desire draws Him back toward the Goddess, so that He circles Her eternally, seeking to return in love.

All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher or wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

NOTE: Starhawk's version of the myth ends here. Since the creation has no beginning or end, we can imagine the energy that is Miria returning toward the Star Goddess, first becoming somewhat more feminine, as the infertile but wise Crone, then the sexual and fertile Mother, and finally the wild, untamed virgin girl-child, belonging to no one but herself, until once again the energy returns to the Star Goddess, from whom all things emerge and unto whom all things return.

From Francesca De Grandis:

The Mother Before Creation is walking in the outer darkness. Her steps touch nothing. Her steps touch Herself, who is all things. She uses space as a mirror. This mirror is known as the Mirror of Darkness. In it, the Mother Before Creation is as vast as a starless universe, like sleep without dreams, like sleep in which all dreams reside. She draws the image from the mirror into space and calls her "Miri-el", which means "Beautiful One from God". Each is virgin: unspoiled sexuality in all its freshness. Yet old beyond time, each kissing the other with all the ripeness and experience of a dying courtesan. They make love, each desiring the other as much as they desire the Self.

Then Miriel moves away from the Mother Before Creation so dark emptiness lightens to cobalt blue as she becomes Dian-Y-Glas, The Blue God. The Great Mother says to Him, "They shall never take you from me. Whatever from you take, because you are my word, my hammer, and my seal, you shall return to me in your present form. And this our love shall be forever. And through our sexual union all things shall be created and are created, all things which were and are not, and are yet to be.

Here are some of Francesca's comments on the myth in her book *Be a Goddess!*:

One mystery revealed in this myth is the true nature of darkness, embodied in the universe as the Mother's mirror. In the Christian creation myth, God looked into the darkness, into the void, and decided to make something to fill it. And henceforth He remained separate from that which He created, outside of nature and humanity. The theological implication is that God is too good to be a part of nature, and thinks the material world evil.

How much more sense it makes that the Goddess saw Herself as that void, that darkness, and from that loving, vital, dark womb all things were created. Instead of condemning the material world, She not only saw it as Herself, but loved and embraced it, just as She embraces us whenever we call on Her. The belief that the Goddess is within us and all of nature is called immanence, and implies that nature is good and sacred

...Darkness... is not evil; it is the darkness of spring nights when lovers court, of the rich soil from which our food is grown. It is the darkness that a child finds when snuggled under the covers at night while a mother whispers tender words of loving reassurance.

The Goddess's dark immanence also makes sense in terms of physics: past the lighted atmosphere of earth is mostly darkness. The cosmos is not, as some would have it, a balance of light and dark, but mostly darkness. Furthermore, most of an atom is empty space; there is very little matter to the material world. Existence consists mostly of the emptiness between the particles of the atom... So most of reality is dark and empty. But just as the dark is not evil, so this is not an evil emptiness. This emptiness is the Mother Herself, replete with Her love and fecundity. Sweet mirror of darkness! O luminous darkness.

Darkness is not only our shadow, but also the mirror through which we find our essential and beautiful selves... When in darkness, it is crucial that we not hide in it, but face its gift and its challenge. Especially there, we need to be true and authentic! O luminous darkness.

The Feri Deities
Feri Roads Index

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faeguardians.html>
15 captures
11 Jul 2000 - 1 Oct 2025
Jul JUN Sep
19
2000 2002 2006

About this capture
The Faery Tradition

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacock
purple and turquoise Celtic Peacock
The Guardians of Feri

While the seven Guardians of the Feri Circle are generally considered Elemental and related to Directions, ultimately they are neither so narrow nor so focused. I will present them here with their elemental and directional associations, although Feri initiates know that they are not quite so Earth bound.

In the legends of the Feri tradition, the Guardians are the Nephilim. We interpret this word to mean Cloud People. They are also sometimes called The Watchers. They came from among the stars where they were born. When humanity was in its infancy the Nephilim blended with us, and their descendents are the Faerie people, our Feri ancestors, the source of the Feri Tradition.

The Guardians are usually invoked during the casting of the ritual circle, but are not necessarily invoked during magical work. While for general purposes the Guardians of the East and South are male, and the Guardians of the West and North are female, they, like the human spirit, are ultimately androgynous, not merely male or merely female, but not neuter.

Students of Feri spend time working with each individual guardian. The names given here are one set of public names. The Guardians have other secret names.

The Guardians

The Guardian of the East is Star Finder who represents the power of Knowledge.
The Guardian of the South is Shining Flame who represents the power of Truth.
The Guardian of the West is Water Maker who represents the power of Love.
The Guardian of the North is Black Mother who represents the power of Wisdom.
The Guardian of the Zenith (above) is Heaven Shiner. and they represent the power of Pure Consciousness.
The Guardian of the Nadir (below) is Fire in the Earth.
The Guardian of the Center is called the Guardian of the Gates

Standard Invocations, Visualizations, Meditations
of the Feri Guardians
Star Finder

Shining Flame

Water Maker

Black Mother

Heaven Shiner

Fire in the Earth

the Guardian of the Gates

** bar **

Follow the Road to Faery

A Feri Creation Story

The Feri Deities

A Few Basic Feri Exercises

Some Recommended Feri-Related Reading

Feri Roads Index

Interesting Feri and Faery Related Links

Introduction to the Feri Tradition

** grass **

Peacocks courtesy of Dover Celtic Clip Art

Title created by me

Bars found on the web

The banner displayed below does not imply approval or recommendation

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faedeities.html>

12 captures

3 Jun 2000 - 28 Mar 2013

Feb NOV Feb

05

2001 2002 2005

About this capture

The Faerie Tradition

purple and turquoise Celtic Peacockpurple and turquoise Celtic PeacockThe Feri Deities

Fairy Faery Faerie Feri

There are numerous deities in the Feri Pantheon. Primary, and primal, is the Star Goddess. In one sense, all the other deities are but aspects or reflections of Her. And in one sense, She is not female, but, rather, pansexual.

Emanating from the Star Goddess are three pairs of deities, yet this is not really a dualistic pantheon. All the deities have relationships with each other, although it may not appear that way to the unfamiliar. For ultimately, all the deities are one god, and that god is not only in all things, but is all things. Therefore, we are that god and all the gods, whether we are aware of this fact or not, and whether we live in a way that is true to the spirit of the divine, hide from it, or are blind to it. And that god is the Star Goddess, who is not female or male, but both and every other possibility besides.

In Feri training, we learn how to become fully aware of our own God-Self, of all the aspects of the Divine that we are able to, of the ultimate Divine quality that is us.

The Faerie Creation Tale

The Star Goddess

The Blue God	The Corn Maiden
The Harvest Lord	The Great Mother
The Winter King	The Crone

*** bar***

Back
Feri Roads Index

bar

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations.

1

<http://geocities.com/athens/rhodes/5569/exercise1.html>

7 captures

9 Jul 2011 - 16 Dec 2012

Jun JUL Sep

09

2010 2011 2012

About this capture

New User? Sign Up Sign In Help Get Yahoo! Toolbar

Yahoo!

Mail

My Yahoo!

News

Finance

Sports

Yahoo! Small Business

Search

Web Search

Sorry, the GeoCities web site you were trying to reach is no longer available.

GeoCities has closed, but there's a lot more to explore on Yahoo!

Visit one of these popular Yahoo! sites:

Yahoo! Mail Web Hosting News Games Sports Movies Finance Maps

The GeoCities site you were looking for may have been preserved in the Internet Archive's Wayback Machine. To find out, visit Archive.org and enter the site's web address in the field provided.

Copyright © 2009 Yahoo! Inc. All rights reserved.

[Privacy Policy](#) - [Copyright Policy](#) - [Guidelines](#) - [Terms of Service](#) - [Help](#)

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faebooks1.html>

9 captures

25 May 2000 - 6 Aug 2015

Oct OCT Oct

09

2000 2002 2005

About this capture

Some Recommended Feri-Related Reading

Feri Books by Feris
Fifty Years in the Feri Tradition
by Cora Anderson
self-published, 1994
Thorns of the blood rose
by Victor H. Anderson
self-published, 1970 (first edition), 1980 (second edition)
Books can be ordered from:
Victor and Cora Anderson
1529-153rd Avenue
San Leandro CA 94578

Her Winged Silence: A Shaman's Notebook
by Francesca Dubie [De Grandis]
self-published, 1989
Be a Goddess! : A Guide to Celtic Spells and Wisdom for Self-Healing, Prosperity, and Great Sex
by Francesca [Dubie] De Grandis
Harper San Francisco, a division of HarperCollins, New York: 1998
ISBN: 0062515055

The Spiral Dance : A Rebirth of the Ancient Religion of the Great Goddess
by Starhawk

Harper San Francisco: 1989, 10th anniv edition
ISBN: 0062508148

Dreaming the Dark : Magic, Sex and Politics
by Starhawk

Beacon Press

New edition: 1989

ISBN: 0807010251

15th anniv edition: 1997

ISBN: 0807010375

Truth or Dare : Encounters With Power, Authority, and Mystery
by Starhawk

Harper San Francisco: 1990

ISBN: 0062508164

The Pagan Book of Living and Dying : Practical Rituals, Prayers, Blessings, and Meditations on Crossing over

by Starhawk, M. Macha Nightmare, and the Reclaiming Collective

Harper San Francisco: 1997

ISBN: 0062515160

Circle Round : Raising Children in Goddess Traditions

by Starhawk, Anne Hill, Diane Baker
Bantam Doubleday Dell Pub: 1998
ISBN: 0553100165

Author Anne Hill says "Circle Round has something for everyone. My parents are Protestant, my in-laws are Episcopalian, my children have been raised Pagan, and my teenage niece and nephew, whom we are fostering, come from a Muslim household. Diane, Starhawk and I wrote Circle Round with this kind of family diversity in mind. We have explained all the basic tenets and holidays of Goddess tradition in language that is easily accessible for people of all faiths, as well as the children in our lives."

The Fifth Sacred Thing Pagan fiction

by Starhawk

Bantam Doubleday Dell Pub: 1994
ISBN: 0553373803

Walking to Mercury, prequel to The Fifth Sacred Thing

by Starhawk

Bantam Doubleday Dell Pub: 1998
ISBN: 0553378392

Feri Tradition Source Information
[Aetheric Body]

[Kaballah]

Huna

Secret Science Behind Miracles

by Max Freedom Long

Devorss & Co: 1948

ISBN: 0875160476

The Secret Science at Work

by Max Freedom Long

Devorss & Company Publishers: 1983

ISBN: 0875160468

Recovering the Ancient Magic

by Max Freedom Long

Huna : A Beginner's Guide

by Enid Hoffman

Schiffer Publishing, Ltd.: 1997

ISBN: 0914918036

Mastering Your Hidden Self : A Guide to the Huna Way (A Quest Book)

by Serge King

Theosophical Publishing House: 1985

ISBN: 0835605914

Kahuna Healing : Holistic Health and Healing Practices of Polynesia (A Quest Book)

by Serge Kahili King

Theosophical Publishing House: 1983
ISBN:0835605728
[Sumer & Babylon]

[H. P. Lovecraft]

[Yezidi]

[Vodoun & Santeria]

Books with Information of Possible Interest to Feris
Celtic and Celtic Faery
Living Magical Arts : Imagination and Magic for the 21st Century
by R.J. Stewart

Advanced Magical Arts : Visualisation, Mediation and Ritual in the Western Magical
Tradition
by R.J. Stewart

Music and the Elemental Psyche : A Practical Guide to Music and Changing
Consciousness
by R.J. Stewart

The Underworld Initiation; A Journey Towards Psychic Transformation
by R. J. Stewart
Mercury: 1998
ISBN: 1892137038

Earth Light; The Ancient Path to Transformation, Rediscovering the Wisdom of Celtic
and Faery Lore
by R. J. Stewart
Mercury: 1998
ISBN: 1892137011

Power Within the Land; The Roots of Celtic and Underworld Traditions, Awakening the
Sleepers and Regenerating the Earth
by R. J. Stewart
Mercury: 1998
ISBN: 1892137003

The Celtic Shaman : A Handbook (Earth Quest)
by John Matthews
Element: 1991
ISBN: 1852302453

A Celtic Reader : Selections from Celtic Legend, Scholarship and Story
by John Matthews (Editor), Pamela L. Travers (Designer)
Thorsons Pub: 1992
ISBN: 1855382288

Classic Celtic Fairy Tales
by John Matthews (Editor), Ian Daniels (Illustrator)
Blandford Pr: 1997
ISBN: 0713726180

Ladies of the Lake
by Caitlin Matthews, John Matthews
Harper San Francisco:1992
ISBN: 1855380455

Tales of the Celtic Otherworld
by John Matthews (Compiler), Ian Daniels (Illustrator)
Blandford Pr: 1998
ISBN: 0713726563

From Isles of Dream : Visionary Stories and Poems of the Celtic Renaissance
by John Matthews (Editor)
Lindisfarne Books: 1993
ISBN: 0940262614

The Western Way Omnibus
by Caitlin and John Matthews
Penguin USA: 1995
ISBN: 0140194622

The Encyclopaedia of Celtic Wisdom : The Celtic Shaman's Sourcebook
by Caitlin Matthews, John Matthews
Element Books: 1996
ISBN: 1852307862

Celtic Myths, Celtic Legends
by R. J. Stewart
Blandford Pr: 1996
ISBN: 0713726210

Celtic Gods Celtic Goddesses
by Miranda Gray, Courtney Davis (illus.), R. J. Stewart
Blandford Pr: 1992
ISBN: 0713721138

Celtic Bards, Celtic Druids

by R. J. Stewart, Robin Williamson (Contributor), Chris Down (Illustrator)

Blandford Pr: 1996

ISBN: 071372563X

The Bardic Source Book : Inspirational Legacy and Teachings of the Ancient Celts

by John Matthews (Editor)

Blandford Pr: 1998

ISBN: 0713726644

The Druid Source Book

by John Matthews (Editor)

Sterling Publications: 1998

ISBN: 0713727101

Celtic Heritage : Ancient Tradition in Ireland and Wales

by Brinley and Alwyn D. Rees

Thames & Hudson: 1989

ISBN: 0500270392

Faeries and Fairies

The Real World of Fairies

by Dora Van Gelder

Theosophical Publishing House: 1977

ISBN: 0835604977

Enchantment of the Faerie Realm : Communicate With Nature Spirits and Elementals

by Ted Andrews

Llewellyn Publications: 1993

ISBN: 0875420028

A Witch's Guide to Fairy Folk : Reclaiming Our Working Relationship With Invisible Helpers

by Edain McCoy

Llewellyn Publications: 1994

ISBN: 0875427332

Fairies : Real Encounters With Little People

by Janet Bord

Carroll & Graf: 1997

ISBN: 0786704578

The Secret Life of Nature : Living in Harmony With the Hidden World of Nature Spirits from Fairies to Quarks

by Peter Tompkins
Harpercollins: 1997
ISBN: 0062508474

Nature Spirits and Elemental Beings : Working With the Intelligence of Nature
by Marko Pogacnik, Karin Werner
Findhorn Pr: 1997
ISBN: 1899171665
[mythology]

[fairies]

The Color Fairy Books
by Andrew Lang (editor)
Dover
a nice paperback series collecting fairy tales and fabulous stories from all over the world
with lovely turn-of-the-twentieth-century illustrations by Henry J. Ford and others.

The Pink Fairy Book
The Crimson Fairy Book
The Red Fairy Book
The Orange Fairy Book
The Yellow Fairy Book
The Green Fairy Book
The Blue Fairy Book
The Violet Fairy Book
The Lilac Fairy Book
The Grey Fairy Book
The Olive Fairy Book
The Brown Fairy Book
The Rainbow Fairy Book

More Books with Information of Possible Interest to Feris

Staying Healthy With the Seasons

by Elson M. Haas

Celestial Arts: 1981

ISBN: 0890873062

A Diet for All Seasons

by Elson M. Haas, Eleonora Manzolini

Celestial Arts: 1995

ISBN: 0890877327

Soul Retrieval : Mending the Fragmented Self

by Sandra Ingerman

Harper San Francisco: 1991

ISBN: 0062504061

Welcome Home : Following Your Soul's Journey Home
by Sandra Ingerman
Harper San Francisco: 1994
ISBN: 0062502670

Hands of Light : A Guide to Healing Through the Human Energy Field
by Barbara Ann Brennan, Joseph A. Smith (Illustrator)
Bantam Doubleday Dell Pub: 1993
ISBN: 05533-45397

Light Emerging : The Journey of Personal Healing
by Barbara Ann Brennan, Thomas J. Schneider
Bantam Doubleday Dell Pub: 1993
ISBN: 05533-54566

Books with General Neopagan Information

Drawing Down the Moon : Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers, and Other Pagans in America Today

by Margot Adler

Penguin USA: 1997 (originally pub. 1978)

ISBN: 014019536X

Aradia

by Charles Leland

** bar **

Follow the Road to Faery

An Introduction to the Feri Tradition

A Feri Creation Story

The Feri Guardians

The Feri Deities

A Few Basic Feri Exercises

Interesting Feri-Related Links

** soft green grass bar **

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests or choices

1

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Rhodes/5569/faelinks.html>

6 captures

10 Jul 2004 - 22 Oct 2009

Jun JUL Sep

10

2003 2004 2008

About this capture
Fae Header
Fae Links

Welcome to this Feri's Fae Links. Here are links to sites of other Feris I know on the Web, as well as sites relating to the Feri Tradition as taught by Victor Anderson. There are also a variety of links of interest to Faerie lovers in general.

What's on this page

Neopagan Victor Anderson Feri Links

Non-Neopagan Links Related to the Victor Anderson Feri Tradition

Neopagan Faery Links (Not of the Victor Anderson Feri Tradition)

Non-Neopagan Faery Links

Neopagan Non-Faery Links

bar

Neopagan Victor Anderson Feri Links

The Faery Tradition - a brief but pithy description of our tradition written by a Faery initiate

The Wiccan & Faerie Grimoire of Francesca De Grandis - a wild woman and a great teacher.

Dawnwalker's Feri Resources

Ian Lurking Bear - pages with humor, skepticism, and reverence.

Reclaiming, the organization founded by Starhawk, who was trained by Victor Anderson, and which incorporated some Feri exercises and traditions.

bar

Non-Neopagan Links Related to the Feri Tradition

Mythology, especially of the Middle East

Chris Siren's Myth Site - with information on myths of the Sumerians, Mesopotamians, Hittites, Canaanites, and much more. There is much from these areas embedded in the Faery tradition.

Mr. Pib's Myth Site

Qadash Kinahnu: A Canaanite-Phoenician Temple - the website of a Third Road initiate - lots of Near Eastern and Neopagan content, although nothing about Feri.

The Nephilim

The Forbidden Legacy of a Fallen Race: A Look at the Nephilim -

Part One

Part Two

Part Three

At the Strange Pages of Illuminations:

The Apocryphical Book of Enoch

The Nephilim

Jinn and the City of the Pillars

The Nephilim according to The Bible and other sources.

The Days of Noah and the "Sons of God" from a Christian Biblical viewpoint.

H.P.Lovecraft and The Necronomicon

At the Strange Pages of Illuminations:

Lovecraft's Necronomicon

The Necronomicon Anti-FAQ

The Truth About the Necronomicon - At "The H.P. Lovecraft Archive"

The Dan Clore Necronomicon Page

The Necronomicon in Spain

Ritual for Summoning Yog-sothoth

Necronomicon, the Ultimate in Black Magick

Cthulhoid entities, a bit of paranoid humor.

Marcus Karlssons Necronomicon page

Howard Phillips Lovecraft - Cthulhu, Necronomicon, Biography, Desktop Theme, Horror

The Cambridge University Worshippers of Cthulhu Society Home Page

Cthulhu Links

Hutchinson's Lovecraft Page

The Yezidi and Melek Taus

Some of these are sponsored by the Yezidi or organizations that promote their protection, some are, well, a bit occult...

Yezidi Web

The Yezidi Kurds in Armenia one world multimedia: photojournalism

Yazidism

CCC33 - Yezidi Source Project

Tantra

TantraWorks

Tantra

Basque

Basque-Tenacity in religion, myth, and folklore

Mari and Sugaar

Afro-Diasphoric Religions

Yoruba House--African drumming, dancing, Ifa ceremonies

Os Orixás

Candomblé

The Quick and the Dead

Lily Díaz Puerto Rican Santería

yo soy hechicero

The Ancestors in Haitian Vodou

Vodun Information Pages

Haitian Vodoun Culture

Other

Shemhazai - a Pagan ceremonial magician with a vast store of information on or links to Mesopotamian religion and magic, Lovecraft, and the Nephilim.

bar

Neopagan Faery Links (Not of the Victor Anderson Feri Tradition)

Entrance to The Faerie Shaman

Faerie Quest Online - Sean's Site with information on Norse and Celtic Faery oriented work.

THEE REALM OV SHAHARASAI - wonderful magical erotic tales of another land

Deities ov Shaharasai

thee Gothik Faerie Grove

Kisma Stepanich's fake Celtic Faery trad - Ye Olde Faerie Tripe seems to please some folks, but Kisma's is pretty much invented out of whole cloth. Her grasp of Celtic culture, particularly Irish, is weak at best and generally non-existent. With so much actual genuine information available, this is pathetic. But, hey, she's got two books and a tarot deck published.

bar

Non-Neopagan Faery Links

Faerie Lore and Literature - a wonderful and extensive site full of fairy tales and more.

Epona's Faery Links - a collection of links to other Faery related pages.

Gwydion1s Hollow Hills

The Gateway to Faerie

Ring of Fairy Tales, Folk Tales and Mythology

Lavendise - vale of the fae

Studies in Fairy Magic

The Faery Tradition

The TirNanOc Home Page

The OtherKin Information Triad Homepage

bar

Neopagan Non-Faery Links

The Covenant of the Goddess - recognizing the legal rights of Witches and Wiccans since 1975.

The Roebuck for information about Robert Cochrane's 1734 tradition.

Feraferia - an old and precious jewel among Neopagan traditions.

The Virtual Pomegranate - WoW! Intelligent informed Pagan writing! A Pagan scholars' journal.

bar

The Feri Crossroads Index

All Faery Graphics at the top of this page from Witch Way fabulous Pagan Graphics!

This banner does not necessarily reflect my interests, choices, or recommendations

<http://www.cog.org/wicca/trads/faery.html>

220 captures

5 Jul 1997 - 6 Jun 2024

Apr JUN Aug

14

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Among the distinguishing features of the Faery tradition is the use of a Faery Power which characterizes the lineage. It is an ecstatic, rather than a fertility, tradition. Strong emphasis is placed on sensual experience and awareness, including sexual mysticism, which is not limited to heterosexual expression. In this, as in the general spirit of spiritual exploration, there is more risk-taking encouraged than in other Wiccan traditions which may have specific laws limiting behavior, and there is a certain amorality historically associated with the Tradition. We see ourselves, when enchanted, as "fey"--not black, not white, outside social definitions, on the road to Faeryland, either mad or poetical. We are aware that much of reality is unseen, or at least has uncertain boundaries. As in all the Craft, there is a deep respect for the wisdom of Nature, a love of beauty, and an appreciation of bardic and mantic creativity. The Gods are not just constructs or psychological forces from the collective unconscious. The Gods are real, with a system of morality different from our own, and we have a responsibility to them. The Faery Tradition, in common with initiatory lineages of the Craft which practice possession, is a mystery tradition of power, mystery, danger, ecstasy, and direct communication with divinity. This is in contrast to traditions which practice psychodrama or psychotherapy through ritual. The negative side of this style of working is that we have a lot of initiates who did not return unscathed from between the worlds. The tradition is not for everybody, and it is not amenable to mass attendance, like many Pagan paths. There is a specific corpus of chants and liturgical material, much of it stemming from Victor Anderson and Gwydion Pendderwen, which provides a frame for many Circle-workings, and poetic creativity is highly valued. The magical practices of the Faery (or Feri, as Victor spells it) Tradition are heavily invocatory, to encourage possession, which relies mainly on psychic talent or sensitivity to occur. Rites are stylistically diverse, and may draw from many sources. There is an initiatory lineage, traceable to Victor or Cora Anderson or Gwydion Pendderwen. Victor tells of antecedents of the present tradition in the coven in which he was involved in the 1920's and 30's in Oregon. Hallmarks of the tradition are possession of secret names, energy-working using pentacles and visualization of blue fire, a body of poetic and liturgical material, deities and archetypes specific to the Tradition, the doctrine of the Three Selves, a cingulum of a specific color, a "tribal" or "clan" feel to the coven, the use of the horned (sometimes called "inverted") pentagram, and the honoring of a warrior ethic. For example, we are urged not to coddle weakness, support others in insincerities or self-deceptions, or to submit one's own Life force to anyone or anything, which leads to a fierce openness called the "Black Heart of Innocence." The Faery Tradition is gender-equal, and all sexual orientations seem able to find a niche. For many, there is a strong identification with the realms of Faery and

with shape-shifting.

Although Victor is universally recognized as the founding teacher of the tradition, it is possible to identify influences which shaped the tradition before its present form evolved. There is a strong African diasporic influence, primarily Dahomean-Haitian, and the Three Selves theory is an outgrowth of Huna beliefs. Neither is Victor the only source for material presently within the tradition. Each initiate seems to draw the tradition in a new direction and uncover new ground.. Some practitioners, such as Gwydion and Eldri Littlewolf, went deeply into shamanic forms. Gwydion also worked extensively with Celtic religion, even learning Welsh early in his Wiccan training. Other influences (Arica, Tibetan meditation, and Ceremonial Magick) entered as Gabriel Caradoc began teaching. Victor, Gwydion, Caradoc, Brian Dragon and Paladin wrote darkly beautiful ritual poetry and liturgy. Gabriel's classes provided an excellent training in magical visualization and his students continue his teachings. Poet Francesca De Grandis and songwriter Sharon Knight have added their inspiration to the corpus of material. Starhawk has used concepts developed in the Faery Tradition in expressing her beliefs and practice, and has given the clearest explanations widely available of concepts such as the Three Selves or the Iron Pentacle.

Copyright 1988 by Anna Korn. May be reproduced if credit is given.

More information on this Tradition may be obtained from Francesca De Grandis' web site, The 3rd Road, describing a living branch of Faerie shamanism.

Back to the COG Home Page.

<http://www.well.com/user/zthirdrd/WiccanMiscellany.html>

283 captures

6 Dec 1998 - 20 Aug 2025

May JUL Aug

05

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Sacred Toys

FAQ

Contact Info

Goddess Spirituality / Shamanism / Faerie Wicca

The Wiccan & Faerie Grimoire

of Francesca De Grandis

Goddess Rituals, Shamanic Articles, Sacred Poetry, Bardic Tales, Spells, Links,
3rd Road® Announcements and More

While this page emphasizes The 3rd Road® Tradition of Faerie Shamanism

I welcome contributions about any compassionate, earth loving spirituality.

The Wiccan & Faerie Grimoire of Francesca De Grandis:

defining on-line spirituality and web culture since 1995.
This site, inspired by the Faerie Folk, is where
personal mysticism and writing of literary value
-- from a multitude of diverse community members --
combine to create soul-healing and spiritual wholeness.

My Wiccan & Faerie On Line Grimoire's

Table of Contents:

Magical Reading List Watch for new titles!

Rituals and Poems

Bardic Tales

Articles

Initiation: The Goddess, Crisis, and Power When we squarely face life's challenges, no matter how great they are, we find inner power to stand up and make a difference. That is an initiation. This special supplement to the Grimoire will be regularly updated with material that can help us stay strong during our international crisis.

Be a Goddess! My book

Goddess Initiation My newer book

The Modern Goddess' Guide to Life My newest book, tongue-in-cheek self-help

Pick the Apple From the Tree My Goddess music CD

Wiccan/Faerie Classes and Workshops

Visit Francesca De Grandis for Psychic Readings / Shamanic Counseling

I welcome your rituals, poems, articles and stories for the site.

Links to Shamanic, Wiccan and Faerie Resources Update: dead links are gone, fab ones added!

The Magical Mundane

Awards Folks Have Kindly Given This Site

Rituals and Poems

PRAYER TO THE GODDESS

I know the Laws of Nature are you, Lady.
Keep me mindful that I step upon Your Body,
with your feet,
that my sorrows are Your sorrows,
and that a healthy priest makes all things sound.
I feel Your breath in the wind, and Your hand in mine.
Keep me sincere.
Give me Your work,
which is to be joyous,
and to tend all things, because all things live, of themselves,
and with Your spirit.

Your will through mine, so mote it be.

by Francesca De Grandis, copyright 1987

Goddess and God Invocations

RITUAL: HOW TO MEET A FAERIE

Wiccan Prayer of Gratitude

Wiccan Food Magic

A Wiccan Blessing for a Newborn

Love Spells

If Prophets Foretell I have gotten letters from so many folks with names like moonwolf, snow-wolf, old wolf, new wolf, ravenwolf, happywolf...that I thought this vision I had might appeal.

All the above material -- prayers, rites, spells... -- come from The 3rd Road, a branch of Faerie Tradition. In 1986, I created a body of liturgy combined with a new way of running energy to do spells, rites and trances. This has become a tradition called The 3rd Road

Growing Spell by Jane Lind. Jane, one of my first initiates, says that this ritual "was inspired by a friend wanting to conceive a child. With some simple adaptations, it can work well for any kind of familial abundance." Knowing Jane, that includes any definition you have of family, for example, adapting the ritual for a same sex partnership.

Yule Invocations - 1994 by Obsidiana. An excellent piece!

Yoga Mudra by Carrie Vadnais. This poem, its author explained to me, came as the result of the 3rd Road training.

FOR OUR LADY AND THE DEAD by armour garland. I was attending an open mike poetry reading in North Beach, San Francisco, land of the beat poetry movement. It was great fun in that I felt all we poets were acting out a parody of ourselves: the bar the reading was to be in had another event happening, so a PA system was dragged out into Jack Kerouac alley, right by City Lights bookstore, and we all read our poems on the street to each other, passers by, and tourists. Silly! I heard armour read FOR OUR LADY AND THE DEAD there. I love his poems but felt he had outdone himself with this piece. Its rhythms evoke earthy truths.

EVE by Annie Finch. Annie was in town the night of the above mentioned open mike and read there as well. One of my hidden (um, until now) agendas is to try to write poems (I consider the prayers and other liturgy I write poems) and prose that couple literary value with in-depth spiritual awareness. I also look for poems like Annie's EVE to publish on this site: pieces that demonstrate the above mentioned coupling.

This untitled poem, by Victoria Wisdom, is both bold and feminine. In it Victoria shares a mystical, sensual view of romantic love.

A Way To End a Ritual by Geoffrey Cohen

A Blessing For Food by Geoffrey Cohen

Teen Prayer by Jonathan Schulte. I am grateful to have been touched by the spirituality in this young man's poem. Look past his misspelling and need to improve his grammar; the rules of grammar are easy to learn, and compare little to this beautiful prayer that touched me with its sincerity, and its devotion.

A Bed Time Prayer, for All Ages by Autumn FalconWolf. Simple, sincere, beautiful, real,

effective, and poetry.

SPELL TO FREE ONESELF FROM EXCESSIVE COMPUTER ENCHANTMENT by Ian Lurking Bear

HAIKU, BY VICTOR ANDERSON, Grand Master of the Faerie Faith, from his forthcoming book

Poem: Gather in Circles

Poem: Once The Shaman's Cat

Poem: Untelling Creation by Scott Schulz

Poem: Another Day in the Garden by Scott Schulz

Poem: Amen by Scott Schulz

Poem: Hearth Wound Healing by Matthew Beachy

Evening Message by Phoebe Wray: when we truly follow Her path, truly follow Her path...

The Hanged Man And The Ten Of Swords by Mary Ann Murphy, whom I am proud to call a Third Road initiate.

Grasses They Grow by Raylene Abbott

The Crystal Mirror by Ennien Ashbrook

she holds me by 15 year old Anna Kongs

Faerie Queen by Jennifer Lewis, whose poem here gives us a vital, controversial message. You may not agree with everything she says, (I am not sure I do!) but she touches on a truth that I know all too well, and shares an insight that I am overjoyed to see someone other than myself revealing! Judging from this poem, Jennifer understands the dangers of the fey path, and knows that Faerie glamour can rob one of a real life.

Articles

My Three Souls Wicca Wonderland is an imaginary pagan retreat which is "Modestly priced at only \$3000 a day." This sarcastic, um, I mean insightful, parody is the result of an insane evening at my house during which my initiates Steven Tiongco, Molly Carter, Scott Schulz and I somehow ended up spending an hour and a half writing this nonsense, um, I mean creative outpouring of social criticism. I hope that like minded mischievous web site visitors will take our chicanery in the spirit in which it is intended. Alison Harlow, one of my heroes, laughed heartily when she learned she is cited in this article as a workshop leader! BTW, a newcomer to the pagan scene may not enjoy this piece as much because of its in-jokes -- for example references to the schisms in the larger Faerie (as opposed to 3rd Road) community. Scott later wrote a song that accompanies the article.

Pagans and Bush I wrote this Feb or March 2001, in response to Bush's plans for government funding of faith-based community groups. But I will keep it on the site long term because it, and the prayer the article offers, addresses how all of us can be effective in serving others, whether that is as parents, community activists, strippers, lawyers -- whatever you do as a way to serve Goddess. I hope this article will kick off a series called Visions of Pagan Ministry Do you have thoughts regarding ministry? Check

out the submission guidelines then send me your article, prayer, poem, or ritual!

A Vision of Service, Comments on Spiritual Respectability, and an Indictment of Pagan Priest(esse)s, Not to Mention a Personal Look at the History of This Site and Its Guiding Principles, by Francesca De Grandis. A long article with a long ridiculous title, personal stories, and probably too much indignation. :-)

LET'S TALK ABOUT * WATER * with Ian Lurking Bear. This awesome article is followed by a water rite.

What is FAERIE TRADITION

The Sabbats of Wicca: Because witches honor nature, they have eight festivals, or Sabbats, that mark the year as it turns through its seasons. This article gives basic information about these Sabbats, and includes both standard Wiccan information as well as my personal Sabbat lore and experiences, in other words, what I perceive the Sabbats to be.

Healing Prayer for the Community This multi aspected article includes my personal experiences dealing with media harassment and a prayer for healing planet and community.

Honoring the Earth And Ourselves Through Pagan Burial Grounds by Petherwin
Magic and Healing the Earth by Larry Cornett

Initiate Instructions by Ian Lurking Bear. I found this piece hilarious. It displays the impeccable wit I expect from Ian. And more, because it is even funnier than he usually can be, which is saying a lot! BTW, Ian is one of my initiates: could this piece possibly be a parody of me?

Magikal Improvisation by GoldenHawk. If this article from a reader of Be a Goddess! is not in the spirit of that book, nothing is. I am delighted I had an on-line meeting with this fellow: he emailed me about my site and my book, and thus I got to read this fabulous article. Thank you, Goddess.

Bardic Tales

The Goddess as Muse inspires Her storytellers who offer Her divine love, lessons and power through the magic of a well-woven tale.

The Bridge At Midnight Trembles: My Story of Quebec City by Starhawk. I told Starhawk I would love to see something of hers on this site. She sent me The Bridge At Midnight Trembles which I told her I loved and that it made my eyes water, my heart swell. (Goddess bless her for her writing and political work.) She responded by noting my words "Eyes water." Omigoddess, I had missed that! How funny! --> Her tale is a true story, a significant part of which is about tear gas! I of course had meant that I was deeply moved. I hope you will be too!

Winter's Thaw: Her Story by my initiate Francis Salmeri left me stunned. Where do these gifted people come from who study with me?! Um, yeah, I guess the Goddess sends them.

The Clay Pit by Elfself, goes down, down, down, chronicling the self-healing shaman.

Links to Shamanic, Wiccan and Faerie Resources

Below are favorite links. Scroll down to find my page with even more links. Special 03/01 thanks to Kristen O'Meara, who performed the ponderous task of checking every link in this Grimoire and ferreting out about 100 dead ones, so that I could sit down and key in updated link info for y'all. (Yup, I'm the site's webmaster)

The 3rd Road is: a living branch of Faerie shamanism; a Wiccan school; and a community.

WyldWytch's Web is not only the site of a magical, wonderful community servant, WyldWytch, but home of the on-line Be a Goddess! discussion group. Fey-spirited souls tend to be independent so being on the Be a Goddess! discussion list will not cause you to be swamped with mail, but you'll have access to connection with like-minded seekers. You need not have read Be a Goddess! to enjoy the list. Address any queries directly to WyldWytch.

A Midsummer Night's Dream Shakespeare told a few deep truths about Faerie.

Dawnwalker, is self-dubbed a "feri huna shaman", and is another of my initiates with a site of their own. Um, look, it might seem odd to brag about my initiates where all the world can see me do it, but I am very blessed by the amazing people the Goddess has sent me to train. Dawn is a tricker extraordinaire, a loving heart, and an amazing magician. (Hm, that kind of describes all my initiates. Goddess, where do you find these people you send me, and how do you find so many of them?) Dawn's site has feri resources, pagan & occult clipart libraries, and info on herbal medicine. : I *have* to make public thanks for getting to use Dawn's domain, for free no less! I couldn't afford to buy more space for my site, so am now splitting my site between two domains, the Well -- my original and main domain -- and Dawn's. Thus, my site has been able to hold even more free stuff for my visitors! And I am also thus set up to keep adding great new stuff: new articles, reviews, wonderful goodies. Couldn't have done this without your gift of domain space, Dawn, thank you, thank you. I love my updated site, and as always, you are a generous soul.

The Witches' Web is Brad's, who is my spiritual grandson: he is a 3rd Road traveler; an initiate of one of my initiates. The Witches' Web is an on line store filled with magical goodies. Tell Brad I sent you.

WACKY JAC is fabulous. Great witchy designs on shirts, mugs, and bumper stickers! Sexy, fun and very pagan without being typical pagan products. Tell them you heard about them from me!

Charles De Lint is a fantasy writer whose books I recommend to students of Wicca, because his fantasies have better info in them about Faerie than most Wiccan how-tos. Scott Schulz is an initiate of mine. I am proud to have trained this bard; his poetry is as good as poetry gets.

Stir the Cauldron is my pal, Arwen's, site. She is wondrous so go enjoy yourself! She says of her site that it "Explores mysteries of gender and offers how-to's on incense making and bread baking...Rocks, tarot spreads, rituals, spells, poetry, myth and

more....

Witch's Brew Online: an online magazine

Serpentine Music offers pagan music both to the public and as a wholesaler. Run by a very nice, very efficient lady, Anne Hill.

Wiccan Events Calendar!!!!!! This is a listing of Pagan festivals.

NativeWeb Home Page I love this page!

Traditions of Magic in Late Antiquity is an on-line exhibition from the University of Michigan Library

Every Celtic thing on the Web Clip art, groups, magazines, you name it!

ASTRAL SEAS is run by Tom and Pat Hooper, two generous people with an authentic sense of combining spirituality with business. They sell an excellent and extensive assortment of ritual incenses and oils, in addition to a unique selection of ritual tools. Let them know you heard of them here, whether you go to their online ordering catalog with shopping cart (retail and wholesale catalogs) or you write them for their snail mail catalog at:

Astral Seas

POB 228

Salem Missouri 65560

Here's the rest of my links to Shamanic, Faerie and Wiccan Resources

Search Engines so you can find MORE ON-LINE MAGIC

The Magical Mundane

Whenever you're weaving fate in the mundane realm, this section might help.

FIRST AID ONLINE A witch is always practical! However, I have not checked this site out personally, so can't endorse it per se. If you go to it, please tell me how it works out for you. Thanks!

Francesca's Links has lotsa links to other magically mundane pages, including links to help you spruce up your Web page. There's also sites about music, movies, ...

To submit your rituals, poems, articles, and bardic tales read submission guidelines. The site generates a great deal of email, so click here to discover how to best contact me. I welcome feedback about the site!

Thank you for sharing my magic!

Yours in the Realm of Mystery,
Francesca De Grandis

A member of:

Copyright Francesca De Grandis. All rights reserved. No part of this publication -- this web page and the site's other pages -- may be reproduced in any manner without written permission. Copyright reverts to author.

This page was updated 03/01
<http://www.well.com/user/zthirdrd/music.html>
108 captures
05 Dec 1998 - 03 Jul 2024
Jun JUL Aug
03
2003 2004 2005

About this capture
Announcing --
"Pick the Apple From the Tree"
a long awaited CD/tape by Francesca De Grandis
Available May 1, 1998!

Starhawk, author of The Spiral Dance: "really beautiful songs"
Terrific listening for lovers of Celtic music and the blues.

Bard and witch-babe-a-go-go, Francesca insists, "I worship the three-fold Goddess: blues, jazz and Celtic music." Diverse and enchanting as a songwriter and vocalist, De Grandis delivers songs that are smart, sassy, and fun. Her lyrics celebrate universal experiences, and reveal the mythic wisdom and mischief of the Faerie Folk. The album features Bruce Smith, dubbed by Frank Zappa "a great guitarist." De Grandis is the author of HarperSanFrancisco's Be a Goddess!

"Pick the Apple From the Tree" -- all original music by Francesca -- showcases vocal harmonies, electric guitar, bass, violin, oud (middle eastern lute) and percussion. Percussion includes trap set, conga, darbuka, and zils (middle eastern finger cymbals.)

This new-folk/pop-folk collection shows a wide range of influences; an acappella song draws on Scotland's soft, sad ballads, yet a full tilt rock tune is included. Celtic fiddling adds charm to the samba "Pick the Apple From the Tree" -- a witty, wry blend. De Grandis plays complex zil rhythms to one of her Celt influenced songs! While the predominant influences are blues, jazz, and Celtic music, other influences appear, for instance the clear echo of Appalachian ballads in "My Father's Eyes." Each song is a unique gem, different from the last, and De Grandis delights listeners by her relaxed expertise in each genre: her "Darling, I Want You", a straight ahead jazz-blues, smokily reflects Francesca's years as a cabaret artist, making you want to sit back with a scotch n' soda and sigh with relief. Bruce Smith, who worked with Stan Getz and Ricky Lee Jones, brings his own distinctive richness to Francesca's music.

De Grandis capitalizes on her wide range of musical experience through the album's ever-changing moods and topics, moving from seduction to raucous comedy, from pagan revelry to quiet revelation. She shapeshifts with commitment and heart, and we recognize ourselves in every song.

Francesca De Grandis, at age fourteen, played professionally in the Boston area folk scene, where she developed her love of traditional American folk and Celtic music. She expanded her repertoire to include jazz and blues when, as an adult cabaret artist, she played top clubs. Gaining acclaim from critics who wanted more of her original tunes, De Grandis obliged with originality and wit. After leaving the music business for a contemplative life as a shaman, she discovered that music was part of her spirituality. Thank whatever Goddess Francesca worships that she's left her hermit's cave for a while: Francesca's uncommon life adventure, a diverse and far reaching exploration, is all brought together and mirrored in the musical and mystical journey of *Pick the Apple from the Tree*. Her book, *Be a Goddess!: A Guide to Celtic Spells and Wisdom for Self-Healing, Prosperity, and Great Sex* (HarperSanFrancisco), was published Feb. 14, 1998, and is based on her years of teaching Celtic shamanism. *Be a Goddess!* is available in the U.S., Britain, and Australia, and after three months in stores, its fourth printing is planned.

De Grandis says: "Through song I walk between the stars, fill belly and soul, make love to God. The Goddess loves me, Her vagabond shaman, bardic brat. My veins run with Fey mischief. In the primeval garden, stands the tree of life. Innocent white pulp hides dark seeds of immortality. Be a spiritual outlaw: cleaves to high ethics and pick the apple from the tree."

Acclaim for Francesca De Grandis:
Z. Budapest: "haunting...a true musical talent."

Oberon Zell: "Francesca rocks! Her musical performances are alive, magical, witty, fun and fabulous! A spectacular new bard...Don't miss her next show!"

Adele Prandini: "...a dynamic stage presence. Her voice seems propelled from her entire body and her vocal range is incredible...a marvelous entertainer with lots of heart and soul."

Reclaiming Quarterly: "...there's nothing ordinary...The words are as strong as the melody, and this is rare...Francesca's heart and gut echoing the timeless quandary of human beings...If you're looking to walk a tight rope that juggles between the sacred and the profane, the acoustic and the electric, you will be as touched and enchanted as I was..."

Gary Menger: "Her voice is a vibrant warble somewhere between Eartha Kitt and Ruth Etting ...compelling...found myself groping for words to describe her; both her voice and

her on-stage personality are unique...a real-one-of-a-kind."

In every song she attempts, Francesca innovates with precise passion, in a collection held together by a vision of love in all its myriad forms. You will be propelled into a world of musical magic, mirth, and wisdom that you will return to again and again. Let the Muse tickle your fancy with Pick the Apple from the Tree.

Make merchant orders of "Pick the Apple from the Tree" from New Leaf Distributing Co. Order your personal copy here!

To book a concert with Ms. De Grandis: Francesca De Grandis * POB 210307 * S.F. Ca. 94121 * 415 -750 -1205

Francesca's upcoming musical appearances.

The Wiccan and Faerie Grimoire of Francesca De Grandis

Page design by Ian Lurking Bear
<http://www.well.com/user/zthirdrd/WiccanMiscellany.html>
283 captures
6 Dec 1998 - 20 Aug 2025
May JUL Aug
05
2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Sacred Toys FAQ Contact Info

Goddess Spirituality / Shamanism / Faerie Wicca

The Wiccan & Faerie Grimoire
of Francesca De Grandis

Goddess Rituals, Shamanic Articles, Sacred Poetry, Bardic Tales, Spells, Links,
3rd Road® Announcements and More

While this page emphasizes The 3rd Road® Tradition of Faerie Shamanism
I welcome contributions about any compassionate, earth loving spirituality.

The Wiccan & Faerie Grimoire of Francesca De Grandis:
defining on-line spirituality and web culture since 1995.
This site, inspired by the Faerie Folk, is where
personal mysticism and writing of literary value
-- from a multitude of diverse community members --
combine to create soul-healing and spiritual wholeness.

My Wiccan & Faerie On Line Grimoire's

Table of Contents:

Magical Reading List Watch for new titles!

Rituals and Poems

Bardic Tales

Articles

Initiation: The Goddess, Crisis, and Power When we squarely face life's challenges, no matter how great they are, we find inner power to stand up and make a difference. That is an initiation. This special supplement to the Grimoire will be regularly updated with material that can help us stay strong during our international crisis.

Be a Goddess! My book

Goddess Initiation My newer book

The Modern Goddess' Guide to Life My newest book, tongue-in-cheek self-help

Pick the Apple From the Tree My Goddess music CD

Wiccan/Faerie Classes and Workshops

Visit Francesca De Grandis for Psychic Readings / Shamanic Counseling

I welcome your rituals, poems, articles and stories for the site.

Links to Shamanic, Wiccan and Faerie Resources Update: dead links are gone, fab ones added!

The Magical Mundane

Awards Folks Have Kindly Given This Site

Rituals and Poems

PRAYER TO THE GODDESS

I know the Laws of Nature are you, Lady.
Keep me mindful that I step upon Your Body,
with your feet,
that my sorrows are Your sorrows,
and that a healthy priest makes all things sound.
I feel Your breath in the wind, and Your hand in mine.
Keep me sincere.
Give me Your work,
which is to be joyous,
and to tend all things, because all things live, of themselves,
and with Your spirit.
Your will through mine, so mote it be.
by Francesca De Grandis, copyright 1987
Goddess and God Invocations
RITUAL: HOW TO MEET A FAERIE
Wiccan Prayer of Gratitude
Wiccan Food Magic
A Wiccan Blessing for a Newborn

Love Spells

If Prophets Foretell I have gotten letters from so many folks with names like moonwolf, snow-wolf, old wolf, new wolf, ravenwolf, happywolf...that I thought this vision I had might appeal.

All the above material -- prayers, rites, spells... -- come from The 3rd Road, a branch of Faerie Tradition. In 1986, I created a body of liturgy combined with a new way of running energy to do spells, rites and trances. This has become a tradition called The 3rd Road

Growing Spell by Jane Lind. Jane, one of my first initiates, says that this ritual "was inspired by a friend wanting to conceive a child. With some simple adaptations, it can work well for any kind of familial abundance." Knowing Jane, that includes any definition you have of family, for example, adapting the ritual for a same sex partnership.

Yule Invocations - 1994 by Obsidiana. An excellent piece!

Yoga Mudra by Carrie Vadnais. This poem, its author explained to me, came as the result of the 3rd Road training.

FOR OUR LADY AND THE DEAD by armour garland. I was attending an open mike poetry reading in North Beach, San Francisco, land of the beat poetry movement. It was great fun in that I felt all we poets were acting out a parody of ourselves: the bar the reading was to be in had another event happening, so a PA system was dragged out into Jack Kerouac alley, right by City Lights bookstore, and we all read our poems on the street to each other, passers by, and tourists. Silly! I heard armour read FOR OUR LADY AND THE DEAD there. I love his poems but felt he had outdone himself with this piece. Its rhythms evoke earthy truths.

EVE by Annie Finch. Annie was in town the night of the above mentioned open mike and read there as well. One of my hidden (um, until now) agendas is to try to write poems (I consider the prayers and other liturgy I write poems) and prose that couple literary value with in-depth spiritual awareness. I also look for poems like Annie's EVE to publish on this site: pieces that demonstrate the above mentioned coupling.

This untitled poem, by Victoria Wisdom, is both bold and feminine. In it Victoria shares a mystical, sensual view of romantic love.

A Way To End a Ritual by Geoffrey Cohen

A Blessing For Food by Geoffrey Cohen

Teen Prayer by Jonathan Schulte. I am grateful to have been touched by the spirituality in this young man's poem. Look past his misspelling and need to improve his grammar; the rules of grammar are easy to learn, and compare little to this beautiful prayer that touched me with its sincerity, and its devotion.

A Bed Time Prayer, for All Ages by Autumn FalconWolf. Simple, sincere, beautiful, real, effective, and poetry.

SPELL TO FREE ONESELF FROM EXCESSIVE COMPUTER ENCHANTMENT by Ian Lurking Bear

HAIKU, BY VICTOR ANDERSON, Grand Master of the Faerie Faith, from his forthcoming book

Poem: Gather in Circles

Poem: Once The Shaman's Cat

Poem: Untelling Creation by Scott Schulz

Poem: Another Day in the Garden by Scott Schulz

Poem: Amen by Scott Schulz

Poem: Hearth Wound Healing by Matthew Beachy

Evening Message by Phoebe Wray: when we truly follow Her path, truly follow Her path...

The Hanged Man And The Ten Of Swords by Mary Ann Murphy, whom I am proud to call a Third Road initiate.

Grasses They Grow by Raylene Abbott

The Crystal Mirror by Ennien Ashbrook

she holds me by 15 year old Anna Kongs

Faerie Queen by Jennifer Lewis, whose poem here gives us a vital, controversial message. You may not agree with everything she says, (I am not sure I do!) but she touches on a truth that I know all too well, and shares an insight that I am overjoyed to see someone other than myself revealing! Judging from this poem, Jennifer understands the dangers of the fey path, and knows that Faerie glamour can rob one of a real life.

Articles

My Three Souls Wicca Wonderland is an imaginary pagan retreat which is "Modestly priced at only \$3000 a day." This sarcastic, um, I mean insightful, parody is the result of an insane evening at my house during which my initiates Steven Tiongco, Molly Carter, Scott Schulz and I somehow ended up spending an hour and a half writing this nonsense, um, I mean creative outpouring of social criticism. I hope that like minded mischievous web site visitors will take our chicanery in the spirit in which it is intended. Alison Harlow, one of my heroes, laughed heartily when she learned she is cited in this article as a workshop leader! BTW, a newcomer to the pagan scene may not enjoy this piece as much because of its in-jokes -- for example references to the schisms in the larger Faerie (as opposed to 3rd Road) community. Scott later wrote a song that accompanies the article.

Pagans and Bush I wrote this Feb or March 2001, in response to Bush's plans for government funding of faith-based community groups. But I will keep it on the site long term because it, and the prayer the article offers, addresses how all of us can be effective in serving others, whether that is as parents, community activists, strippers, lawyers -- whatever you do as a way to serve Goddess. I hope this article will kick off a series called Visions of Pagan Ministry Do you have thoughts regarding ministry? Check out the submission guidelines then send me your article, prayer, poem, or ritual!

A Vision of Service, Comments on Spiritual Respectability, and an Indictment of Pagan Priest(esse)s, Not to Mention a Personal Look at the History of This Site and Its Guiding Principles, by Francesca De Grandis. A long article with a long ridiculous title, personal stories, and probably too much indignation. :-)

LET'S TALK ABOUT * WATER * with Ian Lurking Bear. This awesome article is followed by a water rite.

What is FAERIE TRADITION

The Sabbats of Wicca: Because witches honor nature, they have eight festivals, or Sabbats, that mark the year as it turns through its seasons. This article gives basic information about these Sabbats, and includes both standard Wiccan information as well as my personal Sabbat lore and experiences, in other words, what I perceive the Sabbats to be.

Healing Prayer for the Community This multi aspected article includes my personal experiences dealing with media harassment and a prayer for healing planet and community.

Honoring the Earth And Ourselves Through Pagan Burial Grounds by Petherwin

Magic and Healing the Earth by Larry Cornett

Initiate Instructions by Ian Lurking Bear. I found this piece hilarious. It displays the impeccable wit I expect from Ian. And more, because it is even funnier than he usually can be, which is saying a lot! BTW, Ian is one of my initiates: could this piece possibly be a parody of me?

Magikal Improvisation by GoldenHawk. If this article from a reader of Be a Goddess! is not in the spirit of that book, nothing is. I am delighted I had an on-line meeting with this fellow: he emailed me about my site and my book, and thus I got to read this fabulous article. Thank you, Goddess.

Bardic Tales

The Goddess as Muse inspires Her storytellers who offer Her divine love, lessons and power through the magic of a well-woven tale.

The Bridge At Midnight Trembles: My Story of Quebec City by Starhawk. I told Starhawk I would love to see something of hers on this site. She sent me The Bridge At Midnight Trembles which I told her I loved and that it made my eyes water, my heart swell. (Goddess bless her for her writing and political work.) She responded by noting my words "Eyes water." Omigoddess, I had missed that! How funny! --> Her tale is a true story, a significant part of which is about tear gas! I of course had meant that I was deeply moved. I hope you will be too!

Winter's Thaw: Her Story by my initiate Francis Salmeri left me stunned. Where do these gifted people come from who study with me?! Um, yeah, I guess the Goddess sends them.

The Clay Pit by Elfself, goes down, down, down, chronicling the self-healing shaman.

Links to Shamanic, Wiccan and Faerie Resources

Below are favorite links. Scroll down to find my page with even more links. Special 03/01 thanks to Kristen O'Meara, who performed the ponderous task of checking every link in this Grimoire and ferreting out about 100 dead ones, so that I could sit down and

key in updated link info for y'all. (Yup, I'm the site's webmaster)

The 3rd Road is: a living branch of Faerie shamanism; a Wiccan school; and a community.

WyldWytch's Web is not only the site of a magical, wonderful community servant, WyldWytch, but home of the on-line Be a Goddess! discussion group. Fey-spirited souls tend to be independent so being on the Be a Goddess! discussion list will not cause you to be swamped with mail, but you'll have access to connection with like-minded seekers. You need not have read Be a Goddess! to enjoy the list. Address any queries directly to WyldWytch.

A Midsummer Night's Dream Shakespeare told a few deep truths about Faerie.

Dawnwalker, is self-dubbed a "feri huna shaman", and is another of my initiates with a site of their own. Um, look, it might seem odd to brag about my initiates where all the world can see me do it, but I am very blessed by the amazing people the Goddess has sent me to train. Dawn is a tricker extraordinaire, a loving heart, and an amazing magician. (Hm, that kind of describes all my initiates. Goddess, where do you find these people you send me, and how do you find so many of them?) Dawn's site has feri resources, pagan & occult clipart libraries, and info on herbal medicine. : I *have* to make public thanks for getting to use Dawn's domain, for free no less! I couldn't afford to buy more space for my site, so am now splitting my site between two domains, the Well -- my original and main domain -- and Dawn's. Thus, my site has been able to hold even more free stuff for my visitors! And I am also thus set up to keep adding great new stuff: new articles, reviews, wonderful goodies. Couldn't have done this without your gift of domain space, Dawn, thank you, thank you. I love my updated site, and as always, you are a generous soul.

The Witches' Web is Brad's, who is my spiritual grandson: he is a 3rd Road traveler; an initiate of one of my initiates. The Witches' Web is an on line store filled with magical goodies. Tell Brad I sent you.

WACKY JAC is fabulous. Great witchy designs on shirts, mugs, and bumper stickers! Sexy, fun and very pagan without being typical pagan products. Tell them you heard about them from me!

Charles De Lint is a fantasy writer whose books I recommend to students of Wicca, because his fantasies have better info in them about Faerie than most Wiccan how-tos. Scott Schulz is an initiate of mine. I am proud to have trained this bard; his poetry is as good as poetry gets.

Stir the Cauldron is my pal, Arwen's, site. She is wondrous so go enjoy yourself! She says of her site that it "Explores mysteries of gender and offers how-to's on incense making and bread baking...Rocks, tarot spreads, rituals, spells, poetry, myth and more...."

Witch's Brew Online: an online magazine

Serpentine Music offers pagan music both to the public and as a wholesaler. Run by a very nice, very efficient lady, Anne Hill.

Wiccan Events Calendar!!!!!! This is a listing of Pagan festivals.

NativeWeb Home Page I love this page!

Traditions of Magic in Late Antiquity is an on-line exhibition from the University of

Michigan Library

Every Celtic thing on the Web Clip art, groups, magazines, you name it!

ASTRAL SEAS is run by Tom and Pat Hooper, two generous people with an authentic sense of combining spirituality with business. They sell an excellent and extensive assortment of ritual incenses and oils, in addition to a unique selection of ritual tools. Let them know you heard of them here, whether you go to their online ordering catalog with shopping cart (retail and wholesale catalogs) or you write them for their snail mail catalog at:

Astral Seas

POB 228

Salem Missouri 65560

Here's the rest of my links to Shamanic, Faerie and Wiccan Resources

Search Engines so you can find MORE ON-LINE MAGIC

The Magical Mundane

Whenever you're weaving fate in the mundane realm, this section might help.

FIRST AID ONLINE A witch is always practical! However, I have not checked this site out personally, so can't endorse it per se. If you go to it, please tell me how it works out for you. Thanks!

Francesca's Links has lotsa links to other magically mundane pages, including links to help you spruce up your Web page. There's also sites about music, movies, ...

To submit your rituals, poems, articles, and bardic tales read submission guidelines. The site generates a great deal of email, so click here to discover how to best contact me. I welcome feedback about the site!

Thank you for sharing my magic!

Yours in the Realm of Mystery,
Francesca De Grandis

A member of:

Copyright Francesca De Grandis. All rights reserved. No part of this publication -- this web page and the site's other pages -- may be reproduced in any manner without written permission. Copyright reverts to author.

This page was updated 03/01

<http://www.feri.com/dawn/>

104 captures

3 Dec 1998 - 10 Jun 2021

May JUN Aug

28

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Feri Dish

My Favorite Mead Recipes

Feri Stories and more

(more being lotsa gossip about the Vanir, Norse, the Aesir, the Swedes & other folk.)

Feri teachers

The 3rd Road

What's Feri anyway??

The Faery Tradition

Places for Feri lurking

Terrence.McKenna

The Sacred Landscape

The Hoodoo Page

The Hazel Nut

Rebecca's Faerie Haven

Covenant of the Goddess

Bay Area Pagan Assembly

Church of All Worlds

Undernet #wicca

On-line Pagan Resources

Between the Worlds...

a page of links and stuf' for feris!

Hello....

(click on me and I'll tell you a story of the first shaman)

E-Mail What She touches changes... Click Me

This page was updated on 02/12/00 using VirtualNotepad2000.

<http://www.feri.com/dawn/>

104 captures

3 Dec 1998 - 10 Jun 2021

May JUN Aug

28

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Feri Dish

My Favorite Mead Recipes

Feri Stories and more

(more being lotsa gossip about the Vanir, Norse, the Aesir, the Swedes & other folk.)

Feri teachers

The 3rd Road
What's Feri anyway??
The Faery Tradition
Places for Feri lurking
Terrence.McKenna
The Sacred Landscape
The Hoodoo Page
The Hazel Nut
Rebecca's Faerie Haven
Covenant of the Goddess
Bay Area Pagan Assembly
Church of All Worlds
Undernet #wicca
On-line Pagan Resources
Between the Worlds...
a page of links and stuf' for feris!
Hello...
(click on me and I'll tell you a story of the first shaman)

E-Mail What She touches changes... Click Me
This page was updated on 02/12/00 using VirtualNotepad2000.

<http://www.feri.com/dawn/mead.html>
70 captures
13 Jan 1998 - 11 Apr 2021
Feb JUN Dec
22
2003 2004 2005

About this capture
A variety of my favorite recipes.
Queen Elisabeth's Mead | Maple Mead | 2nd Mead | Mead Ale | Mead | Wassail Mead |
Quick Mead | Sack Mead | Another Mead | Malomel | Standby Mead | Honey Ale (Mead)
| Orange Ginger Mead | Traditional Mead | Maple Wine and Traditional Mead |
Cranberry Mead | Batwing Blood |
Queen Elisabeth's Mead
Source: justcoz@triton.unm.edu

Ingredients (for 1 gallon):
3--1/2 pounds, honey
1/4 teaspoon, acid blend
1 tablespoon, yeast nutrient
1/2 ounce, rosemary
1/2 ounce, bay leaves

1/2 ounce, thyme
1/4 ounce, sweet briar
1 Campden tablet 1 package, Madeira yeast
1 gallon, water

Procedure:

In the primary, dissolve the honey, acid blend, yeast nutrient and yeast in 1 gallon of luke-warm water. Add the Campden Tablet. Attach airlock and let sit until ferment is complete (about 3 - 5 weeks). Siphon off sediment into secondary and let sit for 6 months. When wine is 6 months old, rack back into primary. Place herbs in nylon straining bag (securely tied) and place in primary. Taste the wine daily until the flavor extracted from the herbs is satisfactory, then remove the bag of herbs. Mature for at least an additional 6 months, racking every 2 months to aid clearing.

Comments:

Queen Elizabeth's own royal recipe for mead has survived to this day, although no brewer in his senses would want to make such a sickly concoction. This is a modern adaptation of Her Majesty's recipe which should prove satisfactory insofar as the herbs are infused in the finished mead. This enables the brewer to exercise much greater control over how much herb flavor is imparted to the drink.

Maple Mead

Source: coz@triton.unm.edu

Ingredients:

3--1/4 pounds, maple syrup
7 pints, water
1/2 teaspoon, acid blend
3/4 teaspoon, yeast energizer
1 campden tablet
1 package, Red Star champagne yeast

Procedure:

It'll take about a day to really get fermenting, and should go like crazy for 4 to 6 weeks. Rack off the yeast sediment at that time and then re-rack at least 3 times at 3 month intervals. It'll be ready to bottle by 9 or 10 months of age. The longer it sits, the mellower and smoother it becomes.

Comments:

If you are going to make a small quantity of this brew, I suggest that you follow this recipe fairly closely. I, on the other hand, make mead 5 gallons at a time and so my recipe for a large batch varies a bit. If you want to make a lot, try it this way:

in a 6 gallon primary, place:
1 1/2 gallons of maple syrup

4 gallons water
2 tsp. acid blend
4 tsp. yeast energizer
1 campden tablet
1 pkg. Red Star champagne yeast

2nd Mead

Source: Jacob Galley (gal2@midway.uchicago.edu)

Ingredients:

7 pounds, clover honey (60 min. boil)
5 pounds, orange blossom honey (60 minutes)
1 pound, chopped raisins (dark) (30 minutes)
1 teaspoon, thyme (30 minutes)
1 pack, Red Star champagne yeast
yeast nutrient

Comments:

This stuff smells incredible---slightly orange, slightly fruity, very much like flowers. The grape juice had not fermented out completely (it's not explosive, yet), but neither was it noticeably sweet. The grape masks whatever young-taste the mead still has in it (not much). After two weeks it was lightly carbonated and a very clear pink.

Mead Ale

Source: James Smith (SMITH%8616.span@fedex.msfc.nasa.gov)

Ingredients:

5--7 pounds, honey
1/2 gallon jug)
2 cracked cinnamon sticks
20 cracked allspice
other flavorings (ginger, hops, orange peel, nutmeg, etc.)
maybe a couple pounds of fruit
Edme ale yeast

Comments:

My hypothesis, which has a little data to support it, is that boiling the honeywort reduced fermentation time (while also removing a lot of the honey essence, I imagine). Note that the above is a 5 gallon batch. I don't have a hydrometer so I can't guess the OG or FG, but this stuff is pretty thin. Fermentation takes 2-3 weeks, sometimes I rack, sometimes not. Basically I don't put much effort into this stuff; hell, it's 97 degrees here and I'm not running my AC enough to get the temperature down past 80, so why try to make anything award-winning when it's doomed to failure?

Mead

Source: Rudyard A.K. Porter (rp9780@medtronic.com)

Ingredients (for 1 gallon):

2--1/2 pounds, clover honey
2 teaspoons, yeast nutrient
1/2 pack, Red Star champagne yeast
Apple cider to fill to 1 gallon

Procedure:

Heat (not boil) 1/2 gallon apple cider, yeast nutrients, and honey to about 170 degrees. Hold at 170 for 30 minutes. Skim off any foam that develops, although my honey was very "clean" and had no foam develop. Transfer to 1 gal cider jug and fill to within 1" of top with cool apple cider. Wait for temperature to drop below 80 degrees (refrigerator is nice place to cool this one) and then pitch the yeast.

Comments:

I bottled one with a little coriander and one with some cinnamon. These should be interesting.....

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.130

F.G.: 1.030

Wassail Mead

Source: Mal Card card@apollo.hp.com,

Ingredients:

12-1/2 pounds light clover honey
4 teaspoons acid blend
5 teaspoons yeast nutrient
wine yeast

Procedure:

Add honey, acid blend, and yeast nutrient to 2 gallons of water and boil for 1/2 hour. Add this to 1-1/2 gallons of cold water in the primary fermenter. Pitch yeast when the temperature reaches 70-75 degrees. Use a blow off tube if you use a carboy. Allow fermentation to proceed for 3 weeks or more (up to several months). When the mead becomes fairly clear, rack to secondary. Attach air-lock. Leave the mead to sit at least 3 weeks. When yeast settles to bottom and is clear, it is ready to bottle. Adding 3/4 cup of corn sugar at bottling will produce a sparkling mead. Sparkling meads should not be made with an original gravity higher than 1.090.

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.100

F.G.: 1.000

Quick Mead

Source: Kevin Karplus (karplus@ararat.ucsc.edu)

Ingredients:

3 gallons, water

5 pounds, honey

1/3 cup, jasmine tea

1/2 teaspoon, ground ginger

2 teaspoons, cinnamon

1/2 teaspoon, ground allspice

1/2 teaspoon, ground cloves

1/2 teaspoon, ground nutmeg

ale yeast

Procedure:

Boil water, adding tea and spices. Remove from heat and stir in honey (some mead makers boil the honey, skimming the scum as it forms). Cover boiled water, and set aside to cool (this usually takes a long time, so start on the next step). Make a yeast starter solution by boiling a cup of water and a tablespoon or two of honey. Add starter to cooled liquid. Cover and ferment using blow tube or fermentation lock. Rack two or three times to get rid of sediment.

The less honey, the lighter the drink, and the quicker it can be made. 1 pound per gallon is the minimum, 5 pounds per gallon is about the maximum for a sweet dessert wine.

This mead is a metheglin because of the tea. The yeast is pitched one day after starting the batch, the crud skimmed about 10 days later, then wait 3 days and rack to secondary. Wait 2 more weeks and bottle about 4 weeks from start to finish.

Comments:

Yield is 3.1 gallons. Excellent clarity, fairly sweet flavor, slight sediment, light gold color. An excellent batch.

Sack Mead

Source: Kevin Karplus (karplus@ararat.ucsc.edu)

Ingredients:

3 gallons, water

16 pounds, honey

1/4 cup, Keemun tea

1/4 cup, oolong tea
2 teaspoons, cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon, whole anise seed
18 clusters, cardamom, crushed
20 allspice, crushed
1 inch, Galangal root, crushed yeast
unflavored gelatin (fining)

Procedure:

Boil water, adding tea and spices. Remove from heat and stir in honey. (Some mead makers boil the honey, skimming the scum as it forms). Cover boiled water, and set aside to cool (this usually takes a long time, so start on the next step). Make a yeast starter solution by boiling a cup of water and a tablespoon or two of honey. Add starter to cooled liquid. Cover and ferment using blow tube or fermentation lock. Rack two or three times to get rid of sediment.

This recipe took about 6-1/2 months from brewing to bottling. First rack took place 15 days after brewing. 2nd rack, 3 weeks later. 3rd rack 3 months later. Gelatin added 1 month later. Bottled about 2-1/2 months later. Yield 3.7 gallons.

Comments:

Sweet, smooth, potent. A dessert wine. This is perhaps the best of my 20 or more batches of mead.

Another Mead

Source: Carl West (eisen@kopf.hq.ileaf.com)

Ingredients (for 1 gallon):

1 gallon, bottled water
2 pounds, generic honey
1 Medium lemon, zest and juice
1/4 teaspoon, Red Star Champagne yeast

Procedure:

Simmer these together and skim off the scum as it rises. If you wait for it all to rise so you can skim just once and you miss the moment, the scum sinks, never to rise again. Pitch yeast when cool and kept it at room temp (65-72) for 5 weeks where it bubbled about once every 5 seconds for the whole time.

Specifics:

Primary Ferment: 5 weeks

Malomel

Source: Michael Zenter (zentner@ecn.purdue.edu)

Ingredients:

16 pounds, wildflower honey
5 gallons, water
5 kiwis
3 star fruits
1 pound, cranberries
acid blend to .45 tartaric
MeV liquid mead yeast culture

Procedure:

Pasteurized the honey and fruit at about 180 degrees for 10-15 minutes, ran through a chiller, pitched with VERY vigorous aeration. Let it sit with the fruit in for 7 days, then rack off.

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.124

Standby Mead

Source: Michael Tighe (tighe@inmet.camb.inmet.com)

Ingredients (for 1 gallon):

1 gallon, Water
2 pounds, honey
1 Thumb size piece of ginger
2 Tablespoons, Orange peel (no white pith please)
Champagne yeast

Procedure:

Bring the honey and water to a boil skimming off the white and brown foam as you heat it. Simmer/skim for about minutes per gallon (5 gallons = 20 min.). When the boiling is almost done, add the ginger and orange peel. Cool (I usually let it cool "naturally"). Work with yeast (Werka Mead Yeast is good, champagne or general purpose wine yeast will do). Bottle after two weeks (while it's still sweet and still quite active). Refrigerate the bottles after another two weeks (to avoid the glass grenade syndrome and to make the yeast settle out of the mead).

Comments:

To quote the original source: "It will be quick and pleasant from the very start and will keep for a month or more." Other variations included:

Add lots more honey and let it ferment till it stops. Bottle and wait a month or more, you get champagne.

Use some other citrus fruit peel, such as lemon or grapefruit.

Add some other fruit flavoring (crushed berries of some sort).

Load up on the ginger (my friend makes Death by Ginger by using pounds of ginger per gallon!)

Specifics:

Primary Ferment: 2--3 weeks

Honey Ale (Mead)

Source: David Haberman (haberland@afal-edwards.af.mil)

Ingredients:

4 pounds, Buckwheat honey
4 ounces, Styrian Goldings hops
7 grams, Red Star Ale yeast
1 teaspoon, acid blend
1 teaspoon, yeast nutrient
1 cup, corn sugar

Procedure:

Boil honey and 3 gallons water with 3 ounces hops n 47 minutes, add 1 ounce last 7 minutes. Before adding hops, skim off the scum that rises to the top. Cool and pour into fermenter and top to 5 gallons. Add acid blend, nutrients and re-hydrated yeast. When fermentation completes, mix with 1 cup sugar, a little yeast and bottle.

Comments:

This was the very first beer I ever made and 7 years ago most people I knew didn't worry about the bittering units of the hops. I would guess that they were around 3% AAU's. Red star was the main yeast used at the time. Yeast nutrient is necessary since the honey does not have the required food for the beasties. I used buckwheat honey because I like the flavor. Do not drink this beer until at least 1 month after bottling. Since it is made from honey the ale improves with age. A bottle that I saved for 4 and a half years tasted so good that I wish I had saved more! The beer had a very nice honey aroma and flavor. The hops were enough to balance the sweetness. I don't think that I would change anything except try to make more and keep it a while before drinking.

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.031

F.G.: 0.997

Orange Ginger Mead

Source: Brian Bliss (bliss@csrd.uiuc.edu)

Ingredients (for 6 gallons):

15 pounds, clover honey
181 grams, grated ginger
2 tablespoons, gypsum
3 teaspoons, yeast energizer
1 ounce, Hallertauer hops (boil)
1/2 ounce, Hallertauer hops (finish)
4-5 pounds, oranges
juice from 1 orange

1/2 teaspoon Irish Moss
champagne yeast (Red Star)

Procedure:

Combine honey, ginger, orange juice, 1/2 ounce of hops, and yeast energizer and bring to a boil. Remove a small amount of wort to be used for a yeast starter (allow starter to cool, and add yeast). Boil the remaining wort 30 minutes. Add another 1/2 oz hops and boil for additional 30 minutes. Turn off heat, cut 4-5 lbs of oranges in half and squeeze into the wort. Toss in the orange halves after squeezing. Let sit 12 min. Strain into fermenter sparged into cold water, while removing the orange halves and squeezing the last bit out (with clean hands,-very hot,-ouch!).

Comments:

After several months it's just gEting drinkable now. If I let a bottle sit in the 'fridge for about a week, and decant very carefully, it's very good, and gives one heck of a buzz.

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.088

F.G.: 0.998

Primary Ferment: 12 days at 65--70 degrees

Secondary Ferment: 1 month

Traditional Mead

Source: John Carl Brown (brown@ cbnewsh.cb.att.com)

Ingredients:

12--1/2 pounds, honey (6--1/2 of clover, 6 of wildflower)

4 teaspoons, acid blend

5 teaspoons, yeast nutrient

2 packages, Red Star Pasteur Champagne yeast

Procedure:

On process, there is contention about the need to boil honey. I've seen suggestions to use Campden tablets, to pasteurize by holding at 170 degrees, and to boil for only 15 minutes. Honey itself inhibits bacterial activity but does not kill organisms. Advocates of non-boiling feel too much flavor and aroma are lost by boiling. On the other hand boiling is said to ensure a clean wort and aid in clearing. I boiled, rehydrated the yeast and pitched at 80 degrees and then have kept the carboy in a 70 degree room.

Comments:

I plan to make this a sparkling mead by priming with 1/2 cup of corn sugar when bottling.

Maple Wine and Traditional Mead

Source: John Gorman (john@rsi.com)

Ingredients:

8-9 quarts, maple syrup or about 5--1/2 quarts, honey
5 teaspoons, yeast nutrient
15 grams (1 pack), champagne or any white wine yeast

Procedure:

Hydrate the yeast in warm water and dissolve the yeast nutrient in hot water. Mix the maple syrup or honey with cold water in a large open container to almost 5 gallons at your target specific gravity. Splash or spray the water to oxygenate the must so that the yeast can multiply rapidly. Pitch the dissolved yeast and yeast nutrient, dregs included, into a glass carboy. Then splash in the must and slosh around until well mixed, oxygenated, and full. Use a blow off tube for the first few days and then switch to a water trap. After about 60 days, when the maple wine is crystal clear and you can shine a flashlight beam right thru the carboy onto the wall, bottle your maple wine. It is ready to drink immediately. Make some for Christmas!

I always use yeast nutrient and plenty of yeast for starter, so the fermentation takes off with a bang and the rapidly rising alcohol content quickly kills anything else. For this reason I have never heated the maple syrup or honey, and have had no problems with contamination.

Comments:

The question was asked: "what would a mead made with pure maple syrup taste like?"
Now on my sixth batch, I can say "like ambrosia."

Maple wine becomes crystal clear with a beautiful sherry color within 60 days. I find that mead will usually clarify in 90-120 days. If you choose to bottle the mead before it is clear, it will clarify in the bottles, leaving an unsightly but delicious sediment.

Specifics:

O.G.: 1.120---1.130

F.G.: 1.015---1.030

Cranberry Mead

Source: John Wyllie (skl6p@cc.usu.edu)

Ingredients (for 2 gallons):

1 gallon, ocean spray cranberry juice (included a nice 1 gal glass fermenter!)

5 pounds, clover honey

1/2 teaspoon, yeast nutrient

1/2 teaspoon, acid blend

a handful of raising Red star champagne yeast

Procedure:

I added a Campden tablet to the juice (24 hrs) then pasteurized the honey with water to make 1 gallon. I have two 1 gallon jugs for fermenting. I'm still waiting for the lag to end and ferment to begin. It has gotten cool in the basement, so brought one upstairs, and pitched another sachet of yeast into the two jugs.

Batwing Blood

Source: POWDERHOUND #6 @1503004

List of Ingredients:

10 lbs. light amber honey

1 tbsp. gypsum

4 tsp. acid blend

1/4 tsp. Irish Moss

1 1/2 lbs. corn sugar

boil 15 min. Scrape sides

add the following fruit just after boiling stops. Crush it well first,

12 oz. (variety) of Strawberry,blue,rasp,black- all berry

1 lb. blackberry

1 lb. strawberry

no more heat, let steep for 20 min. stir now and then pour into 3 Gal. cold water

pitch 15 grams of champagne yeast at 70 - 78 degrees

also add 1/2 oz. yeast nutrient.

Procedure:

let it ferment for a week or two then rack it into a secondary fermenter and forget about it for about 3 mo. When it is clear put it up in jugs it may ferment for a little while longer so watch out for pressure in the bottles. I suppose you could add a bit of sugar and bottle & cap it but that wouldn't be mead - or would it? It may sound very weird and quite unorthodox for a mead recipe but it worked great for me the result is very blood red.

<http://www.cog.org/wicca/trads/faery.html>

220 captures

5 Jul 1997 - 6 Jun 2024

Apr JUN Aug

14

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

The Faery Tradition

Among the distinguishing features of the Faery tradition is the use of a Faery Power which characterizes the lineage. It is an ecstatic, rather than a fertility, tradition. Strong emphasis is placed on sensual experience and awareness, including sexual mysticism, which is not limited to heterosexual expression. In this, as in the general spirit of spiritual exploration, there is more risk-taking encouraged than in other Wiccan traditions which may have specific laws limiting behavior, and there is a certain amorality historically associated with the Tradition. We see ourselves, when enchanted, as "fey"--not black, not white, outside social definitions, on the road to Faeryland, either mad or poetical. We are aware that much of reality is unseen, or at least has uncertain boundaries. As in all the Craft, there is a deep respect for the wisdom of Nature, a love of beauty, and an appreciation of bardic and mantic creativity. The Gods are not just constructs or

psychological forces from the collective unconscious. The Gods are real, with a system of morality different from our own, and we have a responsibility to them. The Faery Tradition, in common with initiatory lineages of the Craft which practice possession, is a mystery tradition of power, mystery, danger, ecstasy, and direct communication with divinity. This is in contrast to traditions which practice psychodrama or psychotherapy through ritual. The negative side of this style of working is that we have a lot of initiates who did not return unscathed from between the worlds. The tradition is not for everybody, and it is not amenable to mass attendance, like many Pagan paths. There is a specific corpus of chants and liturgical material, much of it stemming from Victor Anderson and Gwydion Pendderwen, which provides a frame for many Circle-workings, and poetic creativity is highly valued. The magical practices of the Faery (or Feri, as Victor spells it) Tradition are heavily invocatory, to encourage possession, which relies mainly on psychic talent or sensitivity to occur. Rites are stylistically diverse, and may draw from many sources. There is an initiatory lineage, traceable to Victor or Cora Anderson or Gwydion Pendderwen. Victor tells of antecedents of the present tradition in the coven in which he was involved in the 1920's and 30's in Oregon. Hallmarks of the tradition are possession of secret names, energy-working using pentacles and visualization of blue fire, a body of poetic and liturgical material, deities and archetypes specific to the Tradition, the doctrine of the Three Selves, a cingulum of a specific color, a "tribal" or "clan" feel to the coven, the use of the horned (sometimes called "inverted") pentagram, and the honoring of a warrior ethic. For example, we are urged not to coddle weakness, support others in insincerities or self-deceptions, or to submit one's own Life force to anyone or anything, which leads to a fierce openness called the "Black Heart of Innocence." The Faery Tradition is gender-equal, and all sexual orientations seem able to find a niche. For many, there is a strong identification with the realms of Faery and with shape-shifting.

Although Victor is universally recognized as the founding teacher of the tradition, it is possible to identify influences which shaped the tradition before its present form evolved. There is a strong African diasporic influence, primarily Dahomean-Haitian, and the Three Selves theory is an outgrowth of Huna beliefs. Neither is Victor the only source for material presently within the tradition. Each initiate seems to draw the tradition in a new direction and uncover new ground.. Some practitioners, such as Gwydion and Eldri Littlewolf, went deeply into shamanic forms. Gwydion also worked extensively with Celtic religion, even learning Welsh early in his Wiccan training. Other influences (Arica, Tibetan meditation, and Ceremonial Magick) entered as Gabriel Caradoc began teaching. Victor, Gwydion, Caradoc, Brian Dragon and Paladin wrote darkly beautiful ritual poetry and liturgy. Gabriel's classes provided an excellent training in magical visualization and his students continue his teachings. Poet Francesca De Grandis and songwriter Sharon Knight have added their inspiration to the corpus of material. Starhawk has used concepts developed in the Faery Tradition in expressing her beliefs and practice, and has given the clearest explanations widely available of concepts such as the Three Selves or the Iron Pentacle.

Copyright 1988 by Anna Korn. May be reproduced if credit is given.

More information on this Tradition may be obtained from Francesca De Grandis' web site, The 3rd Road, describing a living branch of Faerie shamanism.

Back to the COG Home Page.

<http://www.levity.com/eschaton/hyperborea.html>

518 captures

12 Jun 1997 - 5 Nov 2025

Apr JUN Jul

12

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Hyperborea

UPDATE ON TERENCE McKENNA'S CONDITION

You have entered an Alchemical Garden at the Edge of Time.

There is haze upon the distant hills, spreading Acacias bend low over reflecting pools.

The air is filled with an all pervasive hum; these are the reveries of the Proustian bees.

Your guide will be gardener/curator

Terence

McKenna

Novelty Report

Hyperborea is a fleeting golden moment suspended between History
and the unspeakable revelation of the Eschaton

Hyperborea is a nexus of feelings, evolving ideas and shifting appearances.

It is both an objective world and a dream within a hallucination.

Hyperborea is Novelty itself.

Welcome weary netsurfer, you have found

the Wellspring and the Datepalm:

you have found

garden and starship

laboratory and time machine

archive and dream museum

pleasure dome and shimmering rain forest.

Hyperborea is the last work of art

Behold, behold the final illusion

At last, at last!

The final illusion

We appreciate your comments

UPDATE ON TERENCE McKENNA'S CONDITION

<http://www.cog.org/>

1,187 captures

22 Dec 1996 - 19 Nov 2025

May JUN Jul

26

2003 2004 2005

[About this capture](#)

[About the Covenant of the Goddess](#)

[Associate's Program](#)

[Resources for CoG's Next Generation of Witches](#)

[Local Councils](#)

[About Our Religion](#)

[Other Organizations](#)

[National Contacts](#)

Welcome to the CoGWeb, the WWW home page of the Covenant of the Goddess, an international organization of cooperating, autonomous Wiccan congregations and solitary practitioners.

Here, you'll find information about the COG organization and activities, as well as the religious beliefs and practices which comprise Wicca.

[Information about CoG](#)

[CoG Secure Donation Page](#)

[CoG Premium Page](#)

[Interfaith - CoG and the Interfaith Movement](#)

[Wiccan Youth Interfaith Essay Contest - A chance to attend the Parliament of the World's Religions in Barcelona, Spain in July 2004.](#)

[Wiccan Youth Interfaith Essay Contest Winner Announced Ms. Michelle Mueller of Bryn Mawr, PA submitted the winning essay.](#)

[About COG - A detailed description, including membership requirements, code of ethics, etc.](#)

[Credentials Verification, Use this form to check the validity of CoG-issued credentials](#)

[MerryMeet, COG's annual festival and yearly Grand Council meeting.](#)

[Press releases from the National Public Information Officer\(s\)](#)

[Membership information](#)

[2002 Bylaws PDF.](#)

[National Charter HTML](#)

[Remember to visit our online bookstores:](#)

[Children & Youth Bookstore](#)

Basic Craft Books

...in conjunction with Amazon.com.

Special Projects of COG

The Wiccan Children & Youth Resources Bibliography.

The Hart and Crescent Award, a youth award sponsored by COG.

Participation in the Parliament of World's Religions.

For fun: check out the CoG online stamp collection!

COG Local Councils and Activities

COG engages in local activities through its Local Councils. These Councils, located throughout the U.S., are composed of groups of Covens of various traditions, along with Solitaries from the local area.

About Our Religion

About Witchcraft - A multipart description of the religious beliefs and practices which comprise Wicca.

Commonly-Asked Questions - This answers the questions most frequently asked about our religion.

So, you think you've found a teacher... - tips on evaluating a would-be teacher of the Craft.

Other Organizations

Boston: Horns and Crescent, a local newsletter, carries listings of local events in the New England area. There is an online listing of this calendar of events available.

Europe: The Pagan Federation.

Australia and New Zealand: The Pagan Alliance.

The Covenant of the Goddess takes the responsibility for protecting the security and, when appropriate, the confidentiality, of data very seriously. Protecting your personal privacy is very important to us.

The Covenant of the Goddess will not store, aggregate, reproduce, duplicate, disseminate, extract, reutilize, copy, sell, resell, rent, lease or exploit any personal information collected about our visitors, members or donors except for non-commercial, internal purposes.

We do not share confidential information to third parties except for those third parties who are directly related to the delivery of services to our visitors, members and donors such as banks, credit card processing services, etc., and those related to putting on MerryMeet and other events.

If you'd like further information about COG and its activities, please refer to our Contact Info page.

Comments, questions and suggestions about this web site may be directed to cogweb@cog.org.

Thank you for visiting CoGweb!

<http://www.reclaiming.org/>

997 captures

22 Jan 1998 - 1 Dec 2025

Jun JUL Aug

16

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Breaking news :

BC Witchcamp cancelled (May 24, 2004)

Welcome to Reclaiming: a Community of People, a Tradition of Witchcraft, and a 501(c)3 non-profit Religious Organization in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Reclaiming is a community of women and men working to unify spirit and politics. Our vision is rooted in the religion and magic of the Goddess, the Immanent Life Force. We see our work as teaching and making magic; the art of empowering ourselves and each other. In our classes, workshops, and public rituals, we train our voices, bodies, energy, intuition, and minds. We use the skills we learn to deepen our strength, both as individuals and as community, to voice our concerns about the world in which we live, and bring to birth a vision of a new culture.

Directory: About Reclaiming :: Find Us Worldwide :: Reclaiming Quarterly Magazine :: Bay Area Classes & Events :: Bay Area Public Rituals :: Resources, Personal & Political :: How to Reach Us

About Reclaiming:

Everything you wanted to know about Reclaiming, including our structure, history, and more. Articles on witchcraft, ritual etiquette, and other writings by Reclaiming community members are here, too. Go to "About Reclaiming".

Find Us Worldwide:

Looking for Reclaiming in your area, outside of San Francisco? These pages will help you find a local group or Witch Camp, subscribe to community or special interest e-mail lists, and obtain information regarding teachers willing to help you establish your own community. Go to "Find Us Worldwide".

Reclaiming Quarterly Magazine:

Our locally produced, all-volunteer maintained, quarterly published magazine. Reclaiming Quarterly's focus is both Bay Area specific and world-wide, with contributing writers such as Starhawk, T. Thorn Coyle, and more. You can subscribe on-line! Go to "Reclaiming Quarterly Magazine".

Bay Area Classes & Events:

The San Francisco Bay Area hosts many classes, workshops and other offerings by Reclaiming community members, including Witch Camp. Not from the Bay Area? See

"Find Us Worldwide" for happenings around the United States and the rest of the world, plus links to communities near you. Go to "Classes & Events".

Bay Area Public Rituals:

Open to the public, the San Francisco Bay Area hosts a wealth of celebrations throughout the Wheel of the Year. Go to "Bay Area Public Rituals".

Resources - Personal & Political:

Within these pages, you can find pagan Death & Dying resources, the El Salvador Friendship Fund, recommended books & tapes, and more. Go to "Resources - Personal & Political".

How to Reach Us:

Information on how to contact us and other specific Bay Area Reclaiming personalities, plus how to submit information to the Quarterly & Webspinners regarding events. Go to "How to Reach Us".

Directory: About Reclaiming :: Find Us Worldwide :: Reclaiming Quarterly Magazine :: Bay Area Classes & Events :: Bay Area Public Rituals :: Resources, Personal & Political :: How to Reach Us

Last site update: January 14, 2004 - Comments on Web-pages: webspinners

All site contents copyright Reclaiming, unless otherwise noted. Login.

<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/2938/index.html>

118 captures

3 Feb 1999 - 22 Dec 2024

May AUG Sep

03

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

Welcome to Qadash Kinahnu, a Canaanite Phoenician Temple

Ancient Temple PillarAncient Temple Pillar

Welcome to Qadash Kinahnu

I am Lilinah biti-Anat, head priestess here and dedicant to the Canaanite Goddess Anat. The purpose of this temple is the explanation and worship of the ancient deities of Canaan and Phoenicia, an area in the Near East which includes what are the modern countries of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Israel/Palestine, all the way through the Sinai. This area is also known as the Levant and is where Judaism, Christianity, and Islam all began. But before monotheism, the people worshipped the Divine in many forms, and some of us still do.

Pagan Best of Web AwardAvatarSearch Mystic Site of the Web Award-amazing 3-D animated pyramidHere are two of the awards i have received. Circe's and Tatianna's

awards are in their own room.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

What Is in This Temple

There are over 85 rooms listed in The Qadash Kinahnu Canaanite Phoenician Temple Directory

Go there to see what's here and how to get there.

This site covers primarily Canaanite and Phoenician history, mythology, and ritual.

There's a Neo-Pagan section, too, with a large section on polytheology, that is, Neo-Pagan theology. Neopagan Neopaganism

And don't forget the Purple Book of Ancient Near Eastern Magic.

And last of all, The Priestess's Quarters, with some personal information about me.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Webrings!

I think webrings are a great way to find new sites on the web. And i'm the proud member of several.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Click Here to Support Free Speech on the Net!

The author is a member of:

HTML Writers Guild

The HTML Writers Guild

The author is a member of:

Pagan WebCrafters' Association

The Pagan WebCrafters Association

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

These lovely faience bars are from

Tomb of the Chihuahua Pharaohs!!

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

yshalam liku

May there be peace to you.

ilim te-araku t-shalmu

May the deities preserve you, give you peace.

(Canaanite salutation, pre-1250 BCE)

Lilinah biti-Anat

Cornerstone emplaced: 4 March 1997

This page last modified 10 June 1999

You are Pilgrim webpage counter to visit this Sanctuary
since 2 April 1997

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

1

<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/2938/index.html>

118 captures

3 Feb 1999 - 22 Dec 2024

May AUG Sep

03

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

Welcome to Qadash Kinahnu, a Canaanite Phoenician Temple

Ancient Temple PillarAncient Temple Pillar

Welcome to Qadash Kinahnu

I am Lilinah biti-Anat, head priestess here and dedicant to the Canaanite Goddess Anat. The purpose of this temple is the explanation and worship of the ancient deities of Canaan and Phoenicia, an area in the Near East which includes what are the modern countries of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Israel/Palestine, all the way through the Sinai. This area is also known as the Levant and is where Judaism, Christianity, and Islam all began. But before monotheism, the people worshipped the Divine in many forms, and some of us still do.

Pagan Best of Web AwardAvatarSearch Mystic Site of the Web Award-amazing 3-D animated pyramidHere are two of the awards i have received. Circe's and Tatianna's awards are in their own room.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

What Is in This Temple

There are over 85 rooms listed in The Qadash Kinahnu Canaanite Phoenician Temple Directory

Go there to see what's here and how to get there.

This site covers primarily Canaanite and Phoenician history, mythology, and ritual.

There's a Neo-Pagan section, too, with a large section on polytheology, that is, Neo-Pagan theology.Neopagan Neopaganism

And don't forget the Purple Book of Ancient Near Eastern Magic.

And last of all, The Priestess's Quarters, with some personal information about me.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Webring!

I think webring is a great way to find new sites on the web. And i'm the proud member of several.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Click Here to Support Free Speech on the Net!

The author is a member of:

HTML Writers Guild

The HTML Writers Guild

The author is a member of:

Pagan WebCrafters' Association

The Pagan WebCrafters Association

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

These lovely faience bars are from

Tomb of the Chihuahua Pharaohs!!

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

yshalam liku

May there be peace to you.

ilim te-araku t-shalmu

May the deities preserve you, give you peace.

(Canaanite salutation, pre-1250 BCE)

Lilinah biti-Anat

Cornerstone emplaced: 4 March 1997

This page last modified 10 June 1999

You are Pilgrim webpage counter to visit this Sanctuary
since 2 April 1997

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

1

<http://www.geocities.com/soho/lofts/2938/awards.html>

21 captures

2 Feb 1999 - 28 Oct 2009

May SEP Nov

10

2002 2004 2007

About this capture

The Strong Room: Where the Awards Are

When the temple had been in place 4 months, I was pleased that in that short time i received several awards. I thank the gracious folk who stopped to look over the Temple and liked what they saw enough to give me their awards for it.

One of the nice things about awards, is that YOU can drop by the award-giver's page and surf their list of award winners, which gives you a chance to look at a whole cluster of worthy sites, generally on a related topic. Just click on the award below to be whisked off to the award giver's site.

If you would rather stay in the Temple, go to
The Qadash Kinahnu Temple Directory
for links to the nearly 90 rooms in the temple.
The Web's Oldest Pagan Award
Pagan Best of Web Award

LINK FIXED!

Circe is an Award Winner herself
Circe's Award of Excellence

On 30 March 1999, Circe forwarded a request from the artist of this striking award, asking that their art be removed from the web pending litigation. Some unscrupulous person was selling their work! I have removed the graphic to support the artist.

But i still thank Circe for her generosity in giving me this award, and the artist for having shared the beautiful art. I hope the artist wins their case. My best wishes to them both.

Tatianna is a Young Pagan
Tatianna's Award of Excellence

The banner below does not imply approval or recommendation.

1

<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/2938/templetoc.html>

101 captures

17 Jan 1999 - 11 Oct 2025

Jun JUL Sep

26

2003 2004 2006

About this capture
Qadash Kinahnu, a Canaanite Phoenician Temple
Complete Directory

For ease of navigation, i have here listed most of the over 85 rooms in the Temple.
a little something NEW! added, 1 January 2000

a little bit modified, 30 June 2001

Now you can SEARCH my website. See below

LEVANTINE AND NEAR EASTERN PAGANISM

AN INTRODUCTION TO QADASH KINAHNU

The Gateway the entrance to the Canaanite-Phoenician Temple

The Outer Courtyard a place to pause and meditate at the sacred pool of spring water and fire altar with a virtually eternal flame

The Purple Introduction a richly textured visualization of dusk in a Canaanite port city.

The History and Culture of the Canaanites and Phoenicians,

famed for their purple dye, who sailed around the entire continent of Africa in 600 BCE!

THE TEMPLE OF THE DEITIES

The First Room El, Athirat/ Asherah, Baal, and Anat, with actual Levantine art

The Second Room 12 more Canaanite deities or groups of deities, including Athtart/ Astarte and Qadash/ Qodesha, with actual Levantine art

The Third Room eight Phoenician deities, including Adon/Adonis, Atargatis, and more

The Canaanite Deities: Some Questions and Answers Some questions from visitors to the temple, and my replies.

CANAANITE AND PHOENICIAN MYTHS

A Synopsis of the Myth of Ba`al from Ugarit

The COMPLETE Myth of Ba`al

in FRAMES format

NO FRAMES OPTION:

If you don't have or like frames, use this list of the pages

. The Ba`al Myth, an introduction to the Myth of Ba`al

Ba`al Battles Yahm the Ocean

Ba`al Celebrates his Victory while Anat battles his Enemies

Ba`al Gets his Palace Built with a little help from the other deities
Ba`al Gets Swallowed by Mot, Death, but returns with help from Anat
Bibliography for The Myth of Ba`al
Ritual-Drama of Shachar and Shalem Twin Gods of Dawn and Dusk, and the
Gracious Gods, from Ugarit
The Complete Syrian Goddess by Lucian of Samosata, 2nd Century C.E.
Introduction to The Syrian Goddess by Lucian of Samosata
Part One

Ch. 1-5 -The Temples of Syria and Phoenicia
Ch. 6-9 - The Story of Adon, called by the Greeks, Adonis
Part Two

Ch. 10-13 -The Holy City of the Syrian Goddess
Ch. 14 - The Story of Semiramis and Derketo
Ch. 15-16 - The Story of Kybele and Attis
Part Three Ch. 17-27 - The Story of Stratonike and Kombabos
Part Four

Ch. 28-29 - The Holy Pillar Sitters
Ch. 30-49 -The Temple of the Syrian Goddess
Part Five

Ch. 50-54 - The Galloi
Ch. 55-60 - Pilgrims to the Holy City

Modern Canaanite Poems

by my e-friend Jacob, beautiful and powerful, based on the Myth of Baal

THE SACRED YEAR

The Sacred Year an introduction to ancient Near Eastern time and year structure
The Sacred Calendar a reconstructed calendar of festivals built around the myth of
Baal and the other Canaanite-Phoenician deities

NEO-CANAANITE RECONSTRUCTED RITUALS

Basic Canaanite Ritual Necessities suggestions for celebrating the Levantine
Divine Ones
A Basic Canaanite-Phoenician Ritual a suggested ritual and liturgical plan

THE INNER SANCTUM

of magical and mystical wisdom

The Index to the Purple Book of Magic Five more chapters added on magic from the Ancient Near East, including actual spells and charms from Canaan, Mesopotamia, and Egypt are here! This is a sub-index page.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS USED FOR THE TEMPLE

The Library of Sacred Scrolls a bibliography of some useful books on the Ancient Near East. This is a sub-index page.

OTHER ANCIENT NEAR EASTERN AND PAGAN WEB SITES

The Library of Links This is the sub-index page. Seven pages of links to other sites about (1 & 2) the Ancient Near East and Mediterranean history, culture, art, archaeology, mythology, and religion, including Neopagans; (3) Pythagorean, Neoplatonic, Hermetic, and Mithraic philosophies and practices; (4) Afro-Diasporic Religions, including Santeria, Lucumi, Vodou, Macumba, Candomble, Umbanda, and American Hoodoo; (5) Dark Goddesses; World mythologies; Shamanism and Trance traditions; contemporary mysticism; (6) Interfaith Work, Atheism, Freethought, Humanism, Pantheism, Mysticism, CyberReligion, and a Miscellany of Religion Resources.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience
WEBRINGS!

Lilinah's Webrings My select group of webrings gathered here.

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

LUNA SEA'S NEO-PAGAN PAGES

The Neo-Pagan Table of Contents (all of which pages are listed here below)

NEO-PAGAN POLYTHEOLOGY

Polytheology, Part 1 An Introduction: What is Theology? What is Ethics?

Polytheology, Part 2 A Few Definitions: Paganism, Animism, Panpsychism, Pantheism, Panentheism, Polytheism, and More

Polytheology, Part 3 What is Mythology? What Does Mythology Do?

A Theory of Polytheism excerpted from the book Hindu Polytheism by Alain Danielou, author of Shiva and Dionysus

Polytheology, Part 4 Who are the Deities and How We Find Them

Basic Beliefs of Neo-Paganism and their Implications a good overview by my friend, Diana Paxson for the Fellowship of the Spiral Path

An Analysis of Neo-Pagan Ritual in outline form with LOTS of detail

SOME OF MY NEO-PAGAN RITUALS

A Feast of Hekate Her holiday is 14 August

Recipes for Hekate's Feast incense, dream pillows, cookies, and more

A Samhain Journey to the Underworld for me it's always Halloween!

SOME OF MY NEO-PAGAN INVOCATIONS & POEMS

A Hymn to Aphrodite inspired by the Homeric Hymns (as trans. by Boer)

An Invocation to Brigit a blending of her sacred fire and holy water

A Poem for Lilith My second black page

SOME MAGIC and PSYCHOLOGY

The Reverse "Voodoo Doll" Using Poppet Magic for Mental Health, by my dear friend Sky Leaf, who is a Witch and a psychiatrist

MY NEO-PAGAN LINKS

Neo-Pagan Links links to my Neo-Pagan, Witch, and Wiccan friends in the Web, and other sites of interest to Neo-Pagans, Witches and Wiccans

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

LILINAH'S PERSONAL QUARTERS

--Currently under reconstruction--

Fully functional links are noted. Other links will be updated gradually.

08 June 2000

The Priestess's Quarters

some personal information about me, very purple

A Canaanite Pagan?

a functional link! Why I am a Pagan and a Witch, and why i am involved in reconstructing Canaanite Paganism

The Stillroom

a functional link, although a bit old information on herbalism, aromatherapy, and other natural treatments

Dar AnahitaNEW!

a functional link! "home" of my SCA persona - half-Persian, half-Maghribi. Has information on Medieval Middle Eastern costuming, Medieval Egyptian knitting, and cooking from Medieval Europe, the Medieval Near East, and modern Morocco.

Art Links calligraphy, illumination, and contemporary electronic arts

Music Links Medieval, Klezmer, World, 20th Century Art, Darkwave

Indonesian cuisine index

a functional link! A collection of my recipes for delicious spicy Indonesian food, including vegetarian adaptations

Coffee and Chocolate Links Links to fine coffee, succulent dark chocolate, and some nutty treats

Personal Links other things that interest me, such as left-handedness, costuming, bats, piercing and tattoos, and more

Goff Links sites related to the contemporary Gothick sub-culture. And it isn't black

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Search Qadash Kinahnu:

Lovely Bar of Turquoise, Carnelian, Ivory and Faience

Any comments or questions? Send Me E-Mail

And after you've explored the temple,
Sign my Dreambook!
Read my Dreambook!

Dreambook Now

The lovely faience bars are from The Tomb of the Chihuahua Pharaohs!!

Banners displayed do not imply approval or recommendation

1

<http://www.hwg.org/>

3,146 captures

6 Nov 1996 - 25 Nov 2025

Jul AUG Sep

05

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

[The html Writers Guild Logo]

The HTML Writers Guild

Web Design Training | Membership

Web Design Training and Certification

Our Web Design Training Program has provided the very best in online web design training to more than 45,000 individuals interested in web design and development since 1998. Our Web Design Courses cover a breadth of Web work, from html to Flash; from Dreamweaver to Photoshop. Each online Web class is taught by our fellow experts and working professionals in the field.

Online Courses webTraining Courses

02-Aug-04 * Introduction to Web Design02-Aug-04 * HTML Level II02-Aug-04 * Intro to

Database Design02-Aug-04 * Beginning PHP16-Aug-04 * Web Content Writing and

Editing16-Aug-04 * Web Writing Workshop16-Aug-04 * Introduction to HTML16-Aug-04 *

MySQL16-Aug-04 * Introduction to Programming in Java16-Aug-04 * Intermediate Java

Programming16-Aug-04 * Introduction to XML30-Aug-04 * Introduction to

Dreamweaver30-Aug-04 * Advanced Macromedia Flash MX/MX200430-Aug-04 * Web

Animation with Flash MX/MX200430-Aug-04 * Intermediate Flash MX/MX200430-Aug-04 * Web Site Promotion30-Aug-04 * Search Engine Marketing30-Aug-04 * Photoshop Level 130-Aug-04 * Photoshop Level 230-Aug-04 * Introduction to SQL30-Aug-04 * Introduction to ColdFusion Web Development13-Sep-04 * Legal Issues for Web Designers and Content Managers13-Sep-04 * Managing Web Design Project13-Sep-04 * Search Engine Optimization13-Sep-04 * Design Concepts13-Sep-04 * Intermediate CSS Workshop13-Sep-04 * Introduction to XHTML13-Sep-04 * SQL Server Design and Implementation13-Sep-04 * Introduction to JavaScript13-Sep-04 * Intermediate JavaScript13-Sep-04 * Web Security27-Sep-04 * Macromedia Fireworks MX/MX200427-Sep-04 * Creating Web Graphics with Paint Shop Pro27-Sep-04 * Adobe Illustrator Level 127-Sep-04 * HTML Forms27-Sep-04 * Intro to Programming Concepts

[eClasses Demo](#) | [Online Classroom](#) | [Certification Membership](#) | [iwa-hwgMembership](#)

Sign up now for immediate FREE trial membership and newsletter!

[Join IWA-HWG](#)

Trial membership is free. Only Paid membership is entitled to discounts on online courses. Annual membership fee is just \$49. Discount rates for online courses are available immediately after you join.

[Benefits](#) | [Discussion](#) | [Member Center](#)

Members Receive Discounts on All Web Design Courses!

The HWG was founded in 1994 as the World Wide Web's leading training organization for the Web design community, with over 150,000 members in more than 160 countries world-wide. In 2001 the Guild joined with the International Webmaster's Association to form IWA-HWG, the professional association for the growth of the professional web design company and individual.

Joining the Guild is simple and easy, and gives you discount on our online courses and other valuable member services. trial membership is free, and annual membership is only \$49 (US). Join our Web design community today!

Other Guild programs include the Discussion Mailing Lists, the AWARE - Accessible Web Design Initiative for Web accessibility education, and Gutenberg at HWG - XML Initiative. Exclusive discounts and special offers are also available to IWA-HWG members.

Main Topics of Our Web Training Program:

Flash 1

Flash 2

Flash 3

Fireworks MX

Macromedia Director

Business Writing

Web Contracts

Web Project Management

Managing Web Design Project

Web Site Promotion

Web Writing

Web Writing Workshop

Search Engine Optimization

Search Engine Marketing

eCommerce

Web Security

Internet Legal Issues

Web Accessibility Design

Web Accessibility Techniques

Web Blog

Dreamweaver

Design Concepts

Website Design

PSP Course

Photoshop Training

Photoshop Training 2

Illustrator 1

Illustrator 2

Illustrator FX

GoLive

CorelDraw

HTML 1

HTML 2

HTML - Forms

HTML - Tables

CSS 1

CSS Workshop

CSS 2

XHTML 1

XHTML 2

XML 1

XML 2

ASP 1

ASP 2